

COONEECHEE  
JARRETT



Robert Frank Jarrett

Occoneechee

The Maid of the Mystic Lake

BY

ROBERT FRANK JARRETT

Author of "Back Home and Other Poems"

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By R. F. Jarrett



## PREFACE.

Realizing that the memory of a nation is best kept aglow by its songs and the writings of its poets, I have been inspired to write OCCONEECHEE, in order that the once powerful nation known as the Cherokee may be preserved in mind, and that their myths, their legends and their traditions may linger and be transmitted to the nations yet to come.

Trusting that a generous people may hail with delight the advent of this new work, I now dedicate its pages to all lovers of music, poetry and fine art.

When you've read its pages give or lend  
This volume to some good old friend.

THE AUTHOR.

## BRIEF BIOGRAPHY OF THE AUTHOR.

Robert Frank Jarrett was born in Asheville, N. C., on July 21st, 1864, and while having resided in other states and cities and visited many of the most important sections of the South, yet has made his principal home within the shadows of the rugged mountain peaks of his native and picturesque home land, the Old North State.

He was educated in the field and forest, by rippling stream and rolling rill, studied in the open book of Nature and recited to the Master of Destinies where the shadows of the everlasting hills lock hands with the sunshine of the valley.

He is a reader and student of the ancient writers and poets of all ages, singer of the old songs, lover of the new;

Servant in official capacity for many years of National, State and Civic governments; humble worker with the busy toilers, and writer of prose and verse from earliest childhood;

Author of "Back Home and Other Poems," published in 1911, and many other manuscripts not yet published.

Married to Sallie C. Wild, of Franklin, N. C., on Dec. 25th, 1892. For twenty years a resident of Dillsboro, N. C., where orchard and field and dense deep forests have inspired and impelled him on.

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PART I

THE CHEROKEE

"I know not how the truth may be,  
I tell the tale as 'twas told to me."



Tuckaseigee Falls, above Dillsboro, N. C.

"All along the racing river  
Gorgeous forest trees are seen."

## THE CHEROKEE.

### *A brief history of the Cherokee Nation or tribe.*

This history has been gleaned from the works of Ethnology by James Mooney and from word of mouth, as related to the author during the past thirty years.

In the beginning of historical events, we hear of man in his paradisaical home, located somewhere within the boundaries known as ancient Egypt or Chaldea. His home was far away and his former history shrouded in the darkness of countless centuries of the past, and when we contemplate the remoteness of his ancestry, we become lost in the midst of our own research.

When historical light began to flash from the Orient, we find man emerging with some degree of civilization from a barbaric state into the advanced degrees of civilized and enlightened tribes.

When the maritime navigator, full of visions and dreams, dared to sail for those hitherto undiscovered shores, now known as America, there lived within the realm a wandering, happy, yet untutored, race of men whom we afterwards called Indians, who dwelt in great numbers along the whole distance from Penobscot Bay south to the everglades of Florida.

Among the more noted tribes were the Abnaki, Mohawk, Mohican, Huron, Iroquois, Munsie, Erie, Seneca, Susquehanna, Mamrahoac, Powhatan, Monacan, Nollaway, Tuscarora, Pamlico, Catawba, Santee, Uchee, Yamasee, Creek, Choctaw, Seminole, Showano and Cherokee, but of all of these it is left for us to speak alone of the valiant Cherokee, the most noble of all Red



Men, who inhabited that picturesque country in the Appalachian chain of mountains in East Tennessee, Western North Carolina, Northern Georgia, South Carolina and Alabama, and part of Virginia, Kentucky and West Virginia.

These are the people of whom little has been said and less written than most of the children of men. Yet of all of the native Americans the Cherokee tribe was the most noble, humane and intelligent.

Somewhere in the annals of the Aborigines of America, the Cherokee separated from the great Northern tribe, the Iroquois, and by preference inhabited the hills of the Appalachian range, and here we find them early in the dawn of American history, occupying a country which affords ample environment for the artist, the poet and the painter. Had Homer seen and Michelangelo traveled among the towering hills of the happiest land of earth, the song and the chisel, instead of being draped with the vail of blood, would have inspired the world to look forward to the time when there will be no death serenely sitting upon the throne of war.

At one time the Cherokee tribe was the largest and most learned in art and literature of any tribe in the United States, having perhaps as many as twenty-five thousand people, and attained, under Sequoya, whose photograph is herein reproduced, that degree of learning, that many of the tribe became quite familiar with letters and literature, printed from the alphabet invented by this noted man, inventor and devout preacher of the Christian gospel.

Sequoya was himself an untutored half-breed, yet to him are we indebted for an alphabet of 76 characters which stands third among the alphabets which have been invented among men, and by which a Cherokee child

learns to read as fluently in six months of study as does the average English child in three years of study under our system.

The name Cherokee, so far as research reveals, has no meaning or the meaning has been lost or perhaps Anglicized, but we have authority for its use, for the past 375 years.

When De Soto's expedition was made through the Appalachian mountains, in 1540, he encountered this great and friendly nation living peacefully in their paradise among the hills and mountains, who received him as they were wont to receive a friendly tribe; so did they ever receive and treat the white neighbor until treaty after treaty had been broken and their homes had been destroyed and every compact violated.

Hostilities were in most cases caused by encroaching whites and broken promises and intrigues of the foreigners, who were gradually drawing the cordon around the diminishing tribe.

The battle of Horseshoe Bend, which took place in the Tallapoosa river, in Alabama, on the 27th day of March, 1814, was one of the notable events in Cherokee history, where Junaluska, in conjunction with General Jackson, slaughtered or massacred nearly one thousand Creeks, which ended the Creek war and brought much honor to Junaluska and his valiant Cherokee army of more than 500 men.

For the terrors which followed the battle of Horseshoe Bend, we have only to refer to history to be able to ascertain the facts concerning the bloody atrocities which were perpetrated upon an oppressed people. Then came the end, which occurred in the year 1838, which culminated in the removal of the band to the Indian Territory, which is now called Oklahoma, (a Choctaw word meaning red people, *Okla*, people; *homa*, red).

This removal was the most luckless and recreant of all the abuses that had been heaped upon the brave but helpless band of Cherokee.

Junaluska, who witnessed the removal, but was permitted to remain with the residue, remarked that had he known that General Jackson (who became President), would have removed the Cherokee in such a brutal manner, he would have killed him at the battle of Horseshoe Bend.

The history of the removal of the Cherokee, as told by James Mooney of the Department of American Ethnology, gleaned by him from eye witnesses and actors in the tragedy, may well exceed in weight of grief and pathos any other act in American history. Even the much sung song of the exile of the Arcadians falls far behind it in the sum of death and misery.

Under General Winfield Scott, an army of 5,000 volunteers and regular troops were concentrated in the Cherokee country, and by instruction from Washington, D. C., he was directed and gave orders to soldiers to gather all Indians to the various stockades, which had been previously prepared for their reception. From these posts, squads of soldiers were sent to search out, with rifle and bayonet, every small cabin which could be found within the ramifications and deep recesses of the great Appalachian range of mountains, and bring to the forts every man, woman and child to be found within the gates of the granite hills.

Families, while sitting peacefully at the noon-day meal; others while performing the matutinal ablution, were suddenly startled by the gleam of bayonets and with blows, curses and oaths from the men called soldiers, the Indians were driven like cattle from their humble homes down the rugged mountain paths, and their houses in

many cases were burned and their small possessions destroyed, as the brave but defenceless Cherokee people looked on with that wonderful stoicism which no other race of men ever possessed.

Men were seized in the fields, women torn from the wheel and the distaff, and children frightened from the pleasures of play. The vandals who followed in the wake of the soldiery, looting and pillaging, burning and destroying, yet calling themselves civilized Christians, were such a band of outlaws as is seldom seen even among the most savage and barbaric races.

Even Indian graves were robbed of the silver pendants and other valuables which had been deposited with the dead. Women who were not able to go, were actually forced at the point of a bayonet to march with the same speed as men.

Upon one occasion the soldiers surrounded the house of an old Christian patriot, who when informed as to what was to take place, called his wife, children and grandchildren around him, kneeling down among them offered a last prayer in the sanctuary of his home, in his native tongue, while the soldiers stood astonished, looking on in silence.

When his devotions were finished, he arose, bade the household follow him, and he led them into exile, with that becoming Christian fortitude which is seldom witnessed among men.

One woman, on finding the house surrounded, went to the door and called up the chickens, fed them for the last time, bade them farewell, then taking her baby upon her back, she extended her hands to her other two small children, then followed her husband into exile, from whence she never returned.

A Georgia volunteer, who afterwards became a

Colonel in the Confederate service, said, "I have fought through the Civil War and have seen men shot to pieces and slaughtered by the thousands, but the Cherokee removal was the most cruel work I ever witnessed."

All were not thus so submissive. One old man named Tsali, "Charlie," was seized, with his wife, his brother, his three sons and their families; exasperated at the brutality accorded his wife, who being unable to travel fast, was prodded with the bayonets to hasten her steps, he urged the other men to join him in a dash for liberty, and as he spoke in Cherokee, the soldiers, although they heard, understood nothing until each warrior suddenly sprang upon the soldier nearest and endeavored to wrench his gun from him. The attack was so sudden and unexpected that one soldier was killed and the rest fled, while the Indians escaped to the mountains. Hundreds of others, some of them from the various stockades, managed also to escape to the hills and mountains from time to time, where those who did not die from starvation subsisted on roots and wild berries until the hunt was over.

Finding that it was impossible to secure these fugitives, General Scott finally tendered them a proposition, through Colonel W. H. Thomas, known as Wil-Usdi in Cherokee, their trusted friend and chief, that if they would bring Charlie and his party for punishment, the rest would be allowed to remain until their case could be adjusted by the Government.

On hearing of the proposition, Charlie voluntarily came in with his sons, offering himself as a sacrifice for his people.

By command of General Scott, Charlie, his brother and the two elder sons were shot, near the mouth of Tuckaseigee river, a detachment of Cherokee prisoners

being compelled to do the shooting in order to impress upon the Indians the fact of their utter helplessness.

From those fugitives thus permitted to remain, originated the present eastern band of Cherokee.

When nearly 17,000 Cherokee had been gathered into the stockades, the removal began.

Early in June several parties, aggregating about five thousand persons, were brought down by the troops to the old agency on Hiwassee river, at the present Calhoun, Tenn., and to Ross landing (now Chattanooga, Tenn.) and to Gunter's landing (now Guntersville, Ala.) lower down on the Tennessee, where they were put upon steamers and transported down the Tennessee and Ohio to the farther side of the Mississippi, whence their journey was continued by land to Indian Territory (now Oklahoma).

The removal in the the hottest part of the year was attended with so great sickness and mortality that, by resolution of the Cherokee National Council, John Ross and the other chiefs submitted to General Scott a proposition that the Cherokee be allowed to remove themselves in the fall, after the sickly season ended. This was granted on condition that all should have started by the 20th of October, except the sick and aged, who might not be able to move so rapidly. Accordingly, officers were appointed by the Cherokee council to take charge of the emigration; the Indians being organized into detachments averaging one thousand each, with two leaders in charge of each department, and a sufficient number of wagons and horses for the purpose.

In this way the remainder, enrolled at about 13,000, (including a few negro slaves), started on the long march overland late in the fall. Those who thus emigrated under the management of their own officers, as-

sembled at Rattlesnake Springs, near the present Charleston, Tenn., where a final council was held, in which it was decided to continue their old constitution and laws in their new home. Then, in October, 1838, the long procession of exiles was set in motion. A few went by the river route, but nearly all went overland. Crossing, to the north side of the Hiwassee river, at a ferry above Gunter's Creek, they proceeded down along the river, the sick, aged and children, together with their belongings, being hauled in wagons, the rest on foot or on horses.

It was like an army, 645 wagons, regiment after regiment, the wagons in the center, the officers along the line, and the horsemen on the flank and at the rear.

Tennessee river was crossed at Tucker's ferry, a short distance above Jolly's Island, at the mouth of Hiwassee; thence the route lay south of Pikeville, through McMinnville, and on to Nashville, where the Cumberland was crossed.

They then went on to Hopkinsville, where the noted chief White Path, in charge of a detachment, sickened and died. His people buried him by the roadside, with a box over the grave and poles with streamers around it, that the others coming on behind might note the spot and remember him.

Somewhere along that march of death—for the exiles died by tens and twenties every day of the journey—the devoted wife of the noted chief, John Ross, sank down and died, leaving him to go on with bitter pain of bereavement added to the heartbreak at the ruin and desolation of his nation.

The Ohio was crossed at a ferry near the mouth of the Cumberland, and the army passed on through southern Illinois until the great Mississippi was reached, op-

posite Cape Girardeau, Missouri. It was now the middle of winter, with the river running full of ice, so that several detachments were obliged to wait some time on the eastern bank for the channel to become clear.

Information furnished by old men at Tahlequah after the lapse of fifty years showed that time had not sufficed to wipe out the memory of the miseries of that halt beside the frozen river, with hundreds of sick and dying penned up in wagons or stretched upon the ground, with only a blanket overhead to keep out the January blast.

The crossing was at last made, in two divisions, at Cape Girardeau and Green's ferry, a short distance below, whence the march was continued on through Missouri to Indian Territory, the later detachment making a northerly circuit by Springfield, because those who had gone before had killed off all the game along the direct route.

They had started in October, 1838, and it was now March, 1839, the journey having occupied nearly six months of the hardest part of the year.

It is difficult to state positively as to the mortality and loss by reason of the removal of this once happy nation, but as near as can be ascertained, more than four thousand persons perished along the great highway of death.

On the arrival in Indian Territory, the exiles at once set about building houses and planting crops, the government having agreed under treaty to furnish them rations for one year after arrival. They were welcomed by their kindred, the "Old Settlers," who held the country under previous treaties of 1828 and 1833. These, however, being already regularly organized under a government and chiefs of their own, were by no means disposed to be swallowed by the governmental authority of the newcomers.



Jealousies developed, in which the minority or treaty party of the emigrants, headed by Major Ridge, took sides with the old settlers against John Ross of the National party, which outnumbered the others nearly three to one.

While these differences were at their height, the Nation was thrown into a fever of excitement by the news that Major Ridge, his son, John Ridge, and Elias Boudinot—all leaders of the treaty party—had been killed by adherents of the National party, immediately after the adjournment of a general council, which had adjourned after nearly two weeks of debate without having been able to bring about harmonious action. Major Ridge was waylaid and shot near the Arkansas line, his son was taken from bed and cut to pieces with hatchets, while Boudinot was treacherously killed at his home at Park Hill, Indian Territory, all three being killed upon the same day, June 22, 1839, which date marks the decline and fall of a once great and happy people. For fifty years which followed this luckless day in June, Indian Territory became a veritable theater of crime and disorder.

From the South meridian of the sunflower state, to the cypress banks of the Red river, and from Fort Smith to the shifting sands of the great plains, for half a century sheltered a coterie of actors that would have made Robin Hood or Kit Carson blush with envy. The soil of the five tribes has been moistened with human blood when there was none to answer the cry for vengeance; when no sound save the deadly snap of the Winchester and the pit-pat of the bronchos' hoofs were there to bear testimony. Now, those who incited intrigue and murder are gone, the desperado is a thing of the past, the brave men who enlisted in the hazardous governmental service

to give them battle have disappeared, and the sound of the firing Winchester used in deadly conflict, has been replaced by the reaper and the mower, and toilers in the field of commerce and industry.

The Indian tribe has been supplanted by the American Government; and the school and church have taken the place of the chase and the feud. Where the wild flowers nodded far out on the lonely plain, vast fields of wheat and corn whisper the great name of Oklahoma.

At this writing the eastern band of Cherokee is about to be dissolved, their lands allotted, and in a few more decades the Cherokee will have passed, and the name will be presented only in old records and in the hearts of their descendants.



Along Scott's Creek, below Balsam, N. C.  
(Highest railway point East of the Rocky Mts.)  
"Rippling, idling, swirling slowly,  
Leaping down a waterfall."

PART II

OCCONEECHEE



# OCCONEECHEE,

The Maid of the Mystic Lake,

by

Robert Frank Jarrett.

## I.

Far away beneath the shadows  
Of the towering Smoky range,  
In the Western North Carolina,  
Comes a story true, but strange;  
Of a maiden and her lover,  
Of the tribe of Cherokee,  
And she lived far up the mountain,  
Near the hills of Tennessee.

Far above the habitation  
Of the white man, and the plain,  
Lived the dark-eyed Indian maiden,  
Of the Junaluska strain;  
Junaluska, chief, her father,  
Oconeechee was his pride,  
In the lonely little wigwam,  
High upon the mountain side.

There the stream Oconaluftee  
Hides its source far from the eye,  
Of the white man in his roving,  
Far upon the mountain high;  
And the forest land primeval,  
Roamed by doe and wandering bear,  
And the hissing, coiling serpent,  
Was no stranger to them there.

Catamount and mountain-boomer  
Sprang from cliff-side into trees,  
And the eagle, hawk and vulture  
Winged their course on every breeze.  
At the footfall of this maiden  
Sped the gobbler wild and free,  
From the maiden Occoneechee  
Flitted butterfly and bee.

Occoneechee, forest dweller,  
Lived amid the scene so wild;  
In the simple Indian manner  
Lived old Junaluska's child.  
Streams of purest limpid water  
Gushed forth o'er the rock below,  
And the trout and silver minnow  
Dwelt in water, cold as snow.

Occoneechee's Mother Qualla  
Passed away from earth to God,  
When this maiden was a baby  
And was covered by the sod.  
High upon the rugged mountain,  
Far above the haunts of men,  
With their burdens and their sorrows,  
And their load of care and sin.

Thus the maiden knew no mother,  
Knew no love as most maids know,  
Heard no song, as sung by mother,  
Softly, sweetly, plaintive, slow.  
When the twilight came at evening,  
And the wigwam fire was lit,  
And the bearskin robe was spread out  
Upon which they were to sit,

Junaluska wept his Qualla,  
Wept the lover who had flown,  
For she was the only lover  
That this chieftain's heart had known;  
And at night, there was no lover  
To sit by him on the rug,  
Made of skins of bear and woodchuck,  
In the wigwam, crude but snug.



And at times he'd stand at evening,  
When the sun was setting low,  
And would watch with adoration  
Shifting clouds and scenes below;  
And his soul would want to wander  
Where the clime of setting sun  
Would reveal his long lost Qualla,  
When his work of life was done.

And the tears would fill his eyelids,  
And emotion shake his frame,  
When he thought of her departed,  
Or some friend would speak her name.  
And he'd call on God the spirit,  
When he'd see the golden glow  
Of the radiant splendid sunset,  
Where he ever longed to go.

Then he'd think of Occoneechee,  
In her adolescent years,  
How she needed his protection  
There to drive away her fears.  
Then he'd cease his deep repining,  
And his wailing and his grief,  
For her future and her beauty  
Brought the chieftain's heart relief.



Sunset from Mt. Junaluska.

"And his soul was wont to wander  
To the clime of setting sun."



Lake Junaluska, Mount Junaluska in the distance.  
(Near Waynesville, N. C.)

This beautiful lake with Alpine environment is officially recognized by Methodists as their Assembly grounds, where thousands of their faith gather during the summer months each year for social and religious intercourse.

Though the life of Occoneechee  
Was one lonely strange career,  
And the solitude and silence  
Made the romance of it drear,  
While the wildness of the forest,  
With the animals that roam,  
And the birds in great profusion  
Cheered her little wigwam home,

Yet her spirit, like the eagle's,  
Longed to soar off and be free  
From the wilds of gorge and mountain,  
Stream and cliff and crag and tree.  
And one day there came a red man  
Wandering up the mountain side,  
From the vale Oconaluftee  
Which was every Indian's pride.

Tall and handsome, agile runner,  
And the keenness of his eye  
Did betray his quick perception  
To the casual passer-by.  
Hair hung down in long black tresses,  
Far below his shoulder-blade,  
And the brilliant painted feathers  
By the passing winds were swayed.

And the arrows in his quiver  
Tipped with variegated stone,  
And the tomahawk and war knife,  
All the weapons he had known;  
Yet he knew all of their uses,  
None could wield with greater skill  
Tomahawk or knife or arrow,  
Than this wandering Whippoorwill.

Occoneechee, sitting lonely,  
In a shady little nook,  
Near the opening, by the wigwam,  
And the babbling crystal brook;  
She was bathing feet and ankles,  
Arms and hands she did refresh,  
In the iridescent splendor  
Of the fountain cool and fresh.

Whippoorwill, the wandering warrior,  
Spied the maiden by the pool,  
'Neath the spreading tree above her,  
By the limpid stream so cool;  
Then he ventured there to tarry,  
Watch and linger in the wild,  
Near the maiden and the fountain,  
Watch this forest-dwelling child.

Though a warrior, brave, undaunted  
By the fiercest, wildest foe,  
In the battle's hardest struggle,  
Chasing bear and buck and doe;  
For his life was used to hardships,  
Scaling mountains in the chase,  
Yet he ne'er was known to falter  
'Mid the hottest of the race.

But he now was moved by caution  
To approach, with greatest care,  
The unknown maid, there before him,  
And the scene so rich and rare;  
And his brave heart almost failed him  
As he comes up to her side,  
And obeisance makes he to her,  
E'er the chieftain she espied.

Occoneechee sprang up quickly  
From the rock moss-covered seat,  
All abashed, but lithe and nimble  
Were her ankles and her feet.  
"O-I-see-you," were the greetings  
They exchanged spontaneously,  
As they moved off together.  
Occoneechee leads the way,

To the quiet little wigwam,  
Where old Junaluska dwells  
With the maiden Occoneechee,  
And for whom his heart up-wells.  
Spreading out the flowing doe-skin  
Flat upon the earthen floor,  
Occoneechee and the warrior  
Sat and talked the chases o'er.

Sat and talked of bear and venison,  
Sat and smoked the calumet.  
These the greetings of the warrior,  
When the maiden first he met.  
Whippoorwill, the wandering warrior,  
Tarried for a night and day,  
Tarried long within the wigwam,  
And was loath to go away,

For the maid and Junaluska  
To the warrior were so kind,  
That 'twere hard among the tribesmen  
Such a generous clan to find.  
But at dawn upon the morrow,  
Whippoorwill must wend his way  
From old Junaluska's wigwam,  
For too long had been his stay.

Kind affection, Junaluska  
Gave to parting Whippoorwill,  
As he sauntered from the wigwam,  
Wandering toward the rugged rill.  
Now the silence so unbroken  
Starts a tear-drop in each eye,  
And the gentle passing zephyr  
Gathered up the lover's sigh,

And the sighs were borne to heaven,  
Like as lovers' sighs ascend,  
As the good angelic zephyrs  
Bear the message, friend to friend.  
Now each heart was sore and lonely,  
Sad the parting lovers feel,  
Yet the hopes of love's devotion  
Deep into each life did steal.

And when Whippoorwill had left them,  
Good old Junaluska said  
To his daughter Occoneechee,  
"Would you like this brave to wed?"  
Occoneechee, timid maiden,  
Never thought of love before,  
For she ne'er had spread the doe-skin  
Wide upon the earthen floor,

For a warrior, brave as he was,  
One possessed of skill so rare,  
With his tomahawk and war knife,  
And such long black raven hair;  
And she knew not how to answer,  
Though she felt as lovers do,  
When they plight their deep devotion  
To each other to be true.

“Occoneechee! child of wild woods,  
I am growing old and gray,  
And I feel I soon must leave you,  
Though I grieve to go away.  
I can feel the hand of time, child,  
Pressing down upon my head,  
And I know it won't be long now  
Till I'm resting with the dead.

“I can hear your mother calling,  
Sweetly, gently, calling me,  
Beckoning from the golden sunset,  
And she calls also for thee.  
'Twas just last night she stood beside me,  
While you lay there sound asleep,  
And she called me, 'Junaluska!'  
And her voice caused me to weep.



“And she said, ‘Dear Junaluska,  
I have come to tell you where  
You will find me at the portals  
Of the Lord’s house over there.  
I will be among the blessed,  
Be with angels up on high.  
Have no fears of Death’s dark river,  
Be courageous till you die.’

“Then she stood and sang a message  
O’er you in your lonely bed,  
For a moment, then departed;  
And I called, but she had fled.  
Yet I daily hear her sweet voice,  
And I see her image there,  
As she calls us unto heaven,  
’Mid the pleasures, O, so rare.

“And I soon shall cross the river,  
And will join her on the strand,  
With immortals long departed,  
In the fair, blest, happy land.  
When I’m gone you’ll need protection,  
By a brave who knows no fear,  
And when sorrows overflow you,  
One to wipe away the tear.

“Then I’ll watch and wait with Qualla,  
With the chiefs and warriors brave,  
Who have joined the tribe eternal,  
Conquered death, hell and the grave.  
I shall watch then for your coming,  
And I’ll tell the mighty throng  
That you’re coming in the future,  
And we’ll greet you with the song,

“That the seraphs sing in glory,  
Casting gem crowns at the feet,  
Praising Him who reigns forever  
On the grand tribunal seat.”  
As he talked his voice grew weaker,  
And his hand grew very chill,  
Then the moisture crowned his forehead,  
And his pulse was deathly still.

Then she knew that her dear mother  
And the great chiefs that had been  
Had op’ed the gate of heaven wide  
To let another brave chief in.  
Then she sobbed out for her father,  
As a broken-hearted child  
Will for loved ones just departed,  
Left so lonely in the wild.

But the dead, too soon forgotten,  
Now lies buried by the side  
Of his much lamented Qualla,  
Once his sweet and lovely bride,  
While their spirits dwell together,  
Free from care and want and pain,  
Where the tempest full of sorrow  
Ne'er can reach their souls again.

Years had flown since Occoneechee  
Saw her loving Whippoorwill,  
High upon the Smoky Mountain,  
Near the crystal rippling rill;  
For the white man had transported  
Brave and squaw and little child  
Far away to Oklahoma,  
To the western hills so wild.

Some had gone to the Dakotas,  
Some had gone to Mexico,  
Some had joined the tribe eternal;  
All were going, sure but slow.  
For the white man's occupation,  
Cherokee must give their land,  
And must give up all possessions,  
Go and join some other band.

Yet a residue of tribesmen  
Were allowed here to remain,  
'Mid the mountains and the forest,  
And the meadows and the plain,  
But the strong men and the warriors,  
Most of them had gone away,  
Far across the mighty mountains  
Toward the closing of the day.

General Jackson's men in blue coats  
Came and took away the braves,  
Took away the squaw and papoose,  
Buried many in their graves,  
Yet the residue triumphant,  
Roamed out in the forest wild,  
Without shelter, food or comfort,  
For decrepid chief and child.

Sad and weary, long and dreary,  
Moved the Cherokee out West,  
With their store of skins and venison,  
And the trinkets they possessed.  
Up across the Smoky Mountains,  
Rough and rugged trail and road,  
Lined by rhododendron blossoms,  
Close beside where Lufty flowed.



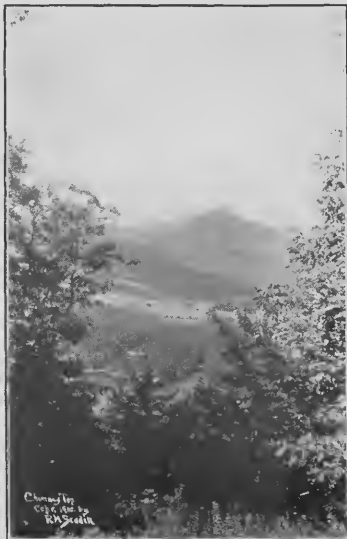
A glimpse of the Craggies.



From top of Chimney Rock.



Graybeard Mountain.



Chimney Top.

When they down the gorge descended,  
Winding toward the Tennessee,  
Branch and bough o'erhead were bending  
And no landscape could they see,  
And the labyrinthian footway  
Led through forests dense and dark  
And the air was sweetly laden  
With the bruised birchen bark;

Hemlocks tall and swaying gently  
In the sighing passing breeze,  
And the fir and spreading balsam  
Joined the cadence of the trees.  
At the base of birch and hemlock  
Flowed the Pigeon fierce and bold,  
With its water clear as crystal,  
And its fountains icy cold;

Flowed the dauntless rapid waters,  
Fresh and pure and ever free,  
Rushed o'er cataract and cascade,  
Ever onward toward the sea.  
Whippoorwill, the wandering warrior,  
Shorn of power and of pride,  
Marched in single file and lonely,  
With his hands behind him tied.

Hands were bound with thongs and fetters—  
Thongs and fetters could not hold  
Brave so gallant young and noble  
As this valiant warrior bold.  
For his thoughts of Occoneechee,  
Who was left far, far behind,  
With the residue of women,  
Stirred his brave heart and his mind.

On and on for days they traveled  
By the stream whose silver flow,  
From the great high Smoky Mountains,  
Became silent now and slow;  
For the rocks and rising ridges,  
Once their progress did impede,  
Now were fading in the distance,  
Could not now retard their speed.

And the journey, long and tedious,  
Wore the women, wore the brave,  
And they sore and much lamented,  
To be bound as serf or slave;  
For their free-born spirits never  
Had been bound by man before,  
Till the blue-coat Jackson soldier  
Came and dragged them from their door.

Corn was blooming on the lowlands  
When the journey they betook,  
And the grass gave much aroma,  
By the laughing Soco brook;  
But the suns and moons oft waning  
Brought the moon of ripening corn  
To a nation, broken-hearted,  
With a doubting hope forlorn.

Level lands brought no enchantment  
To a people who had known  
Naught but freedom till the present,  
Whose utopian dream had flown;  
Flown as flows the radiant river,  
Flown as flows the hopes of youth,  
From the red man of the forest.  
They were no more free, forsooth.

By and by the Father Waters  
Came in view of brave and squaw,  
And the skiff and side-wheel steamer  
Were the shifting scenes they saw,  
Plying fast the Father Waters,  
With a current slow and still,  
And reverberating whistles  
Shrieked a medley loud and shrill.



And the ferryboat was busy,  
Plying fast the liquid wave  
Of the Father Water's current,  
Bearing squaw and chief and brave,  
Till the last brave Indian warrior  
Crossed the Father Waters' tide,  
Crossed the gentle flowing river,  
With its current deep and wide.

Then they rested from their journey,  
Rested for a little while,  
On the bluff above the river,  
Where they saw her laughing smile.  
They could see the sun at morning  
Rise up quickly from his rest,  
See him hasting to his zenith,  
Soon to go down in the west.

Then the winter came on quickly,  
Killing corn and grass and cane,  
And the wind brought cloudy weather,  
With its snow and mist and rain,  
And the tribe within the barracks  
Were disheartened, one and all.  
And they longed now for their Lufty,  
With its cascade and its fall.

But at last the genial sunshine  
Took away the ice that froze  
The corn of hope, from the tribesmen,  
And the chilly wind that blows,  
Along the valley, of the river,  
Over bog and prairie, too;  
And an order came with springtime,  
"You the journey must renew."

Then they rose up in the morning,  
Rose before the dawn of day,  
Rolled and tied the tents together,  
And were quickly on their way,  
On their way to Oklahoma,  
Out across Missouri land,  
Chief and squaw and wary warrior,  
Marched the Cherokee brave band.

To the western reservation,  
Where the bison and the owl,  
And the she-wolf, fox and serpent  
Writhe and roam and nightly prowl;  
This the country where they took them,  
This the country that they gave  
In exchange for their own country,  
To the chief and squaw and brave.

Leaving all they loved behind them,  
Leaving all to them most dear,  
And they settled there so lonely,  
In a country dry and drear;  
There to pine away in sorrow,  
And repining, die of grief;  
From the solitude and silence  
Of this land there's no relief.

## II.

Amid the hills of Carolina,  
Hills impregnated with rich bliss,  
With their grotts and groves and fountains,  
Hills that love-beams love to kiss;  
Roamed the dark, but pretty maiden,  
Oconeechee, lovely child,  
Roamed she far out in the mountains,  
'Mid their solitude so wild.

Dreamed she oft here, as she rambled,  
Of her warrior Whippoorwill,  
Of her lover, long her lover,  
Whom she first met near the rill,  
High upon the Smoky Mountains,  
Where the sunset's afterglow  
Holds the secrets of Dame Nature  
From the sons of men below.



Upper Catawba Falls,  
Esmeralda, N. C.



Occoneechee Falls,  
Jackson County, N. C.



In the Cherokee Country.  
"Falls and foams and seethes  
forever."



Whitewater Falls.  
"Pours its deluge down the ravine  
Unobstructed in its rage."

Occoneechee sought her lover,  
Down Oconaluftee's vale,  
Through the brush and tangled wildwood,  
Without compass, chart or trail,  
Where the river Tuckaseigee  
Dashes down its rocky bed,  
Near a trail long since deserted,  
Over which a tribe once sped.

Then she wandered down the river,  
On and on, as on it flows,  
Wades the river, wades its branches,  
Follows it where'er it goes  
Through the laurel brush and ivy,  
Over spreading beds of fern,  
Over rock moss-covered ledges,  
Follows every winding turn,

Till it flows into the river,  
Called the Little Tennessee,  
Here she lingers long and tarries,  
And she strains her eyes to see  
If her vision will reveal him,  
And abates her breath to hear  
The voice of Whippoorwill, her lover,  
One of all to her most dear.

Yet no sound came to relieve her,  
And no vision came to please,  
And it never dawned upon her,  
Here among the virgin trees,  
That her lover was transported,  
With the brave and chief and child  
To the land of Oklahoma,  
Land so lonely, weird and wild.

Up the stream she then ascended,  
Slowly, surely did she march,  
'Neath the spreading oak and hemlock,  
Resting oft beneath their arch.  
Walls of solid spar and granite  
Reared their heads up toward the blue,  
But no wall or hill or river  
Could impede the maiden true.

She now reached the Nantahala,  
Picturesque in every way,  
And she rested 'neath the shadow  
Of the mountain tall and gray;  
High the mountain, clear the water,  
That comes rushing down the side  
Of the mountain from the forest  
With its unpolluted tide.

Speckled beauties swam the water,  
Swam as only they can do;  
Deer in herds roamed all the forest,  
Only Cherokees were few.  
Eagles, swift upon their pinions,  
Soared aloft upon the air,  
They would turn their eyes to heaven,  
Then down on the maiden fair,

As to guard her in her roaming,  
For she had no other guide,  
Save one squaw and constellation,  
And the racing river tide.  
Birds had ceased their long migration,  
Not a cloud disturbed the blue  
Of the canopy of heaven,  
And the country they passed through.

Nightingale and thrush and robin  
Mated, sang and dwelt serene,  
In the forest, by the river,  
With its banks so fresh and green,  
And each spoke to Occoneechee,  
In the language Nature gives,  
Of the flora and the fauna,  
Where the child of Nature lives.

Then she rambled through the mountains,  
To the summit, grand and high,  
Where Tusquittee's bald and forest  
Penetrates the cloudless sky.  
Unobstructed vision reaches  
'Cross the Valley River, wide,  
To the Hiawassee river,  
Flowing in its lordly pride.

Here the panorama rises  
In its beauty grand and gay,  
As you linger on the summit,  
As you hesitating stay;  
Visions long out in the distance;  
Haunt you with enchanted smile,  
And the reverie of Nature  
Doth the wanderer beguile.

Valleytown, the Indian village,  
And Aquone, the camping ground,  
Cheoas vale within the distance,  
Once where Cherokee were found,  
Came within the easy focus  
Of the trained observant eye  
Of the maiden on the mountain,  
Near the clearest vaulted sky.



Occoneechee looked and wondered,  
Scanned the mountain, scanned the vale,  
And she lifted up her voice there,  
And began to weep and wail;  
For her lover, long departed,  
For her lover brave and true,  
And she wondered if he tarried  
In the reaches of her view.

Still no sight or sound revealed him,  
Beauty smiled and smiled again,  
As she sighed and prayed to Nature,  
Yet her anxious thoughts were vain.  
For the valley and the mountain,  
And the river and the rill,  
Separated Occoneechee  
From her lover Whippoorwill.

Then she to the Hiawassee,  
Wound the mountain-side and vale,  
And she made a boat of hemlock,  
And she left the mountain trail,  
And she launched the boat of hemlock  
On the Hiawassee tide,  
Launched the boat and went within it,  
Down the silver stream to glide.

Down the river set with forest,  
Nottely joins the quickened pace  
Of the river and the maiden,  
In their onward rapid race,  
And she passes through the narrows,  
Through the narrows quick she flew,  
Through the spray and foaming current,  
With her long hemlock canoe.

Faster sped the boat of hemlock,  
Past the mountains and the shoal,  
Past the inlet Conasauga,  
Where Okoee waters roll;  
Here she stopped to make inquiry  
Of a relegated brave,  
If he'd seen her wandering lover,  
In the forest, by the wave.

Then she left the boat of hemlock,  
Roamed the forest far and wide,  
Crossed the mountain streams and fountains,  
With their cliff and foaming tide,  
Followed far Okoee river,  
Toccoa laves her weary feet,  
Ellijay and Coogawattee  
Do the pretty maiden greet.

Not a word in all her wanderings  
Did she hear of Whippoorwill,  
Though she roamed through leagues of forest,  
And by many a rippling rill.  
Candy creek and Oostanula,  
Both were followed to their source,  
With their winding current flowing  
In their ever onward course.

Where the brave had traveled with her,  
And had told her many tales  
Of the wars he'd been engaged in,  
And the windings of the trails,  
Over which the tribe had traveled  
In the years that long had flown,  
And the land now held by strangers,  
Which his tribe once called their own.

And at evening in the autumn,  
When the leaves turn brown and red,  
And the hickory and the maple  
Gild with yellow as they shed,  
And the poplar and the chestnut,  
And the beech and chinquapin,  
Hide the squirrel and the pheasant  
From the sight of selfish men;

Where the grapevine climbs the alder,  
Clings with tendril to the pine,  
And the air is sweetly laden  
With rich odors from the vine;  
And the walnut and the dogwood  
Furnish dainties rich and rare,  
For the chipmunk and the partridge,  
Which perchance do wander there.

Where the otter slide is slickened,  
And the weasel and the mink  
Do come creeping down the river,  
There to bathe and fish and drink,  
And the red fox roams the forest,  
And defies the fleetest hound,  
And the panther in the forest  
Makes a hideous screaming sound.

Here the brave would sit and tell them  
Tales and myths told oft before,  
Tales of war and of adventure,  
By great chiefs now known no more;  
And one night they heard the shrieking  
Of a wildcat near the stream,  
That awakened them from slumber  
And disturbed their peaceful dream;



The Balsam Mountains.  
In Jackson Co., N. C.



North from Sunset Rock, Tryon Mt.

For a panther, fierce and fearless,  
Had come creeping down the side  
Of the cliffs far up the mountain,  
Near the Hiawassee tide,  
And they met down near the river,  
And they fought down near the stream,  
And they made the night grow hideous  
With their awful shrieks and scream.

Then she took her boat of hemlock,  
And they launched it on the wave,  
And they sat upon its gunnels,  
Oconeechee squaw and brave,  
And they pushed out in the current,  
Where the waves were rolling high,  
And the boat sped through the rapids,  
Fast as flocks of pigeons fly.

Pushed they down and ever onward  
Toward the placid Tennessee,  
To the island and the inlet  
Of the rolling Hiawassee.  
Here they camped o'er night and rested,  
Told they tales of long ago,  
With their memories and sorrows  
Breathed they out their care and woe.

Then they floated down the river,  
On its smooth, unrippled tide,  
To the creek of Chicamauga,  
Where so many braves had died,  
And they tented near the river,  
Tied their boat up to the bank,  
Where John Ross had crossed the river,  
Where his ferryboat once sank.

Wandered through the vale of dryness,  
Chattanooga's pretty flow,  
Clear as crystal, pure as sunbeams,  
Winding hither too and fro.  
Drank the waters, bathed they in it,  
Fished and hunted stream and plain,  
Where the buffalo once wandered,  
But where none now doth remain.

Like a serpent that is crawling,  
Wriggling, writhing, resting not,  
Fleeing from a strange invader  
To some lone secluded spot,  
Winds and curves and turns forever,  
In its course that has no end,  
Swings to starboard and to larboard,  
Round the Moccasin's great bend.

Flows the river on forever,  
By the nodding flowering tree,  
Shedding fragrance like a censer,  
Flows the pretty Tennessee;  
On her bosom's crest is carried  
Precious burdens, rich and rare,  
From the fertile fields about her,  
And the ozone-laden air.

Occoneechee squaw and warrior  
Rode the silver-flowing tide,  
In the boat made out of hemlock,  
Which so long had been their pride;  
But the time now came for parting,  
As must come in every life,  
That is heir to human nature,  
With its toil and woe and strife.

Here Sequatchie's fertile valley,  
They approached and must ascend,  
Like the cloud before the sunbeam,  
Driven by the fiercest wind;  
Then they hid the boat of hemlock,  
Sure and safe, then bade adieu,  
To the boat upon the river,  
Which had been their friend so true.



Then they mounted little ponies,  
Fresh and sleek and fat and fast,  
And they sped along the valley,  
Like the birds upon the blast,  
Looking for the handsome warrior,  
Looking hither, glancing there,  
And quite often on the journey,  
They would stop to offer prayer;

But the valley held the secret;  
Not a living man could wrest,  
From the valley rich and fertile,  
Secrets buried in its breast;  
Though the tribe had ceased to own it,  
Though the tribe had passed away,  
From the valley of Sequatchie,  
Like the fading of the day,

Still the signs and many tokens  
Told a tale of war and strife,  
Where the whites had used the rifle,  
And the braves had used the knife,  
For the bleaching bones of warriors  
Were discovered everywhere,  
And the hideous sight brought sorrow,  
To this maiden now so fair,

Birds were singing in the forest,  
Merrily and full of glee,  
And a symphony unrivaled  
Flooded forestland and lea;  
With the mellow tones from singers,  
Varied, versatile and sweet,  
Came from forest and from meadow,  
Came the attuned ear to greet.

And when evening shade would settle,  
And the moon full rose to view,  
And the zephyrs filled the valley,  
And the flowers suffused with dew,  
Then the nightingale would lure them  
Or the mockingbird hold sway,  
From the advent of Orion,  
Till the dawning of the day.

Stretching meadows lay before them,  
Rich with fragrance, rare with flowers,  
Variegated blending colors  
Lent a rapture to its bowers,  
That outstripped the fields elysian,  
Decked with Nature's rarest guise,  
Pleasure-house for wisest sages,  
Such as only fools despise.

Such the scenes within the valley,  
As they joyous sped along,  
Filled with rapture, filled with pleasure,  
At the scenery and the song.  
Nature clapped her hands exultant,  
In the sylvan groves so green,  
Where the Goddess Proserpina  
Was enthroned majestic queen.

Mighty warriors red with passion,  
Once had trod this virgin soil,  
And had rested in the valley,  
When o'ercome by heat and toil;  
Sportive maidens once delighted  
To engage in dance and song,  
With the warriors in the valley,  
With the chieftains brave and strong.

But the mighty men and maidens  
Long since ceased this land to roam,  
Since the pale face armed with power,  
Killed the braves and burned the home,  
Took the land and burned the wigwam,  
Bound the chief and drove away,  
All the warriors, squaws and maidens,  
Toward the golden close of day.

Happy children, wild with rapture,  
Laughed with ecstasy and glee,  
Once had filled the vale with echoes,  
And had sported lithe and free,  
All along the hill-locked valley,  
Played lacrosse and strung the bow,  
Ran the races, caught the squirrel,  
In the distant long ago.

Sped they like the rolling torrent,  
Thru the Appalachian chain,  
With its towering peaks and gorges,  
'Mid its sunshine and its rain,  
Sped along the flowing Chuckey,  
With its reddened banks of clay,  
Were delighted by its beauty,  
Were enticed with it to stay;

Saw the rushing, rolling waters  
Fall and foam and seeth below,  
Saw the cascade of Watauga  
Surging hither to and fro;  
Looked with tireless vision upward,  
Viewed from summits high and proud,  
Landscapes grander than Olympus,  
With their crags above the cloud.

“Occoneechee,” said the warrior,  
In a gentle tone, and mild,  
“I remember all this grandeur,  
Since I was a little child,  
I have traveled trail and mountain,  
Chased Showono, deer and bear,  
Crossed Kentucky in the chases,  
Seen the blue-grass state so fair.

Once while hotly, I pursuing,  
Buck with antlers fierce and strong,  
Came upon a band of white men,  
With their rifles black and long,  
Came a flash of rifle powder,  
Quick as lightning came the sounds,  
From reverberating rifles,  
And the bark of baying hounds.

They had slain the buck with antlers,  
And would be upon me soon,  
If discovered by their captain,  
By their captain, Daniel Boone;  
He the hunter, Indian hater,  
Chief and captain, pioneer,  
Known to every tribe and tribesman,  
To be destitute of fear.

Quick I back into the forest,  
Without noise or slightest sound,  
Lest perchance I draw attention,  
From the hunter or his hound.  
'Twas a wilderness of wildness,  
Transylvania was its name,  
Home of coon and hare and turkey,  
And all sorts of kindred game.

Once the noble chiefs and warriors  
Roamed Kentucky far and wide,  
Far along the broad Ohio,  
Strode the Indians by her tide;  
And they camped and roamed the forest,  
Dense and dark, supremely grand,  
Dominated vale and forest,  
Dominated all the land;

Chased the scouting bands of warriors,  
Who would dare to camp and die,  
On the soil of old Kentucky,  
Where the meadow grass grew high;  
Hiding 'neath the waving grasses,  
Where the muskrat and the snake,  
And the hedge hog and the weasel,  
Lurked in shade of vine and brake.

I was with good Junaluska,  
In the battles and the raids,  
Where the Creek and the Showano  
Lent each other all their aids,  
When upon the Tallapoosa  
River, at the Horseshoe bend,  
We joined hands with General Jackson,  
And by death we made an end,

Of the Creeks and all their allies,  
Who assembled, one and all.  
To resist our mighty forces,  
They had built their mighty wall,  
Built it strong and reinforced it,  
Not a single spot was weak,  
For 'twas built by master workmen,  
By the tribesmen of the Creek.

When the work was strong and finished,  
All the warriors came to dwell  
In the fortress, by the river,  
Came they tales of war to tell;  
Came a thousand of the warriors,  
With their weapons and their wives,  
Came and lodged within the fortress,  
Like the swarming bees in hives;

Brought their children and their chattels,  
Brought they gun, and club and spear,  
For they thought once in the fortress,  
That they'd have no harm to fear,  
But the Cherokee and Jackson  
Brought out cannon great and small,  
And they raised the siege of Horseshoe,  
Throwing many a shell and ball;

Into fortress, into village,  
Flew the missiles thick and fast,  
Like the rain, among the rigging,  
Of the sailor's spar and mast,  
Crushing, crashing stone of fortress,  
Making splinters of the wall,  
Of the fortress by the river,  
With the heavy cannon ball.

But it fell not in the fury  
Of the battle's hottest fray,  
Stood the test like old Gibraltar,  
All the night and all the day,  
And the progress was so slowly,  
That the battle must be lost,  
To the Cherokee and Jackson,  
And so great would be the cost,



If some means were not discovered,  
To dislodge the valiant Creek,  
Now entrenched within the fortress,  
Growing strong instead of weak.  
Junaluska said to Jackson,  
'Choose ye this day man or men,  
Who can breast the tide before you,  
Who will try to enter in;

Who can swim the Tallapoosa,  
Who can stem the flowing tide,  
Who are noble, strong and fearless,  
And have God upon their side.  
If you have such men among you,  
Let them come forth one and all,  
Let them dare to do their duty,  
Let them dare to stand or fall.'

Not one man of all the white men  
Could be found who dared to try  
To o'ercome the Tallapoosa,  
Or would risk his life to die.  
So your guide whom God has given,  
Volunteered to risk the wave,  
With your father, Junaluska,  
Volunteered, his tribe to save.

Then we sought our God in silence,  
And became resigned to death,  
That lay out upon the current  
Of the river's silent breath.  
Under cover of the darkness,  
And the solitude of night,  
We betook the awful peril,  
With a tremor of delight.

Silently we now descended  
To the deathlike river tide,  
Following a star's reflection,  
For a signboard and a guide;  
To point out the right direction,  
And to bring us into port,  
Where the canoes lay at anchor,  
Near the stolid silent fort.

Quick we loosed them from their moorings  
Each man lashed beside his boat—  
Quite a dozen, swift as arrows,  
And we set them all afloat;  
Shot them straight across the river,  
Like a flash at lightning speed,  
Faster than the fleetest greyhound,  
Bounding like a blooded steed.

When we reached the army's landing,  
Quick the boats were filled with men;  
Like a thunderbolt from heaven,  
Did the deadly work begin.  
Transports glided o'er the current,  
Like a shuttle to and fro,  
Moving Cherokee and white men,  
To confront a worthy foe.

Scaled the ramparts of the fortress,  
Stormed the inner citadel,  
And we massacred the inmates!  
How? No human tongue can tell.  
Not a woman, child or human  
Made escape, but all were slain  
In the fort or in the river,  
Or upon the gory plain.

When the massacre and slaughter  
Had abated, all the slain  
Numbered more than a thousand,  
In the fort or on the plain.  
Many floated in the river,  
Many died out in the woods,  
And were buried in the forest,  
By erosion or the floods.

Sad and silent stood the fortress,  
All deserted and alone;  
Not a man or child or matron,  
Now was left to claim their own.  
All the warriors and the chieftains  
Died in conflict true and brave;  
None were left to tell the story,  
Or to mark some lonely grave.

Cruel man! O God, forgive them!  
Pity such a cruel race.  
In their stead, O God of nations,  
Send some one to take their place,  
Who is humane, who is human,  
Who is honest, kind and true,  
Who when given strength and power,  
Destroys not, but spares a few.

In the lore of ancient nations,  
In the tales of modern times,  
In the prose that now remaineth,  
Nor the poet's splendid rhymes,  
Is a story told more cruel  
Than the slaughter of the Creeks,  
By the Persians, Jews or Romans,  
Macedonians or Greeks;

Where a nation, like a shadow,  
Vanished quickly and was not,  
Like a vapor in the valley  
Passes and is soon forgot.  
Passes like a fleeing phantom,  
Like a mist before the sun,  
Came and tarried for a moment,  
And forever was undone.

Occoneechee, come and travel,  
To the distant mountains high,  
Where the summit of the mountains,  
Tower upward toward the sky.  
Delectable the splendid mountains,  
Rich in ferns forever green,  
And the galaxy of the mountains  
Are the rarest ever seen.

Mortal eyes have never witnessed,  
Mortal tongue can never tell  
Of the grandeur and the beauty  
Of the ravine and the dell.  
Strange declivities confront you,  
Then a sudden upright wall  
Rises like a mystic figure,  
With a splendid waterfall.



"I will take you to the summit  
Of the mountains white with age."



**From Bald Rock.**

"At the juncture of the river  
Where the Indians used to dwell."

I will take you to the summit  
Of the mountains white with age,  
And will show you where the tempests  
Rush and roar with ceaseless rage,  
Where phenomena electric  
Makes mysterious display  
Of their power and their beauty  
In the distance far away;

You can see the flash of lightning,  
And can hear the thunders roll,  
With reverberating echoes,  
That o'erwhelm your very soul,  
Make you sigh and shake and shudder,  
Make you tremble like a leaf,  
Make you crouch in soul and body,  
Like the life o'ercome with grief.

Yet you stand and gaze in wonder,  
Watch the elements grown dark;  
Adoration turns to terror,  
At the least electric spark;  
Vivid flashes light the heavens,  
Keep them in perpetual glow,  
Like aurora borealis  
From beyond eternal snow.

God eternal sends the sunshine,  
Melts the vapor, chains the cloud,  
Cages up the lightning flashes,  
Stops the peels of thunder loud.  
Changes discord into music,  
And the soul with it He thrills,  
From the music on the mountains,  
Made by leaping, laughing rills.

Look! behold the ray that cometh,  
Fills the earth with hope again,  
Dissipates the clouds and vapor,  
With their shadows and their rain.  
See the sunburst full of glory,  
Shoot forth rays of gilt and gold,  
Sung by bards, portrayed by artists  
Yet its glory ne'er was told.

Painters fail to give description,  
Fail on canvas to portray,  
Rising sun within the mountains,  
And the glorious dawn of day;  
Sages, bards and humble poets,  
All are pigmies in the eyes  
Of the one who stands and watches  
Sunshine from its sleep arise.



Picturesque! O scenes eternal!  
From the dizzy, dizzy heights  
Of Grandfather, Rone and Linville,  
From which rivers take their flights.  
Yadkin, Broad and the Catawbas,  
Where the Indians used to roam,  
Are the habitation only  
Of the white man and his home.

High upon the Linville mountains  
Creeps a silent silver stream,  
From the shadows of the forest,  
Like the splendor of a dream,  
Then it runs amid the boulders,  
Joins with many sparkling rills,  
That comes rushing from the forest,  
Of those high eternal hills,

Till its speed becomes augmented,  
Till you hear the rushing sounds,  
Of the Linville river raging,  
As it leaps and falls and bounds,  
As it dashes through the granite,  
Falls into the natural pool,  
Built by nature in the chasm,  
With its water clear and cool.

In the Blue Ridge range of mountains  
Stand a thousand spires and domes,  
Built of adamant eternal,  
From whose base the river roams,  
Like the maiden Occoneechee,  
Wanders out replete with tears,  
Into strange lands, unto strangers,  
Thru the lapse of passing years,

Longing to be reunited,  
With her fiance forever,  
From his presence and his wooing,  
To be separated never.  
Thus the river and the maiden  
Rambled through the mountains wild,  
Seeking for a long lost lover,  
As a mother seeks her child.

Climbs the black dome of the mountain,  
Richest pinnacle e'er seen;  
And the landscape lay before her,  
With its mounds and vales between.  
Lends enchantment grand and gorgeous,  
Gives a new lease unto life,  
And you soon forget you're living  
In a world of care and strife.

Thus Mount Mitchell in the Blue Ridge,  
Zenith hill among the hills,  
Sends forth life anew forever,  
And a thousand rippling rills.  
In the distance the Savannah's  
Flows a stream of pure delight,  
Flows she on, and on forever,  
Never stopping day or night.

For her mission is a true one,  
And the river ever true,  
Rolls along the grandest valley,  
That a river e'er rolled through;  
Peopled by a population  
Rich in soul and thought divine,  
From her source up in the mountains,  
Till her soul the sea entwines.

Turning to the sun that's setting,  
Setting far beyond the rim,  
Of the horizon of vision,  
Where the eyes grow weak and dim,  
You behold the Swannanoa,  
Naiad, pure and fresh and sweet,  
Crystalline, and cool and limpid,  
Strays some other stream to greet.

From the cliffside in the mountains  
Roll a thousand little streams,  
Laughing as they greet each other,  
Where the sunshine never beams;  
Rippling, idling, swirling slowly,  
Leaping down a waterfall,  
You can hear the drops of water,  
Sweetly to their compeers call.

Down the valley glides the river,  
Murmuring a sad farewell,  
To the birds and bees and people,  
Who along its highway dwell;  
Wishing them a happy future,  
Wishing them prosperity,  
While it fills its many missions  
'Twixt the mountains and the sea.

Bathing rocks, refreshing people,  
Casting up its silver spray,  
As it glides along the valley,  
Flows forever and for aye.  
Men may move their tents and chattels,  
Others die or go astray,  
Still the stream flows fresh forever,  
Never resting night or day.



**Lower Cullasaja Falls.**

"From the cliffside in the mountains  
Roll a thousand little streams."

Giving life unto the flowers,  
Blooming on its verdant side,  
As it travels, as it journeys,  
As its ripples make their stride.  
In the gloaming of the twilight,  
When the birds had ceased to fly,  
And the dazzling dome of heaven  
Gave resplendence to the sky.

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Occoneechee, squaw and warrior,  
Watched the stream, as on it sped,  
Rippling o'er the pebbly bottom,  
Lying on its rocky bed;  
Grasses waving green around them,  
Nodding boughs bid them adieu,  
And it wafted them caresses,  
Like the sunbeams sparkling dew.

Precious fragrance filled the valley,  
From the sweet shrub and the pine,  
Luscious fruits and ripening melons  
Lade the apple tree and vine.  
All along the pretty valley,  
Harvest fields and curing hay  
Make the white man rich and happy,  
Where the warriors used to stray.

At the juncture of the river,  
Where the Indians used to dwell,  
Where they made their pots of red clay,  
Made them crude but made them well,  
Here they tented long and hunted,  
Fished the Tah-kee-os-tee stream,  
Strolled along the racing river,  
Where its rippling waters gleam.

Moons passed on, and yet no greetings  
Came to cheer the wandering maid,  
Who so long had sought her lover,  
Till her hopes began to fade,  
And she felt that she must hasten,  
Quickly hasten thru the wild,  
By the rapid river racing,  
She the nature-loving child.

Then they took their little ponies,  
Girt them with a roebuck hide,  
Seated on the nimble ponies,  
Started swiftly on the ride,  
On to Toxaway the river,  
On to Toxaway the lake,  
Where the leaf of vine and alder,  
Hide the muskrat and the snake.

All along the racing river,  
Gorgeous forest trees are seen,  
And the wild deer in the forest  
Dwells beneath the coat of green.  
Here the beaver, hare and turkey  
Share their food and come to drink,  
In the splendid spreading forest,  
Near the Tah-kee-os-tee's brink.

Here they fished and caught the rainbow,  
Caught the little mountain trout,  
In the lake and in the river,  
With their poles both crude and stout;  
Caught the squirrel and the pheasant,  
Chased the turkey, deer and bear,  
Caught a-plenty, all they needed,  
Yet they had not one to spare.

In the sapphire land they lingered  
Many days and many nights,  
On the mountains, 'mid the laurel,  
Looking at the wondrous sights,  
That will greet you in the mountains,  
That you see in vales below,  
As you tread the paths untrodden,  
As you wander to and fro.



In the forest land primeval  
Where the fountains form their heads,  
Lies the famous vale of flowers,  
Splendid valley of pink beds.  
Every tribe and every hunter  
Knows this lone secluded spot,  
From the other vales so famous;  
When once seen is ne'er forgot.

In this vale of flowers and sunshine,  
Lies the Aidenn, most tranquil,  
Where the sore and heavy-laden,  
Gambol peacefully at will;  
Hear the trill of distant music,  
Played on Nature's vibrant chime,  
Resonant with sweetest concord  
All attuned to perfect time.

Here the weary, heavy-laden  
Soul, may lose his load of care,  
And the body, sick and wounded,  
Find an answer to his prayer.  
Precious incense here arises,  
From the brasier of the vale  
That ascends the lofty mountains,  
By an unseen, trackless trail.



"Pisgah stands the peer and rival  
Of Olympus, famed of old."



Indian Mound, Franklin, N. C.

"Where the mound stands in the meadow  
There the tribe was wont to gather."

Pisgah stands, the peer and rival  
Of Olympus, famed of old,  
Where the gods met in their councils,  
And their consultations held.  
Looking far across the valleys,  
They behold on either side,  
Rivers, vales and gushing fountains,  
Which forever shall abide.

In the distance stands eternal,  
Junaluska's pretty mound,  
Which in beauty of the landscape  
Is the grandest ever found.  
Rushing streams of purest water,  
Giving off their silver spray,  
Add a beauty to the forest,  
In a new and novel way.

And the balsam peaks of fir tree  
Looks like midnight in the day,  
Looks like shadows in the sunshine,  
In the fading far away.  
Dense and dark and much foreboding  
Apprehensions do declare,  
To the one who sleeps beneath them  
With its flood of balmy air.

“Occoneechee, forest dweller,  
We have traveled many miles,  
Through the mountains, o’er the valleys,  
Where the face of Nature smiled;  
We have tasted of the fountains,  
Whence breaks forth the Keowee,  
Nymph of beauty, joy and pleasure,  
Once the home of Cherokee.

We have rested near the water,  
Seen the fleck and shimmering flow,  
Of the waters kissed by Nature,  
Lovely river Tugaloo,  
Where the Cherokee once rambled,  
Sported ’mid the scenes so wild,  
Where the forest and the river  
Have the wood-gods oft beguiled.

Wandered o’er the sapphire country,  
Land which doth the soul delight,  
With its mounds and vales and rivers;  
God ne’er made a holier site  
For the human race to dwell in,  
Where the human soul can rise,  
Higher in its aspirations  
Toward the rich Utopian skies.”

Here the lyrics sung by Nature,  
Played upon its strings of gold,  
Float out on the evening breezes,  
And its music ne'er grows old,  
To the soul and life and spirit,  
Which is bent and bowed with care.  
This the sweetest land Elysian,  
To the one who wanders there.

Convolutions of the lilies,  
Tranquil bloom and curve and die,  
Near the river, 'neath the shadows  
Of the white pine, smooth and high.  
Sparkling, gleaming in the sunlight  
Bursts the water, pure and free,  
From the rocks high on the mountains,  
Once the home of Cherokee.

Dancing, rippling, roaring, rushing,  
Comes Tallulah in its rage,  
Like an eagle bounding forward,  
From an exit in a cage.  
In the distance, you behold it  
Rise and babble, laugh and smile;  
Then amid the reeds and rushes,  
Turns and loiters for awhile.

Then it curves among the eddies,  
Hastens on to meet the bend,  
In the meadows, like the fragrance  
Borne aloft upon the wind;  
Silently reflecting sunbeams  
To the distant verdant hill  
From its surface calm and placid,  
Smooth, untarnished little rill;

Gleams and glides accelerated,  
As it gathers, as it grows,  
As the brook becomes a river,  
As it ever onward flows;  
Swirls and turns and dashes downward,  
Heaves and moans and dashes wild,  
For a chasm down the canyon,  
Like a lost, demented child;

Furious, frantic, leaps and lashes  
Down into the great abyss,  
Falls and foams and seethes forever  
Where the rocks and river kiss.  
Tallulah Falls, the work and wonder  
Of the cycles and the age,  
Pours its deluge down the ravine,  
Unobstructed in its rage.



Tallulah Falls, Ga.

"In the forest land primeval  
Where the fountains form their heads."

Flying fowls of evil omen,  
Dare not stop it in its flight,  
Lest the river overwhelm them  
With its power of strength and might—  
Lest the river dash to pieces  
Bird or beast that would impede  
Such a torrent as confronts you  
With its force of fearful speed.

Then it rushes fast and furious  
Into mist and fog and spray,  
Rises like the ghost of Banquo,  
Will not linger, stop nor stay.  
O'er the precipice it plunges,  
Bounds and surges down the steep,  
As it gushes forth forever,  
Toward the blue and boundless deep.

In the Appalachian mountains  
Stands Satulah, high and proud,  
With its base upon the Blue Ridge,  
And its head above the cloud.  
From its top the panorama  
Rises grandly into view,  
And presents a thousand landscapes,  
Every one to Nature true.



Round by round the mountains rise up,  
Round on round, and tier on tier,  
You behold them in their beauty,  
Through a vista, bright and clear.  
Like concentric circles floating,  
Ebbing on a crystal bay  
To the distance they're receding,  
Fading like declining day.

Hardby stands the Whiteside Mountain,  
Like an athlete, strong and tall,  
Perpendicularly rising  
As a mighty granite wall;  
Towering o'er the Cashier's valley,  
Stretching calmly at its base,  
Like a bouquet of rich roses  
Beautifying Nature's vase.

High above the other mountains,  
Whiteside stands in bold relief,  
With its court house and its cavern  
Refuge for the soul with grief;  
Like a monolith it rises  
To a grand majestic height,  
Till its crest becomes a mirror,  
To refract the rays of light.

From its summit grand and gorgeous  
Like a splendid stereoscope,  
Comes a view yet undiscovered  
Full of awe, and life and hope.  
Smiling vales and nodding forests  
Greet you like a loving child,  
From the zenith of the mountain,  
Comes the landscape undefiled.

Flying clouds pour forth their shadows,  
As the curious mystic maze  
Shrouds the mountains from the vision,  
With its dark and lowering haze.  
Fog so dense come stealing o'er you  
That you know not day from night,  
Till the rifting of the shadows  
Makes room for the golden light.

In the Blue Ridge, near the headland  
In the Hamburg scenic mountains,  
Comes a silver flow of water  
From a score of dancing fountains,  
Tripping lightly, leaping gently,  
Slipping 'neath the underbrush  
Without noise it creepeth slowly  
Toward the place of onward rush.

Floats along beneath the hemlock,  
Nods to swaying spruce and pine,  
Murmurs in its pebbly bottom  
Holds converse with tree and vine.  
Winds around the jutting ledges  
Of translucent spar and flint,  
With effulgence like the jasper  
With its glare and gleam and glint.

Moving onward, moving ever,  
In its course o'er amber bed,  
While the bluejay and the robin  
Perch in tree top overhead;  
Perch and sing of joy and freedom,  
Fill the glen with pleasure's song,  
As the waters, fresh and sparkling,  
Rippling, gliding, pass along.

Thus the Tuckasegee river  
Rises far back in the dell,  
Where the dank marsh of the mountain  
Rise and fall, assuage and swell,  
Till its flow becomes augmented  
By a thousand little streams  
Coming from the rocky highlands  
Through their fissures and their seams.

Fills the valley, passes quickly,  
Trips and falls a hundred feet,  
Swirls a moment, makes a struggle,  
Doth the same rash act repeat.  
Rushes, rages, fumes and surges,  
Dashes into mist and spray,  
Heaves and sighs, foment and lashes,  
As it turns to rush away;

Roars and fills the earth and heaven  
With the pean of its rage,  
Plunges down deep in the gulches,  
Where the rocks are worn with age.  
Maddened by the sudden conflict,  
Starts anew to rend the wall  
That confines its turbid waters  
To the defile and the fall.

Once again it leaps and rushes  
Toward the towering granite wall,  
And it bounds full many a fathom  
In its final furious fall.  
Much it moans and seethes and surges,  
Starts again at rapid speed,  
O'er the rocky pot-hole gushes  
Like a gaited blooded steed.

Thus the Tuckasegee river  
Falls into the great abyss  
Down the canyon, rough and rugged,  
Where the spar and granite kiss.  
Then it flows still fast and faster,  
With its flood both bright and clear,  
Through the cycles ripe with ages  
Month on month and year on year.

Near the apex of the mountains,  
In the silence of the dale,  
Where no human foot has trodden  
Path or road or warrior's trail,  
From the tarn or seep there drippeth  
Crystal water bright and free,  
That becomes a nymph of beauty,  
Pretty vale of Cullowhee.

In the spreading vale the townhouse,  
And the Indian village stood;  
In the alcove, well secluded,  
In the grove of walnut wood.  
Ancient chiefs held many councils,  
Sung the war-song, kept the dance,  
While the squaws and pretty maidens  
Vie each other in the prance.

Cullowhee, thou stream and valley,  
Once the domicile and home,  
Of a people free and happy,  
Free from tribal fear and gloom,  
Where, O where, are thy great warriors—  
Where thy chiefs and warriors bold—  
Who once held in strict abeyance  
Those who plundered you of old?

Gone forever are thy warriors,  
Gone thy chiefs and maidens fair,  
Vanished like the mist of summer,  
Gone! but none can tell us where.  
From their homes were hounded, driven,  
Like the timid hind or deer,  
Herded like the driven cattle,  
Forced from home by gun and spear.

“Tell me, vale or rippling water,  
Tell me if ye can or will,  
If you’ve seen my long-lost lover  
Known as wandering Whippoorwill?”  
But the water, cool and placid,  
That comes from the mountain high  
Swirled a moment, then departing  
Made no answer or reply.

Then the maiden's grief grew greater,  
As she lingered by the stream  
Watching for some sign or token  
Or some vision through a dream;  
But no dream made revelation,  
Only sorrow filled her years,  
And her eyes lost much of luster  
As her cheeks suffused with tears.

Turning thence into the forest  
Over hill and brook and mound,  
To the Cullasaja river  
Through the forest land they wound;  
Through the tangled brush and ivy,  
Rough and rugged mountainside,  
Led the ponies through the forest,  
Far too steep for them to ride.

They descended trails deserted,  
Where the chieftains used to go,  
Near the Cullasaja river,  
Near its rough uneven flow;  
Camped upon its bank at evening,  
Heard at night the roar and splash  
Of the voice of many waters  
Down the fearful cascade dash.

Stood at sunrise where the shadow  
Of the cliffs cast darkening shade,  
Where the rainbows chase the rainbow  
Like as sorrows chased the maid.  
Traveled down the silver current,  
Rested often on the way,  
Strolled the banks and fished the current  
Of the crystal Ellijay.

Pleasantly the winding current  
Eddies, swirls and loiters free  
Till it joins the radiant waters  
Of the little Tennessee;  
Where the mound stands in the meadow,  
Once the townhouse capped its crest,  
There the tribe was wont to gather,  
Council, plan and seek for rest.

To the mound the tribe assembled,  
From the regions all around,  
Came from Cowee and Coweeta,  
Where the Cherokee abound;  
Came from Nantahala mountains,  
Skeenah and Cartoogechaye,  
Nickajack and sweet Iola,  
And from Choga far away.



All the great men and the warriors  
Brought the women, and their wives,  
Came by hundreds without number,  
Like the swarms around the hives;  
But today there is no warrior,  
Not a maiden can be found,  
Tenting on the pretty meadow,  
Or upon Nik-wa-sa mound.

In the Cowee spur of mountains,  
Stands the Bald and Sentinel,  
Of the valley and the river,  
Of the moorland and the dell.  
Like a pyramid it rises,  
Layer on layer and flight on flight  
Till its crest ascends the confines  
Of the grand imperial height.

From its summit far receding,  
Contours of the mountains rise,  
Numerous as the constellations  
In the arched dome of the skies.  
Far away beyond the valley  
Double Top confronts the eye,  
Black Rock rises like a shadow  
On the blue ethereal sky.



Great Cliff, Whiteside Mountain.



"Hardby stands the Whiteside Mountain,  
Like an athlete, strong and tall."

Jones' Knob makes its appearance,  
Highest, grandest height of all  
Penetrates the vault of heaven,  
None so picturesque or tall.  
Wayah, Burningtown and Wesser  
Raise their bald heads to the cloud  
High and haughty, rich in beauty  
And extremely vain and proud.

Una and Yalaka mountains  
Stand so near up by the side  
Of the Cowee, that you'd take them  
For its consort or its bride.  
Festooned, wreathed and decorated  
With the honeysuckle bloom,  
And the lady-slipper blossom,  
There dispels the hour of gloom.

Ginseng and the Indian turnip  
Grow up from their fallow beds  
In the dark coves of the mountains,  
With their beaded crimson heads.  
Fertile fields and stately meadows  
Stretch along the sylvan streams  
And surpass the fields Elysian,  
Seen in visionary dreams.

From the summit of the Cowee  
In the season of the fall,  
Fog fills all the pretty valley  
Settles like the deathly pall,  
Coming from the rill and river,  
To the isothermal belt,  
Where the sunbeam meets the fog-line  
And the frost and ices melt.

Jutting tops of verdant mountains  
Penetrate the fog below,  
As the islands in the ocean  
Form the archipelago.  
Sea of fog stands out before you,  
With its islands and its reef  
Silent and devoid of murmur  
As the quivering aspen leaf.

“Occoneechee, look to Northland,  
See the Smoky Mountains rise,  
Like a shadow in the valley  
Or a cloud upon the skies.  
Many days since you beheld them  
In their grand, majestic height;  
Many days from these you’ve wandered  
From their fountains, pure and bright.

“Hie thee to the Smoky Mountains,  
Tarry not upon the plain,  
Linger not upon the border  
Of the fields of golden grain.  
Flee thee as a kite or eagle,  
Not a moment stop or stay,  
Hasten to Oconaluftee,  
Be not long upon the way.

“I have much to speak unto you  
E’er I take my final leave,  
Some will sadden, some will gladden.  
Some bring joy and some will grieve.  
All our legends, myths and stories  
Soon will fall into decay,  
And I must transmit them to you  
E’er I turn to go away.

“Mount thee, mount thee quick this pony,  
Spryly spring upon its back,  
Leave no vestige, sign or token  
Or the semblance of a track,  
Whereby man may trace or trail thee,  
In the moorland or morass,  
By the radiant river flowing  
Or secluded mountain pass.

“Grasp the reins, hold fast the girdle,  
Like flamingoes make your flight  
To the great dome of the mountain  
That now gleams within your sight.  
Clingman’s Dome, the crowning glory  
Of the high erupted hills,  
They will shield you and protect you,  
With its cliffs and rolling rills.”

Sped they like the rolling current,  
Sped they like a gleam of light,  
Sped they as the flying phantom  
Or a swallow in its flight,  
To their refuge in the mountain,  
To the temple of the earth,  
Near the lonely spot secluded,  
That had known her from her birth.

Standing, gazing, watching, peering,  
Through the azure atmosphere,  
At the wilderness before you  
And the scene both rich and clear.  
Cerulean the gorgeous mountains  
Rise and loom up in your sight,  
Like a splendid constellation  
On a crisp autumnal night.

'Twixt the fall and winter season,  
Comes a tinge of milky haze,  
Stealing o'er the Smoky Mountains,  
Shutting out the solar rays,  
Flooding vales and filling valleys,  
Coming, creeping, crawling slow,  
Fills the firmament with shadows  
As with crystal flakes of snow.

Through the haze and mist and shadows  
You discern a ball of fire,  
From the rim of Nature rising  
As a knighted funeral pyre;  
Yet it moveth slowly upward,  
Creeps aloft along the sky,  
As a billow on the ocean  
Meets the ship, then passes by.

This you say is Indian summer,  
Tepid season of the year,  
When glad harvest songs ascendeth  
Full of hope and love and cheer.  
From Penobscot, down the Hudson,  
By the Susquehanna wild,  
Through the Shenandoah valley  
Roamed the forest-loving child.

Roamed the Mohawk and the Huron,  
Seneca and Wyandot,  
Delaware and the Mohican,  
Long since perished and forgot.  
Powhattan and Tuscarora,  
And the wandering Showano,  
Creek and Seminole and Erie,  
Miami and Pamlico,

Chicasaw and the Osages,  
Kickapoo and Illinois,  
Ottawas and Susquehannas,  
Objibwas and Iroquois,  
Once enjoyed the Indian summers,  
Once to all this land was heir,  
Sportive, free and lithe and happy,  
Chief and maid and matron fair.

As the blossoms in the forest  
Bloom, then fall into decay,  
So the mighty tribes here mentioned,  
Flourished, so traditions say;  
Then the coming of the white man,  
Spread consternation far and wide;  
Then decay and desolation  
Conquered all their manly pride.



Treaties made were quickly broken  
And their homes were burned with fire,  
Which provoked the mighty tribesmen  
And aroused their vengeful ire.  
Furious raids on hostile savage  
With the powder-horn and gun,  
Soon reduced the noble red man  
Slowly, surely, one by one,

Till not one now roams the forest,  
None are left to tell the tale;  
All their guns and bows are broken,  
None now for them weep or wail.  
Only names of streams and mountains  
Keep the memory aglow,  
Of the noble, brave and fearless  
Red men of the long ago.

Cherokee, the seed and offspring  
Residue of Iroquois,  
Silently are disappearing  
Without pageantry or noise.  
Though more civil and more learned  
And much wiser than the rest,  
They will be amalgamated,  
By the white man in the West.

Occoneechee and the chieftain  
Talked of all that they had seen,  
Of the flow of pretty rivers  
And the matchless mountains green,  
Of the ferns and pretty flowers,  
Parterre of rarest hue,  
Tint of maroon, white and yellow,  
Saffron, lilac, red and blue.

Held they converse of their travels,  
Of the wilderness sublime,  
Of the myths and happy legends  
Told through yielding years of time.  
Of the wars and tales forgotten,  
Of the chiefs and warriors brave  
Who long since have run their journey,  
Who now sleep within the grave.

At those tales the maiden wept loud,  
Sought for solace thru a sigh,  
Much o'ercome by thoughts of loved ones,  
And she prayed that she might die  
High upon the Smoky Mountains,  
Where no human soul can trace  
The seclusions of the forest  
To her lonely burial place.



Tennessee River, above Franklin, N. C.



Lake Toxaway.

Bitterly she wailed in sorrow,  
Saying "Tell me, tell me why  
I am left out here so lonely,  
And my tears are never dry?  
Why he comes not at my calling,  
Why he roams some lonely way,  
Why does he not come back to me—  
Why does he not come and stay?

"Why and where now does he linger?  
Tell me, silver, crescent moon,  
Shall our parting be forever—  
Shall our hopes all blast at noon?  
When love's bright star shines the brightest  
Shall it be the sooner set?  
Shall we e'er be reunited,  
Tell me, while hope lingers yet!

"Does he linger in the mountains,  
Far up toward the radiant sky?  
Tell me, blessed God of Nature,  
Tell me, blessed Nunnahi.  
Has some evil spirit seized him,  
Hid or carried him away  
Far beyond the gleaming sunset,  
Far out toward the close of day?

“Will he come back with the morning,  
Borne upon its wings of light,  
From the shade that long has lingered,  
From the darkness of the night?  
Is there none to bring me answer?  
Speak, dear Nature, tell me where  
I may find my long lost lover,  
Is my final feeble prayer.”

Then the chieftain, grand and noble,  
Came and lingered by her side,  
Like a lover in devotion  
Lingers near a loving bride.  
Then in accents like a clarion,  
Sweet and clear, but gently said,  
“Whippoorwill, my friend, your lover,  
Comes again, he is not dead!

“I will go and hunt your lover,  
And will bring him to your side;  
I will roam the forest ever,  
And will cease to be your guide;  
I will find the one you’ve looked for,  
And will tell him that you live;  
I will tell him of your rambles,  
And will all my future give,

“Till I find him in the forest,  
Or upon the flowing brink  
Of the Coosa river flowing,  
Where he used to often drink.  
In the everglades may linger,  
'Neath the shade of some cool palm,  
Sweetest refuge of the lowlands,  
With its air of purest balm.

“Where the Seminole in silence,  
Made their refuge, long ago,  
From the fierce onslaught of Jackson,  
And exterminating woe.  
He may listen in the silence  
And the solitude of night,  
For some friendly sign or token  
Whereby he may make his flight.

“When I've found him we will travel,  
We will travel night and day,  
We will hasten on our journey,  
Will not linger nor delay,  
We will speed along the valley  
Like the wind before the rain,  
We will neither stop nor tarry,  
Never from our speed refrain.

“We will rush along the river,  
Like the maddened swollen tide,  
Like a leaf upon the cyclone  
Rushing forward in its pride;  
Over winter’s snow and ices  
We will rush with greatest speed,  
Like a herd of frightened cattle  
Or a trained Kentucky steed.

“I will tell him of your travels  
Into lands he’s never seen,  
With their forests and their flowers,  
And their leaves of living green;  
How for years you’ve looked and waited,  
Watched the trail and mountainside,  
Watched and hoped long for him coming,  
That you might become his bride.

“I am John Ax, Stagu-Nahi!  
Much I love the mountains wild!  
Friend of those who love the forest,  
Friend of those who love you, child.  
I bespeak a special blessing  
To attend you while I go  
Into strange lands, unto strangers,  
Hither, thither, to and fro.”

Then he pressed her to his bosom,  
Breathed a silent, parting prayer  
To the Nunnahi in heaven,  
For the lovely maid so fair;  
Prayed and blessed her, then departed  
Thru primeval forests wild,  
Sped he by the rolling waters,  
Heard them laugh and saw them smile.

Sped he by the Coosa river,  
Where great brakes of waving cane,  
Bend before the blowing breezes,  
Like the waves of wind and rain.  
Took the trails where once the chieftain  
Strode at will in lordly pride,  
By the Coosa river flowing  
In its smooth, unrippled tide.

Downward, onward, free and easy,  
Swirls and turns and travels slow,  
As it glitters in the sunlight,  
As its waters onward go.  
Sees the trail almost extinguished  
By the pretty Etawa,  
Where once dwelt in great profusion,  
Chief and maid and tawny squaw.



Traveled far the Tallapoosa  
Into fen and deep morass,  
Through the wildwood, glade and forest  
Dark defile and narrow pass;  
Footsore, lame and often hungry,  
Traveled onward day and night,  
Like the wild goose speeding forward  
In its semi-annual flight.

O'er the glebes of Alabama,  
Crossed the hill and stream and dale,  
To the Tuskaloosa flowing  
Near the ancient Indian trail,  
Now deserted and forsaken  
Is the war path and the land,  
By the Creek and great Muscogas  
Wandering, wild, nomadic band.

Pensive, lonely and dejected,  
Penetrated he the wild,  
Over fen and bog and prairie,  
Into climates soft and mild.  
By lagoon and lake and river,  
By the deep translucent bay,  
Followed he the sun's direction,  
Many a night and sunlit day.

Crossed the Mississippi delta,  
Wound through many moor and fen,  
Saw the shining stars at midnight,  
And the dawn of days begin;  
Heard the tramp of bear and bison,  
Heard the wild wolf's dismal howl,  
Saw the glowworm in the rushes,  
Heard the whippoorwill and owl.

Heard the alligator bellow,  
Saw him swim the broad bayou,  
Saw the egret, crane and heron,  
Wading stark and tree-cuckoo.  
Trackless miles spread out before him,  
Stretching leagues of gama grass  
Lay across the course he traveled,  
Lay out where he had to pass.

Dangling mosses from the tree tops,  
Swung by swaying winds and breeze,  
Cling with tendrils to the branches,  
Of the mighty live oak trees.  
Soft as lichens, light as feathers  
Was the tall untrodden grass,  
On the prairie and the meadow,  
And the spreading rich morass.

Tranquil, peacefully and quiet  
Did the moons and moments wane,  
Till he came to Oklahoma,  
Into his own tribe's domain;  
Here he rested for a season,  
Ate the food and drank for health .  
In the land of Oklahoma,  
Land of perfect natural wealth.

Oklahoma, red man's country,  
Blest above all other lands,  
In her natural soil and climate,  
In her ore-beds and her sands;  
In her fertile fields and valleys,  
In her people, true and great,  
Cherokee and Creek and Choctaws  
Make the people of the state.

Here's a land transformed in beauty,  
Touched and tilled by busy toil,  
Responds quickly to the tiller,  
Products of a generous soil.  
Fruits and flowers forever growing,  
Fields of gold and snowy white,  
Songs of harvest home and plenty  
Sung to every one's delight.



Tomb of Junaluska, Robbinsville, N. C.



"Where the serpent coiled and waited  
Hid beneath the waving grass."

Here with labor, love and patience,  
There arose an empire great,  
Which when settled, tilled and treated,  
Has become a powerful state;  
Filled with people true and honest,  
Filled with people thrifty too,  
And the land is flat and fertile,  
Best that mortals ever knew.

Once where roamed the bear and bison,  
Where the she wolf and the owl  
Made their home and habitation,  
And the foxes used to prowl;  
Where the serpent coiled and waited,  
Hid beneath the waving grass  
To inject his fangs and venom  
In some human as he'd pass,

Now there thrives the busy city,  
Bristling with the throb and thrill  
Of the commerce of a nation,  
Growing greater, growing still.  
All her farms and fields and ranches,  
Groan beneath their heavy load  
Of waving grain and lowing cattle;  
All the land with wealth is strewed.

Then he rose up like the morning,  
From his slumber and his rest,  
To converse there with the chieftains  
Among whom he'd been a guest.  
Then he spoke of Carolina  
Toward the rising of the sun,  
Full of hope and awe and splendor  
Where his early life begun.

And he spoke of Occoneechee  
In the land of hills and streams,  
In the land of wooded forests,  
Land of love and fondest dreams;  
Land where myths and mirth commingle,  
Where aspiring peaks point high,  
To the dials of the morning  
In the sweet "Land of the sky."

Spoke he also of a chieftain,  
Known to her as Whippoorwill,  
Who once dwelt within the forest,  
Near a pleasant little rill,  
In the dark fens of the mountains,  
Back where oak and birchen grove  
Cast their shadows o'er the valley  
O'er the cliffs and deepest cove.

Where glad song of the nightingale  
Is the sweetest ever heard,  
And far exceeds in melody,  
The trill of the mocking-bird.  
From the matutinal dawning  
Till the falling shades of night  
The songster sings in mellow tones  
To the auditor's delight.

Long in silence sat the chieftain,  
Long he listened quite intent,  
To the story of the stranger,  
Catching all he said and meant,  
Of the maiden of the mountains,  
Of the trees and songs of bird,  
And the story lingered with him,  
Every syllable and word.

Then the chieftain made inquiry  
Of the stranger true and bold,  
Who now came to tarry with them,  
Who was growing gray and old,  
Of the health and habitation  
Of the Eastern tribal band  
Who still dwelt amid the Smokies  
In his own sweet native land;

Where his heart felt first the wooing,  
Where his hope of youth ran high,  
'Mid the hills of Carolina  
In the sweet "Land of the sky."  
In the land of flowers and sunshine,  
Land of silver-flowing streams,  
Land of promise full of blessings  
And of legends, myths and dreams;

Land of pretty maids and matrons,  
Home where generous hearts are true,  
Where the sunshine chases shadows  
Down the vaults of vaporous blue.  
Where the wild flight of the eagle  
Soars beyond the keenest eye,  
In recesses of the heavens,  
In the blue ethereal sky.

Rifting rocks and rolling rivers  
Doth adorn the hill and vale,  
Lilting melodies float outward  
On the vortex of the gale;  
This the land of Occoneechee,  
Land that Junaluska saw,  
Home of warrior, chief and maiden,  
Land of dauntless brave and squaw.



Let us go back to those mountains,  
Once more let us view those hills,  
And let me hear the voice once more  
Of the laughing streams and rills;  
And let me view with raptured eye  
The blossom of tree and vine,  
Once more inhale the sweet ozone,  
Under tulip tree and pine.

Those hills, delectable mountains,  
Outrival the scenes of Greece,  
Surpass in beauty and grandeur  
The Eagle or Golden Fleece.  
Those shrines and temples of granite,  
Glad sentinels of the free!  
There let me roam through dell once more,  
Let me glad and happy be.

Some speak of splendid balmy isles,  
Far out in the rolling sea,  
Of spicy groves, and vine-clad hills,  
And of things which are to be;  
Of nymphs and naiads of the past,  
Of lands of the brave and free,  
But none of these can e'er surpass  
The hills of Cherokee;

The hills where roamed the dusky maid,  
And the home of Whippoorwill,  
Where Occoneechee dreamed at night,  
By the gushing stream and rill.  
By strange enchanted mystic lake  
Where the wildest beasts are seen,  
Far back in the deep recess  
Of the mountain's verdure green.

“Let autumn's wind blow swift its gale,  
The season of summer flee,  
But I will soon my lover meet,  
In the 'land of the brave and free,'  
I'll leave Tahlequah in the West,  
With this warrior at my side.  
We'll travel as the fleetest winds  
Unless ill fates betide.

“While the morrow's stars are glowing,  
In the dials of the morn,  
I will start upon the journey,  
To the land where I was born.”  
So he gathered up his chattels,  
Springing spryly on his steed,  
Made inquiry of the warrior,  
“Which of us shall take the lead?”

Then the warrior to the chieftain  
Quick replied, "I'll lead the way  
Far across the hill and valley,  
Mounted on this splendid bay."  
Then they said to friend and neighbor,  
Old-time chief and child and squaw,  
"At the dawning, we will leave you,  
Leave the town of Tahlequah;

"Leave the tribe and reservation,  
For a journey to the East,  
Where the tribesmen dwell together,  
Meet serenely, drink and feast,  
In a land where peace and pleasure  
Vie each other in the pace,  
Where the hopes of life are brightest  
To the fallen human race."

Just then came a gleam like lightning,  
Shooting forth its silver ray,  
Which precedes the golden splendor  
Of the fast approaching day.  
This the advent and the token  
For the brave to lead the way  
Out across the plain and valley  
Toward the coming king of day.

Then they seized the spear and trident,  
Bow and tomahawk and knife,  
And they left the scenes of conflict,  
With its turmoil and its strife;  
And they journeyed ever eastward,  
Days and many a-waning moon,  
Crossing river, lake and prairie,  
Spreading field and broad lagoon.

Saw the Wabash and Missouri,  
Cumberland and Tennessee,  
Saw the Holston in its beauty  
And the town of Chilhowee.  
Looked down on the Nolachucky,  
Saw Watauga's crystal flow  
Gleam from out the moon's reflection  
From the canyon's depths below.

Neptune, who pervades the water,  
Ne'er beheld a holier sight  
Than this happy, hopeful chieftain  
Did that crisp autumnal night.  
While he looked upon the water  
Bright and pure and crystalline,  
Fairest land and purest water  
Mortal eye had ever seen;

He beheld there in his vision  
Such a Naiad divine,  
That he put forth his endeavors,  
That he might the maid entwine;  
But she flew back like a phantom,  
Back into the crescent wave,  
From the presence of the chieftain  
And the relegated brave;

Flew back from him and departed  
And was lost to human eye;  
All that now lay out before him  
Was the stream and earth and sky.  
Full of disappointing beauty,  
Was the earth and sky and stream,  
When divested of the grandeur  
Of the vision and the dream.

Then he rambled through the mountains  
Over crag and rugged steep,  
Through the laurel bed and ivy  
By exertion did he creep;  
Through the hemlock and the balsam  
Under oak and birchen tree,  
Gazing through the heath before him  
If perchance that he might see

In the dim, dark, hazel distance,  
Far out on the mountainside  
Oconeechee, pure and lovely,  
Whom he longed to make his bride;  
Make his bride and dwell there with her  
'Mid aspiring peak and dome;  
Longed to have her sit beside him,  
In his peaceful mountain home.

Wandered through the Craggy mountains  
Where no human foot had trod,  
And no eye had yet beheld it,  
Save the eye of Nature's God.  
For the spreading tree and forest  
Grew from out the virgin soil,  
And was free from all intrusions  
Of the white man's skill and toil.

Now their speed was much retarded,  
Trails once plain were now unkept,  
And the chief and brave lamenting  
Laid themselves down there and wept;  
Wept for chiefs like Uniguski,  
Sequoya and Utsala,  
In the land of Tuckaleechee  
And for friends like Wil-Usdi.\*

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\*Colonel Thomas.



Harvesting at Cullowhee, N. C.  
Where the townhouse used to stand.



Craggy Mountains, from near Asheville, N. C.

Turning from his grief and sorrow  
For the chiefs of long ago,  
Ceasing all his deep repining  
From the burden of his woe,  
Looking far o'er hill and valley  
He beheld the gilded dome  
Of the Smokies in the distance,  
Near old Junaluska's home.

Then the chieftain's hope grew stronger,  
As he looked upon the scene  
Of that splendid mountain forest  
With its crest of evergreen;  
Like a black cloud in the winter,  
Spreads upon the mountainside,  
This the forest land primeval  
That stands there in lordly pride,

This the forest land primeval,  
Where the chieftains used to roam,  
Joined in chase of bear and bison,  
Once the red deer's winter home.  
Black and deep and dense the forest,  
Steep and high the cliffside stands,  
Where the Cherokee once wandered  
In their wild nomadic bands.



As they gazed upon the scenery,  
Weird and wild and full of awe,  
They were filled with consternation  
At the sight both of them saw.  
Passing high up near the zenith  
Like an eagle in its flight  
Came the sound of wings and voices,  
On that moonlit autumn night.

Voices like the rolling thunder  
Came resounding far and near,  
And the meteoric flashes  
Filled them full of awe and fear;  
Till they trembled like the aspen  
'Mid the tempest fierce and wild,  
Till it passes, then reposes,  
Calmly as a little child.

Said the brave then to the chieftain,  
"This my token to depart,  
I must quickly make my exit,  
Though it grieves my soul and heart  
Thus to leave you in the forest,  
Out upon the mountainside,  
Without hope or friend or shelter,  
With no one to be your guide;

“These the Nunnahi in heaven,  
Come to lead me far away,  
Over hill and dale and valley,  
Toward the final close of day.  
You will miss me in the morning,  
Miss me at the noon and night,  
When I’m mounted on my pinions  
And am lost to human sight.  
“Yet a moment I’m allotted  
To transmit to you my will;  
High here on the Smoky Mountains  
Near the bright translucent rill,  
Let me tell you while life lingers  
In the archives of my breast,  
Where you’ll find sweet Occoneechee  
When my soul has flown to rest:

“She still lingers in the forest,  
Near the sweet enchanted lake,  
Near the spirit land she lingers,  
Underneath the tangled brake.  
She holds all our myths and legends,  
Tales as told long years ago.  
Now I bid you leave me lonely  
To my fate of weal or woe.

“Leave me quick, the spirits call me,  
Linger not within my sight,  
Hie thee quickly through the shadows  
Of this crisp autumnal night.  
Tell our friend, sweet Occoneechee,  
That I’ve gone to join the band  
Of the braves who have departed  
For the happy hunting land.”

Then a shadow passed between them,  
Like a cloud upon the sky,  
And the chief was separated  
There upon the mountain high,  
From his guide and friend forever,  
So his eye could never see.  
Whence he traveled, none returneth  
To explain the mystery.

Thus bereft of friend and neighbor,  
Whippoorwill began to wail,  
For some mystic hand to guide him  
Back into the trodden trail,  
Where some chief had gone before him  
In the years that long had flown,  
Out upon the mystic ages,  
Now forgotten and unknown.

But no spirit, sign or token  
Came from out the vista fair,  
Nothing saw, nor nothing heard he,  
Save the earth and scenery fair.  
As he stood and gazed in silence,  
Motionless and calm as death,  
Stillness reigned on hill and valley  
And the chieftain held his breath,

While he strained his ears and vision,  
Listening, looking here and there,  
Waiting, watching, simply trusting  
For an answer to his prayer.  
Suddenly he heard the calling  
Of a voice so sweet and clear,  
That he answered, quickly answered,  
Though his heart was filled with fear.

And the voice from out the forest,  
Called as calls the mating bird,  
In the bower in the springtime,  
Sweetest call that e'er was heard,  
Resonant comes, softly trilling,  
Sweetly to its lingering mate,  
In the silence of the forest,  
As they for each other wait.

Then the chieftain bounded forward,  
Like a hound upon the trail,  
Thru the forest land primeval  
Over mound and hill and dale;  
Over ridge and rock and river,  
Thru the heath and brush and grass,  
Thru the land of the Uktena,  
Thru it all he had to pass.

Till he reached the mystic region,  
Far back in the darkest glen,  
Near the lake of the enchanted  
Only known to bravest men.  
Here the bear and owl and panther,  
Find a cure for every ill,  
Find life's sweetest panacea,  
Near the sparkling crystal rill,

High upon the Smoky Mountains  
Resonant with Nature wild,  
For the wanderer from the distance,  
And the tawny Indian child.  
This the forest land primeval,  
Full of awe and dread and dreams,  
Full of ghouls and ghosts and goblins,  
Full of rippling crystal streams.

From the stream down in the ravine,  
Came another gentle call,  
Like the chirping of the robin,  
In the hemlocks straight and tall.  
Once again the call repeated,  
Then a sudden little trill  
Floated out upon the breezes,  
From beside the crystal rill.

Then the chieftain whistled keenly  
Like a hawk upon the wing,  
When it soars above the mountain,  
On the balmy air of spring.  
Then another chirping, chirping,  
Came from deep down in the vale,  
And it floated up the mountain  
Like a leaf upon the gale.

Now the chieftain, moved by caution,  
Watched and moved with greatest care,  
Down and thru the deepest gulches,  
Looking here, observing there,  
For the bird or beast or human,  
That could send out such a call,  
From the laurel near the fountain  
And a splendid waterfall.

Suddenly his heart beat faster,  
At the sight which came to view,  
Through the opening in the laurel  
As it parts to let him thru.  
She was bathing feet and ankles,  
Arms and hands she did refresh  
In the iridescent splendor,  
Of the fountain cool and fresh.

Then he bounds forth quick to greet her,  
E'er she sees him by her side,  
She the maiden true and holy,  
Who was soon to be his bride.  
"O, I see you, Occoneechee!"  
"And I see you, Whippoorwill!"  
Were the greetings that they whispered  
As they met there near the rill.

They were married in the morning,  
He the groom and she the bride,  
And they lived in bliss together,  
Many years before they died;  
Now their spirits dwell together,  
Near the hidden mystic shore,  
Of the lake back in the shadows  
Since their wanderings are o'er.

And at night the legends tell us,  
You can hear a man and bride  
Hold converse of trail and travel,  
High upon the mountainside;  
And the soul of Occoneechee,  
Lingers near the rippling rill,  
High upon the Smoky Mountains,  
With her lover Whippoorwill.



PART III

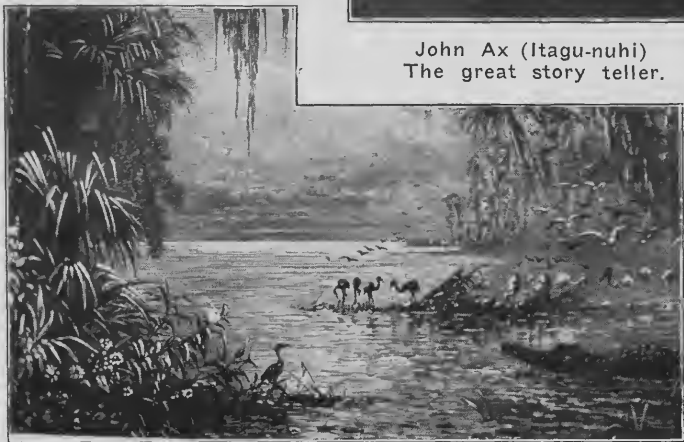
MYTHS OF THE CHEROKEE



Sequoya.  
Inventor of the Cherokee  
Alphabet.



John Ax (Itagu-nuhi)  
The great story teller.



Everglades of Florida.  
Home of the Seminoles.



## MYTHS OF THE CHEROKEE

"I know not how the truth may be,  
I tell the tale as 'twas told me."

The myths related here are from the great story tellers like Ayunini, or "Swimmer," who was the greatest of all, but while he ranked first and lived during the time that tried men's hearts, having been born about 1835, and died in March, 1899, his stories can only be perpetuated by putting them in print, and we are indebted to him for many of these beautiful stories, which should be perpetuated at least so long as one of the Cherokee tribe shall live.

Next in rank of importance comes Itagunahi, better known among the English-speaking people as John Axe, who was born in the year 1800, saw the battle of Horse-shoe Bend, witnessed the removal of the Cherokee tribe in 1838. He knew its history and almost all of the myths, legends and stories, transmitted many of them to the white man for record, and while he never spoke English, he was a very versatile and interesting man of the old type of Indians, and strong to the last days; he lived to near 100 years, then passed to the Happy Hunting Grounds.

To John D. Wofford, of the Western Reservation or tribe, we are indebted for much information, which would have been lost except for his wonderful knowledge.

All the story-tellers prefaced their remarks by saying, "This is what the old folks used to tell us when we were boys."

Cherokee myths may be classified as sacred myths, animal stories, local legends, and historical traditions. The sacred myths were not for every one, but only those might hear who observed the proper form and ceremony.

In the old times the myth-keepers and priests were accustomed to meet together at night in the *asi*, or low-built log sleeping house, to recite the traditions and discuss their secret knowledge. At times those who desired instruction from an adept in the sacred lore of the tribe would meet the priest by appointment in the *asi*, where they sat up all night talking, with only the light of a small fire burning in the middle of the floor. At day-break the whole party went down to the running stream, where the pupils or hearers of the myths stripped themselves and were scratched upon the naked skin with a bone tooth comb in the hands of the priest, after which they waded out, facing the rising sun, and dipped seven times under the water, while the priest recited prayers upon the bank. The purificatory rite, which was observed more than a century ago by Adair, is also a part of the ceremonial of the ball play, the green-corn dance, and, in fact, every important ritual performance. Before beginning one of the stories of the sacred class the informant would sometimes suggest jokingly that the author first submit to being scratched and, "Go to water."

## MYTH ONE.

*How the World Was Made.*

The earth is a great island floating in a sea of water, and suspended at each of the four cardinal points by a cord hanging down from the sky vault, which is of solid rock. When the world grows old and worn out, the people will die and the cords will break, and let the earth sink down into the ocean, and all will be water again. The Indians are afraid of this.

When all was water, the animals were above the Galunlati, beyond the arch; but it was very much crowded, and they were wanting more room. They wondered what was below the water, and at last Dayunisi, "Beaver's Grandchild," the little Water-beetle, offered to go and see if it could learn. It darted in every direction over the surface of the water, but could find no firm place to rest.

Then it dived to the bottom and came up with some soft mud, which began to grow and spread in every direction until it became an island which we call the earth. It was afterwards fastened to the sky, but no one remembers who did it.

At first the earth was flat, and very soft and wet. The animals were anxious to get down, and sent out different birds to see if it was yet dry, but they found no place to alight and came back again to Galunlati. At last it seemed to be time, and they sent out the Buzzard and told him to go and make ready for them.

This was the Great Buzzard, the father of all the buzzards we see now. He flew all over the earth, low down, near the ground, and it was still soft. When he reached the Cherokee country, he was very tired, and his wings began to flap and strike the ground, and wherever they

struck the earth there was a valley, and where they turned up again, there was a mountain. When the animals above saw this, they were afraid the whole earth would be mountains, so they called him back, but the Cherokee country remains full of mountains to this day.

When the earth was dry and the animals came down, it was still dark, so they got the sun and set it in a track to go every day across the island from east to west, just overhead. It was too hot this way, and Tsiskagili, the Red Crawfish, had his shell scorched red, so that his meat was spoiled; and the Cherokee do not eat it. The conjurers put the sun another hand-breadth higher in the air, but it was still too hot.

They raised it another time, and another, until it was seven hand-breadths high, and just under the sky arch. Then it was right, and they left it so. This is why the conjurers call the highest place Gulkwagine Digalunlatiyun," "the seven height," because it is seven hand-breadths above the earth. Every day the sun goes along under this arch, and returns at night on the upper side to the starting place.

There is another world under this, and it is like ours in everything—animals, plants, and people—save that the seasons are different. The streams that come down from the mountains are the trails by which the people reach the underworld, and the springs at their heads are the doorways by which they enter it, but to do this one must fast and go to water and have one of the underground people for a guide. We know that the seasons in the underground are different from ours, because the water in the springs is warmer in the winter and cooler in the summer than the outer air.

When the animals and the plants were first made—we do not know by whom—they were told to watch and

keep awake for seven nights, just as young men now fast and keep awake when they pray to their medicine. They tried to do this, and nearly all were awake through the first night, but the next night several dropped off to sleep, and the third night others were asleep, and then others, until, on the seventh night, of all the animals, only the owl, the panther and one or two more were still awake.

To these were given the power to see and to go about in the dark, and to make prey of the birds and animals which must sleep at night. Of the trees, only the cedar, the pine, the spruce, the holly and the laurel were awake to the end, and to them it was given to be always green and to be greatest for medicine, but to the others it was said: "Because you have not endured to the end you shall lose your hair every winter."

Men came after the animals and plants. At first there were only a brother and sister until he struck her with a fish and told her to multiply, and so it was. In seven days a child was born to her, and thereafter every seven days another, and they increased very fast until there was danger that the world could not keep them. Then it was made that a woman should have only one child in a year, and it has been so ever since.

## MYTH TWO.

### *The First Fire.*

In the beginning there was no fire, and the world was cold, until the Thunders (Ani-Hyuntikwalaski) who lived up in Galunlati, sent their lightning and put fire into the bottom of a hollow sycamore tree, which grew

on an island. The animals knew it was there, because they could see the smoke coming out at the top, but they could not get to it on account of the water, so they held a council to decide what to do. This was a long time ago.

Every animal that could fly or swim was anxious to go after the fire. The Raven offered, and because he was so large and strong they thought he could surely do the work, so he was sent first. He flew high and far across the water and alighted on the sycamore tree, but while he was wondering what to do next, the heat had scorched all his feathers black, and he was frightened and came back without the fire.

The little Screech-owl (Wahuhu) volunteered to go, and reached the place safely, but while he was looking down in the hollow tree a blast of hot air came up and nearly burned out his eyes. He managed to fly home as best he could, but it was a long time before he could see well, and his eyes are red to this day.

Then the Hooting Owl (Uguku) and the Horned Owl (Tskili) went, but by the time they got to the hollow tree the fire was burning so fiercely that the smoke nearly blinded them, and the ashes carried up by the wind made white rings about their eyes. They had to come home again without the fire, but with all of their rubbing they were never able to get rid of the white rings.

Now, no more of the birds would venture, and so the little Uksuhi snake, the Black Racer, said he would go through the water and bring back some fire. He swam across to the island and crawled through the grass to the tree, and went in by a small hole at the bottom. The heat and smoke were too much for him, too, and after dodging about blindly over the hot ashes until he was almost on fire himself he managed by good luck to get out again at the same hole, but his body had scorched



black, and he has ever since had the habit of darting and doubling on his track as if trying to escape from close quarters.

He came back, and the great Blacksnake, Gulegi, "The Climber," offered to go for the fire. He swam over to the island and climbed up the tree on the outside, as the blacksnake always does, but when he put his head down into the hole the smoke choked him so that he fell into the burning stump, and before he could climb out again he was as black as the Uksuhi.

Now, they held another council, for still there was no fire, and the world was cold, but the birds, snakes and four-footed animals all had some excuse for not going, because they were all afraid to venture near the burning sycamore, until at last Kananeski Amaiyehi (the Water Spider) said she would go. This is not the water spider that looks like a mosquito, but the other one, with black downy hair and red stripes on her body. She can run on the water or dive to the bottom, so there would be no trouble to get over to the island, but the question was, how could she bring back the fire?

"I'll manage that," said the spider, so she spun a thread from her body and wove it into a tusti bowl, which she fastened on her back. Then she crossed over to the island and through the grass to where the fire was still burning. She put one little coal of fire into her bowl, and came back with it, and ever since we have had fire, and the spider still keeps her tusti bowl.

## MYTH THREE.

*Origin of the Pleiades and the Pine.*

Long ago, when the world was new, there were seven boys who used to spend all their time down by the town-house, playing the gatayusti game, rolling a stone wheel along the ground and sliding a curved stick after it to strike it. Their mothers scolded but it did no good, so one day they collected some gatayusti stones and boiled them in the pot with the corn for dinner.

When the boys came home hungry their mothers dipped out the stones and said, "Since you like the gatayusti better than the cornfield, take the stones now for your dinner."

The boys were very angry, and went down to the town-house, saying, "As our mothers treat us this way, let us go where we shall never trouble them any more." They began a dance—some say it was the feather dance—and went round and round the town-house, praying to the spirits to help them. At last their mothers were afraid something was wrong and went out to look for them.

They saw the boys still dancing around the town-house, and as they watched they noticed that their feet were off the earth, and that with every round they rose higher and higher in the air.

They ran to get their children, but it was too late, for they were already above the roof of the town-house—all but one, whose mother managed to pull him down with the gatayusti pole, but he struck the ground with such force that he sank into it and the earth closed over him. The other six children circled higher and higher until they went up to the sky, where we see them now

as the pleiades, which the Cherokee still calls "Anitsutsa (the Boys).

The people grieved long after them, but the mother whose boy had gone into the ground came every morning and evening to cry over the spot, until the earth was damp with her tears.

At last a little green shoot sprouted up and grew day by day until it became the tall tree that we now call the pine, and the pine is still of the same nature as the stars and holds in itself the same bright light.

#### MYTH FOUR.

##### *The Milky Way.*

Some people in the South had a corn mill, in which they pounded the corn into meal, and several mornings when they came to fill it they noticed that some of the meal had been stolen during the night.

They examined the ground, and found the tracks of a dog; so the next night they watched, and when the dog came from the North, and began to eat the meal out of the bowl, they sprang out and whipped him. He ran off howling to his home in the North, with the meal dropping from his mouth as he ran, and leaving behind a white trail where now we see the Milky Way, which the Cherokee calls to this day Gili-utsunstanunyi, "Where the dog ran."

## MYTH FIVE.

*The Deluge.*

A long time ago a man had a dog, which began to go down to the river every day and look at the water and howl. At last the man was very angry and scolded the dog, which then spoke to him and said: "Very soon there is going to be a great freshet and the water will come so high that everybody will be drowned; but if you will make a raft to get upon when the rain comes, you can be saved, but you must first throw me into the water." The man did not believe it, and the dog said, "If you want a sign that I speak the truth, look at the back of my neck." He looked and saw that the dog's neck had the skin worked off so that the bones stuck out.

Then he believed the dog, and began to build a raft. Soon the rain came and he took his family, with plenty of provisions, and they all got upon it. It rained for a long time, and the water rose until the mountains were covered and all the people in the world were drowned. Then the rain stopped and the water went down again, until at last it was safe to come off the raft.

Now, there was no one alive but the man and his family, but one day they heard a sound of dancing and shouting on the other side of the ridge. The man climbed to the top and looked over; everything was still, but all along the valley he saw great piles of bones of the people who had been drowned, and then he knew that the Ghosts had been dancing.



**Tuckaseegee River.**  
"There the Tuckaseegee River  
Dashes down its rocky bed."

## MYTH SIX.

*How the Terrapin Beat the Rabbit.*

The Rabbit was a great runner and a great boaster of what she could do. No one thought that a Terrapin was anything but a slow traveler, but he was a great warrior and very boastful, and the two were always disputing about their speed. At last they agreed to decide the matter by a race.

They fixed the day and the starting place, and arranged to run across four mountain ridges, and the one who came in first at the end of the race was to be the winner.

The Rabbit felt so sure of it that he said to the Terrapin, "You know you can't run. You know you **can** never win the race, so I'll give you the first ridge and then you'll have three to cross while I go over four." The Terrapin said that would be all right, but that night when he went home to his family he sent for his Terrapin friends and told them he wanted their help. He said he knew he could not outrun the Rabbit, but he wanted to stop the Rabbit's boasting. He explained his plan to his friends and they agreed to help him. When the day came all the animals were there to see the race. The Rabbit was there with them, but the Terrapin was gone ahead toward the first ridge, as they had arranged, and they could hardly see him on account of the tall grass.

The word was given and the Rabbit off with long jumps up the mountain, expecting to win the race before the Terrapin could get down on the other side. But before he got up the mountain he saw the Terrapin go over the ridge ahead of him. He ran on, and when he reached the top he looked all around, but could not see the Terrapin on account of the long grass. He kept on

down the mountain and began to climb the second ridge, but when he looked up again there was the Terrapin just going over the top.

Now he was very much surprised, and made his longest jumps to catch up, but when he got to the top there was the Terrapin away in front going over the third ridge. The Rabbit was getting tired now and nearly out of breath, but he kept on down the mountain and up the other ridge until he got to the top just in time to see the Terrapin cross the fourth ridge and thus win the race. The Rabbit could not make another jump, but fell over on the ground, crying, "mi, mi, mi, mi," as the Rabbit does ever since when he is too tired to run any more.

The race was given to the Terrapin, and all the animals wondered how he could win against the Rabbit, but he kept still and never told. It was easy enough, however, because all the Terrapin's friends look just alike, and he had simply posted one near the top of each ridge to wait until the Rabbit came in sight and then climb over and hide in the long grass.

When the Rabbit came on he could not find the Terrapin and so thought the Terrapin was ahead, and if he had met one of the other Terrapins he would have thought it the same one, because they look so much alike. The real Terrapin had posted himself on the fourth ridge, so as to come in at the end of the race and be ready to answer questions if the animals suspected anything.

Because the Rabbit had to lie down and lose the race the conjurer now, when preparing his young men for the ball play, boils a lot of rabbit hamstrings into soup, and sends some one to pour it across the path along which the other players have to come in the morning, so that they may become tired in the same way and lose the

game. It is not always easy to do this, because the other party is expecting it and has watchers ahead to prevent it.

## MYTH SEVEN.

### *The Rabbit and the Tar Wolf.*

Once there was such a long spell of dry weather that there was no more water in the creeks and springs, and the animals held a council to see what to do about it. They decided to dig a well, and all agreed to help except the Rabbit, who was a lazy fellow, and said, "I don't need to dig for water. The dew on the grass is enough for me." The others did not like this, but they went to work together and dug the well.

They noticed by and by that the Rabbit kept sleek and lively, although it was still dry weather and the water was getting low in the well. They said, "That tricky Rabbit steals our water at night," so they made a wolf of pine gum and tar and set it up by the well to scare the thief. That night the Rabbit came, as he had been coming every night, to drink enough to last him all next day. He saw the queer black thing by the well and said, "Who's there?" but the tar wolf said nothing.

He came nearer, but the wolf never moved, so he grew braver and said, "Get out of my way or I will kick you." Still the wolf never moved and the Rabbit came up and struck it with its front foot, but the tar held it fast. Now he was angry and said: "Turn my foot loose, or I will strike you with my other front foot"; still the wolf said nothing. Then the Rabbit struck the wolf with his other foot, and it stuck, and the Rabbit said, "Turn my



foot loose or I will kick you," and still the wolf was silent, and then the rabbit kicked with his right hind foot so hard that it stuck, and still the wolf said nothing; and the Rabbit said, "If you don't turn my foot loose, I will kick you with my left hind foot, which never fails to accomplish what I want it to do"; yet the wolf was silent, and the Rabbit made his last kick and the foot stuck, just as the others had done.

The Rabbit plead with the wolf to let him go, and yet no response came, and, at last, when he found he was stuck fast with his feet, he said: "If you don't turn me loose I will butt you with all my might," and in his desperation, he struck with all his force, and his head stuck fast to the wolf.

In the morning all the animals came down to the well to drink as usual, and found the Rabbit stuck fast to the wolf of tar, and they began to discuss what disposition to make of him, so one suggested that they cut his head off, to which the Rabbit replied, "Please do cut my head off, for it is such an easy death to die," but this aroused the suspicion of the animals, so that the fox said, "No, we will not do this for he deserves a harsher death than this," whereupon they all agreed. Then the Wolf suggested that they burn him alive, to which the Rabbit said, "Please Mr. Wolf, have me burned, for that will be so easy," but this did not please the audience, and another suggested that they take him to the briar patch, and throw him into the thickest part of the sharp briars to scratch him to pieces, to which the Rabbit said, "Oh, Mr. Fox, please do not allow me to be thrown into the briars for they stick and scratch me so much that I could never stand the pain"; and they all with one accord exclaimed, "Throw him in," and they threw him into the briars, and the Rabbit sped away as fast as he could,

saying, "This is where I was reared, this is my home, and this is all that I could desire."

# MYTH EIGHT.

## *The Rabbit and the Possum After a Wife.*

The Rabbit and the Possum each wanted a wife, but no one would marry either of them. They talked the matter over and the Rabbit said, "We can't get wives here; let's go to the next settlement. I'm the messenger for the council, and I'll tell the people that I bring an order that everybody must take a mate at once, and then we'll be sure to get wives."

The Possum thought this a fine plan, so they started off together to the next town. As the Rabbit traveled faster he got there first and waited outside until the people noticed him and took him into the town-house. When the chief came to ask him his business the Rabbit said he brought an important message from the council, that everybody must get married without delay. So the chief called the people together and told them the message from the council, whereupon every animal took a mate at once, and the Rabbit got a wife.

The Possum traveled so slowly that he got there after all the animals had mated, leaving him still without a wife.

The Rabbit pretended to feel sorry for him and said, "Never mind, I'll carry the message to the people in the next settlement, and you hurry on as fast as you can, and this time you will get your wife." So he went on to the next town, and the Possum followed close after

him. But when the Rabbit got to the town-house, he sent out the word that, as there had been peace so long there that everybody was getting lazy, the council had ordered that there must be war at once, and they must begin right in the town-house. So they all began fighting, but the Rabbit made four great leaps and got away just as the Possum came in. Everybody jumped on the Possum, who had not thought of bringing his weapons on a wedding trip, and so could not defend himself. They had nearly beaten the life out of him when he fell over and pretended to be dead until he saw a good chance to jump up and get away. The Possum never got a wife, but he remembers the lesson, and ever since he shuts his eyes and pretends to be dead when the hunter has him in a close place.

## MYTH NINE.

### *How the Turkey Got His Beard.*

When the Terrapin won the race from the Rabbit (see Myth Six) all the animals wondered and talked about it a great deal, because they had always thought the Terrapin slow, although they knew that he was a warrior and had many conjuring secrets besides.

But the Turkey was not satisfied, and told the others that there must be some trick about it. Said he, "I know the Terrapin can't run—he can hardly crawl—and I'm going to try him."

So one day the Turkey met the Terrapin coming home from war with a fresh scalp hanging from his neck and dragging on the ground as he traveled. The Turkey

laughed at the sight and said: "That scalp don't look right on you. Your neck is too short and low down to wear it that way. Let me show you."

The Terrapin agreed and gave the scalp to the Turkey, who fastened it around his neck. "Now," said the Turkey, "I'll walk a little way and you can see how it looks." So he walked ahead a short distance and then turned and asked the Terrapin how he liked it. Said the Terrapin, "It looks very nice; it becomes you."

"Now, I'll fix it in a different way and let you see how it looks," said the Turkey. So he gave the string another pull and walked ahead again. "Oh, that looks very nice," said the Terrapin. But the Turkey kept on walking, and the Terrapin called to him to bring back the scalp, but he only walked the faster and broke into a run.

Then the Terrapin got out his bow and by his conjuring art shot a number of cane splits into the Turkey's legs, to cripple him so he could not run, which accounts for all the many bones in the Turkey's legs, that are of no use whatever; but the Terrapin never caught the Turkey, who still wears the scalp from his neck.

## MYTH TEN.

### *Why the Turkey Gobbles.*

A long time ago the Grouse had a fine voice and a good halloo in the ball play. All the animals and birds used to play ball in those days and were just as proud of a loud halloo as the ball players of today. The Turkey had a poor voice, so he asked the Grouse to give him

lessons. The Grouse agreed to teach him, but wanted pay for his trouble, and the Turkey promised to give him some feathers to make him a collar. This is how the Grouse got his collar of turkey feathers. They began the lessons, and the Turkey learned very fast until the Grouse thought it was time for the Turkey to try his voice. "Now," said the Grouse, "I'll stand on this hollow log, and when I give the signal by tapping on it, you must halloo as loudly as you can." So he got upon the log ready to tap on it, as a Grouse does, but when he gave the signal the Turkey was so eager and excited that he could not raise his voice for a shout, but only gobbled, and ever since then he gobbles whenever he hears a noise.

## MYTH ELEVEN.

### *How the Kingfisher Got His Bill.*

Some old men tell us that the Kingfisher was meant in the beginning to be a water bird, but as he had not been given either web feet or a good bill he could not make a living.

The animals held a council over it and decided to make him a bill like a long sharp awl for a fish-gig or spear.

They made him a fish-gig and fastened it on in front of his mouth. He flew to the top of a tree, sailed out and darted down into the water, and came up with a fish on his gig; and he has been the best gigger ever since.

Others say it was this way: A Blacksnake found a yellow-hammer's nest in a hollow tree, and after swal-

lowing the young birds, coiled up in the nest to sleep, and when the mother bird found him there, she went for help to the Little People, who sent her to the Kingfisher. He came, and after flying back and forth past the hole a few times, made one dart at the snake and pulled him out dead.

When they looked they found a hole in the snake's head where the Kingfisher had pierced it with a slender tugaluna fish, which he carried in his bill like a lance. From this the Little People concluded that he would make a first-class gigger if he only had the right spear, so they gave him his long bill as a reward, and he has ever since been known among all the fowls and animals as the best fisherman among them.

## MYTH TWELVE.

### *How the Partridge Got His Whistle.*

In the old days, when the world was new, the Terrapin had a fine whistle, but the Partridge had none. The Terrapin was constantly going about whistling and showing his whistle to the other animals, until the Partridge became jealous, so one day when they met, the Partridge asked leave of the Terrapin to try the whistle.

The Terrapin was afraid to risk it at first, suspecting some trick, but the Partridge said, "I'll give it back right away, and if you are afraid you can stay with me while I practice." So the Terrapin let him have the whistle and the Partridge walked around blowing on it in fine fashion. "How does it sound with me?" asked the Partridge. "O, you do very well," said the Terrapin, walk-

ing alongside. "Now, how do you like it," said the Partridge, running ahead and whistling a little faster. "That's fine," answered the Terrapin, hurrying to keep up, "but don't run so fast." "And now how do you like this?" called the Partridge, and with that he spread his wings, gave one long whistle, and flew to the top of a tree, leaving the poor Terrapin to look after him from the ground.

The Terrapin never recovered his whistle, and from that and the loss of his scalp, which was stolen from him by the Turkey, he grew ashamed to be seen, and ever since then he shuts himself up in his box when anyone comes near him.

### MYTH THIRTEEN.

#### *How the Red Bird Got His Color.*

A Raccoon passing a Wolf one day made several insulting remarks, until at last the Wolf became angry and turned and chased him. The Raccoon ran his best, and managed to reach a tree by the river side before the Wolf came up. He climbed the tree and stretched out on a limb overhanging the water. When the Wolf arrived, he saw the reflection in the water, and, thinking it was the Raccoon, jumped at it and was nearly drowned before he could scramble out again, all wet and dripping. He lay down on the bank to dry and fell asleep, and while he was sleeping the Raccoon came down the tree and got some blue-pipe clay and plastered his eyes so that he could not open them and he began to howl and make a whining noise.

A little brown bird came along and hearing the Wolf crying, asked what was the matter. The Wolf told his story and said: "If you will get my eyes open, I will show you where to get some nice red paint to paint yourself." "All right," said the brown bird; so he began to peck at the mud and soon got his eyes open. Then the Wolf took him to a rock that had streaks of bright red paint running through it, and the little bird painted himself with it, and has ever since been known as the Red-bird.

#### MYTH FOURTEEN.

##### *The Pheasant Beating Corn, the Origin of the Pheasant Dance.*

The Pheasant once saw a woman beating corn in a wooden mortar in front of the house. "I can do that, too," said he, but the woman would not believe it, so the Pheasant went into the woods and got upon a hollow log and "drummed" with his wings, as a Pheasant does, until the people in the house heard him and thought he was really beating corn.

In the Pheasant dance, a part of the Green-Corn dance, the instrument used is a drum, and the dancers beat the ground with their feet in imitation of the drumming sound made by the Pheasant.

They form two concentric circles, the men beginning on the inside, facing the women in the outer circle; each in turn advancing and retreating at the signal of the drummer, who sits at one side and sings the Pheasant songs. According to the story, there was once a winter famine among the birds and animals. No mast could



be found in the woods, and they were near starvation when a Pheasant discovered a holly tree, loaded with red berries, which the Pheasant is very fond of. He called his companions, and they formed a circle about the tree, singing, dancing and drumming with their wings in token of their joy, and thus originated the Pheasant dance.

### MYTH FIFTEEN.

#### *The Race Between the Crane and the Humming-Bird.*

The Humming-Bird and the Crane were both in love with a pretty woman. She preferred the Humming-bird, who was as handsome as the Crane was awkward, but the Crane was so persistent that in order to get rid of him she finally told him he must challenge the other to a race and she would marry the winner. The Humming-bird was so swift—almost like a flash of lightning—and the Crane so slow and heavy, that she felt sure that the Humming-bird would win. She did not know that the Crane could fly all night.

They agreed to start from her house and fly around the circle of the world to the beginning, and the one who came in first would marry the woman. At the word the Humming-bird darted off like an arrow and was out of sight in a moment, leaving his rival to follow heavily behind. He flew all day, and when evening came and he stopped to roost for the night he was far ahead. But the Crane flew steadily all night, passing the humming-bird soon after midnight, and going on until he came to a creek and stopped to rest about daybreak.

The Humming-bird woke up in the morning and flew on again, thinking how easily he would win the race, until he reached the creek, and there found the Crane spearing tadpoles, with his long bill, for breakfast.

He was very much surprised and wondered how this could have happened, but he flew swiftly by and soon left the Crane out of sight again. The Crane finished his breakfast and started on, and when evening came he kept on as before.

This time it was hardly midnight when he passed the Humming-bird asleep on a limb, and in the morning he had finished his breakfast before the other came up. The next day he gained a little more, and on the fourth day he was spearing tadpoles for dinner when the Humming-bird passed him. On the fifth and sixth days it was late in the afternoon before the Humming-bird came up, and, on the morning of the seventh day the Crane was a whole night's travel ahead.

He took his time at breakfast and then fixed himself up as nicely as he could at the creek and came in at the starting place where the woman lived, early in the morning.

When the Humming-bird arrived in the afternoon he found that he had lost the race, but the woman declared she would never have such an ugly fellow for a husband as the Crane.

Moral, Beware of fine feathers.

## SNAKE, FISH AND INSECT MYTHS.

## MYTH SIXTEEN.

*The Snake Tribe.*

The generic name for snake is inadu. They are all regarded as inaduwehi, "supernaturals," having an intimate connection with the rain and the thunder gods, and possessing a certain influence over the other animals and plant tribes. It is said that the snakes, the deer, and the ginseng act as allies, so that an injury to one is avenged by the others. The feeling toward snakes is one mingled with fear and reverence, and every precaution is taken to avoid the killing or offending one, especially the rattlesnake. He who kills a snake will soon see others; and should he kill a second one, so many will come around him, whichever way he may turn, that he will become dazed at the sight of their glistening eyes and darting tongues, and will go wandering about like a crazy man, unable to find his way out of the woods.

To guard against this misfortune there are certain prayers which the initiated say in order that a snake may not cross their path, and on meeting the first one of the season the hunter humbly begs of him, "Let us not see each other this summer." Certain smells, as that of the wild parsnip, and certain songs, as those of the Unikawi or town-house dance, are offensive to the snakes and make them angry. For this reason the Unikawi dance is held only late in the fall, after they have retired to their dens for the winter.



Kanuga Lake and Pinnacle.



Lake Fairfield.



Kanuga Lake, Hendersonville.



Pacolet River, Hendersonville.

"Down the valley glides the river,  
Murmuring a sad farewell."

When one dreams of being bitten by a snake he must be treated the same as for the actual bite, because it is the snake ghost that has bitten him; otherwise the place will swell and ulcerate in the same way, even though it be years afterwards. For fear of offending them, even in speaking, it is never said that a man has been bitten by a snake, but only that he has been "scratched by a briar." Most of the beliefs and customs in this connection have more special reference to the rattlesnake.

The rattlesnake is called *utsanati*, which may be rendered, "he has a bell," alluding to the rattles. According to their myths the rattlesnake was once a man, and was transformed to his present shape that he might save the human race from extermination by the Sun, a mission which he accomplished successfully after others had failed.

By the old men he is also spoken of as "The Thunder's Necklace," and to kill one is to destroy one of the most prized ornaments of the Thunder-god. In one of the formulas addressed to the Little Men, the sons of the Thunder, they are implored to take the disease snake to themselves, because, "It is just what you adorn yourselves with."

For obvious reasons the rattlesnake is regarded as the chief of the tribe and is feared and respected accordingly. Few Cherokee will venture to kill one except under absolute necessity, and even then the crime must be atoned for by asking pardon of the snake ghost, either through the mediation of a priest or in person according to a set formula.

Otherwise, the relatives of the dead snake will send one of their number to track up the offender and bite him, so that he will die. The only thing of which it is said that the rattlesnake is afraid is the plant known as

campion, or "rattlesnake's master" (*Silene stella*), which is used by doctors to counteract the effect of the bite, and it is believed that a snake will flee in terror from the hunter who carries a small piece of the root about his person.

Notwithstanding the fear of the rattlesnake, his rattles, teeth, flesh and oil are greatly prized for occult or medical uses, the snake being killed for this purpose by certain priests who know the necessary rites and formulas for obtaining pardon.

## MYTH SEVENTEEN.

### *The Uktena and the Ulunsuti.*

Long ago—hilahiye—when the Sun became angry at the people on earth, and sent a sickness to destroy them, the Little Men changed a man into a monster snake, as large as the trunk of a tree, with horns, which they called the Uktena, "The Keen-eyed," and sent him to kill her. He failed to do the work, and the Rattlesnake had to be sent instead, which made the Uktena so jealous and angry that the people were afraid of him and had him taken to Galunlati, to stay with the other dangerous things. He left others behind him, though, nearly as large and dangerous as himself, and they hide now in the deep pools in the river and about lonely passes in the high mountains, the places which the Cherokee call, "Where the Uktena stays."

Those who know say that the Uktena with its horns on its head has a bright blazing crest like a diamond upon its forehead, and scales glittering like sparks of

fire upon its body. It has rings or spots along its whole length, and cannot be wounded except by shooting in the seventh spot from the head because under this spot are its heart and its life.

The blazing spot is called Ulunsuti, "Transparent," and he who can win it may become the greatest wonder-worker of the tribe, but it is worth a man's life to attempt it, for whoever is seen by the Uktena is so dazed by the bright light that he runs toward the snake instead of trying to escape. Even to see the Uktena asleep is death, not to the hunter himself, but to his family. Of all the daring warriors who have started out in search of Ulunsu'ti only Agan-unitsi ever came back successful.

The East Cherokee still keeps the one that he bought. It is like a transparent crystal, nearly the shape of a cartridge bullet, with blood-red streaks running thru the center from top to bottom. The owner keeps it wrapped in a whole deerskin, inside an earthen vessel, hidden away in a secret cave in the mountains.

Every seven days he feeds it with the blood of small game, rubbing the blood all over the crystal as soon as the animal has been killed. Twice a year it must have the blood of a deer or some other large animal. Should he forget to feed it at the proper time it would come out of the cave at night in a shape of fire and fly thru the air to slake its thirst with the life blood of the conjurer or some of his people.

He may save himself from this danger by telling it, when he puts it away, that he will not need it again for a long time. It will then go quietly to sleep and feel no hunger until it is again brought out to be consulted. Then it must be fed again on blood before it is used. No white man must ever see it, and no person but the owner will venture near it for fear of sudden death.

Even the conjurer who keeps it is afraid of it, and changes its hiding place every once in a while so that it cannot learn the way out. When he dies it will be buried with him. Otherwise, it will come out of its cave, like a blazing star, to search for his grave, night after night for seven years, when, if still not able to find him, it will go back to sleep forever where he has placed it.

Whoever owns the Ulunsuti is sure of success in hunting, love, rain-making and every other business, but its great use is in life prophecy. When it is consulted for this purpose the future is seen mirrored in the clear crystal as a tree is reflected in the quiet stream below, and the conjurer knows whether the sick man will recover, whether the warrior will return from the battle, or whether the youth will live to be old.

## MYTH EIGHTEEN.

### *Agan-uni-tsi's Search for the Uktena.*

In one of their battles with the Showano, who are all magicians, the Cherokee captured a great medicine-man, whose name was Agan-uni-tsi, "The Ground-Hog's Mother." They had tied him ready for the torture when he begged for his life, and engaged, if they spared him, to find for them the great wonder-worker, the Ulunsuti. Now, the Ulunsuti is like a blazing star set in the forehead of the great Uktena serpent, and the medicine-man who could possess it might do marvelous things, but everyone knew that this could not be, because it was certain death to meet the Uktena. They warned him of all this, but he only answered that his medicine was



strong and that he was not afraid. So they gave him his life on that condition and he began the search.

The Uktena used to lie in wait in lonely places to surprise its victims, and especially haunted the dark passes of the Great Smoky Mountains. Knowing this, the magician went first to a gap in the range on the far northern border of the Cherokee country. He searched there and found a monster blacksnake, larger than had ever been known before, but it was not what he was looking for, and he laughed at it as something too small for notice.

Coming southward to the next gap he found there a moccasin snake, the largest ever seen, but when the people wondered he said it was nothing. In the next gap he found a green snake and called the people to see it, (the pretty salikwaya), but when they found an immense greensnake coiled up in the path they ran away in fear.

Coming on to Utawa-gun-ti, the Bald mountain, he found there a great diyahali (lizard) basking, but, although it was large and terrible to look at, it was not what he was looking for and he paid no attention to it. Going still further south to Walasi-yi, the Frog place, he found a great frog squatting in the gap but when the people who came to see it were frightened like the others and ran away from the monster he mocked at them for being afraid of a frog and went on to the next gap.

He went on to Duni-skwa-lgun-yi, the Gap of the Forked Antler, and to the enchanted lake of Atagahi, and at each he found monstrous reptiles, but he said they were nothing.

He thought that the Uktena might be hiding in the deep water at Tlanusiyi, the Leech place, on Hiwassee, where other strange things had been seen before, and going there he dived far down under the surface. He

saw turtles and water snakes, and two immense sun-perches rushed at him and retreated again, but that was all.

Other places he tried, going always southward, and at last on Gahuti mountain he found the Uktena asleep.

Turning without noise, he ran swiftly down the mountainside as far as he could go with one long breath, nearly to the bottom of the slope. Then he stopped and piled up a lot of pine-cones, and inside of it he dug a deep trench. Then he set fire to the cones and came back again up the mountain.

The Uktena was still asleep, and, putting an arrow to his bow, Agan-unitsi shot and sent the arrow through its heart, which was under the seventh spot from the serpent's head.

The great snake raised his head, with the diamond in front flashing fire, and came straight at his enemy, but the magician, turning quickly, ran at full speed down the mountain, cleared the circle of fire and the trench at one bound, and lay down on the ground inside. The Uktena tried to follow, but the arrow was thru his heart, and in another moment he rolled over in his death struggle, spitting poison over all the mountainside. The poison drops could not pass the circle of fire, but only hissed and sputtered in the blaze, and the magician on the inside was untouched except by one small drop which struck upon his head as he lay close to the ground; but he did not know it. The blood, too, as poisonous as the froth, poured from the Uktena's wound and down the slope in a stream, but it ran into the trench and left him unharmed.

The dying monster rolled over and over down the mountain, breaking down large trees in its path until it reached the bottom. Then Agan-uni-tsi called every bird

in all the woods to come to the feast, and so many came that when they were done not even the bones were left. After seven days he went by night to the spot.

The body and the bones of the snake were gone, all eaten by the birds, but he saw a bright light shining in the darkness, and going over to it he found, resting on a low-hanging branch, where a raven had dropped it, the diamond from the head of Uktena. He wrapped it up carefully and took it with him, and from that time he became the greatest medicine-man in the whole tribe.

When he came down again to the settlement the people noticed a small snake hanging from his head where the single drop of poison from the Uktena had struck him; but so long as he lived he himself never knew that it was there.

Where the blood of the Uktena had filled the trench a lake formed afterwards, and the water was black and in this water the women used to dye the cane splits for their baskets.

## MYTH NINETEEN.

### *The Red Man and the Uktena.*

Two brothers went hunting together, and when they came to a good camping place in the mountains they made a fire, and while one gathered bark to put up a shelter, the other started up the creek to look for a deer. Soon he heard a noise on the top of the ridge as if two animals were fighting. He hurried thru the brush to see what it might be, and when he came to the spot he found a great Uktena coiled around a man and chok-

ing him to death. The man was fighting for his life, and called out to the hunter, "Help me, nephew; he is your enemy as well as mine." The hunter took good aim, and, drawing the arrow to the head, sent it thru the body of the Uktena, so that the blood spouted from the hole. The snake loosed its coils with a snapping noise, and went tumbling down the ridge into the valley, tearing up the earth like a water-spout as it rolled.

The stranger stood up, and it was the Asgaya Gigagei, the Red Man of the Lightning. He said to the hunter: "You have helped me, and now I will reward you, and give you a medicine so that you can always find game." They waited until it was dark, and then went down the ridge to where the dead Uktena had rolled, but by this time the birds and the insects had eaten the body and only the bones were left.

In one place were flashes of light coming up from the ground, and on digging here, just under the surface, the Red Man found a scale of the Uktena. Next he went over to the tree that had been struck by lightning, and gathering a handful of splinters he made a fire and burned the scale of the Uktena to a coal. He wrapped this in a piece of deerskin and gave it to the hunter, saying: "As long as you keep this you can always kill game."

Then he told the hunter that when he went back to camp he must hang up the medicine on a tree outside, because it was very strong and dangerous. He told him also that when he went into the cabin he would find his brother lying inside nearly dead on account of the presence of the Uktena scale, but he must take a small piece of cane, which the Red Man gave him, and scrape a little of it into water and give it to his brother to drink, and he would be well again.

Then the Red Man was gone, and the hunter could not

see where he went. He returned to camp alone, and found his brother very sick, but soon cured him with the medicine from the cane, and that day and the next, and every day after, he found game whenever he went for it.

## MYTH TWENTY.

### *The Hunter and the Uksuhi.*

A man living down in Georgia came to visit some relatives at Hickory-log. He was a great hunter, and after resting for some days, got ready to go into the mountains. His friends warned him not to go toward the north, as in that direction, near a certain large up-rooted tree, there lived a dangerous monster Uksuhi snake.

It kept constant watch, and whenever it could spring upon an unwary hunter it would coil about him and crush out his life in its folds, and then drag the dead body down the mountainside into a deep hole in Hiwassee river. He listened quietly to the warning, but all they said only made him the more anxious to see such a monster, so, without saying anything of his intentions, he left the settlement and took his way directly up the mountain toward the north.

Soon he came to the fallen tree and climbed upon the trunk, and there, sure enough, on the other side was the great Uksuhi stretched out in the grass, with its head raised, but looking the other way.

It was as large as a common trunk of a tree, and at the sight of this terrible monster the hunter became so much frightened that he made haste to get down

from the log and started to run; but the great snake had heard him approach, and the noise as he started to make his escape, whereupon it turned quickly and pursued him.

Up the ridge the hunter ran, the snake close behind him, then down the other side toward the river, but with all his running the Uksuhi gained rapidly, and just as he reached the low ground it caught up with him and wrapped around him, pinning one arm down by his side, but leaving the other free. Now, it gave him a terrible squeeze that almost broke his ribs, and then began to drag him along toward the water. With his free hand the hunter began to clutch at the bushes as they passed, but the snake turned his head and blew its sickening breath into his face, until he had to let go his hold.

Again and again this happened, and all the time they were getting nearer and nearer to a deep hole in the river, when, almost at the last moment, a lucky thought came into the hunter's mind. He was sweating all over from his run across the mountain, and suddenly remembered to have heard that snakes cannot bear the smell of perspiration. Putting his free hand into his bosom he worked it around under his armpit until it was covered with perspiration. Then withdrawing it, he grasped at a bush until the snake turned its head, when he quickly slapped his sweaty hand on its nose. The Uksuhi gave one gasp almost as if it had been wounded, loosened its coil, and glided swiftly away thru the bushes, leaving the hunter, bruised but not disabled, to make his way home to the Hickory-log.

## MYTH TWENTY-ONE.

### *The Ustutli.*

There was once a great serpent, called the Ustutli, that made its haunt upon Cohutta mountain. It was called the Ustutli or "foot" snake, because it did not glide like other snakes, but had feet at each end of its body, and moved by strides or jerks, like a great measuring worm.

These feet were three-cornered and flat and could hold to the ground like suckers. It had no legs, but would raise itself up on its hind feet, with its snaky head high in the air until it found a good place to take a fresh hold; then it would bend down and grip its front feet to the ground while it drew its body up from behind.

It could cross rivers and deep ravines by throwing its head across, and getting a grip with its front feet, and then swing its body over. Wherever its footprints were found there was danger.

It used to bleat like a young fawn, and when the hunter heard a fawn bleat in the woods he never looked for it, but hurried away in the other direction. Up the mountain or down, nothing could escape the Ustutli's pursuit, but along the side of the ridge it could not go, because the great weight of its swinging head broke its hold on the ground when it moved sideways.

It came to pass after awhile that not a hunter about Cohutta would venture near the mountain for dread of the Ustutli.

At last a man from one of the northern settlements came down to visit some relatives in that neighborhood. When he arrived they made a feast for him, but only had

corn and beans, and excused themselves for having no meat because the hunters were afraid to go into the mountains. He asked the reason, and when they told him he said he would go himself tomorrow and either bring in a deer or find the Ustutli. They tried to dissuade him from it, but as he insisted upon going they warned him that if a fawn bleated in the thicket he must run at once and if the snake came after him he must not try to run down the mountain, but along the side of the ridge.

In the morning he started out, and went directly to the mountain. Working his way thru the bushes at the base, he suddenly heard a fawn bleat in front. He guessed at once that it was the Ustutli, but he had made up his mind to see it, so he did not turn back, but went straight forward, and there, sure enough, was the monster, with its great head in the air, as high as the pine branches, looking in every direction to discover a deer, or maybe a man, for breakfast. It saw him and came at him at once, moving in jerky strides, every one the length of a tree trunk, holding its scaly head high above the bushes and bleating as it came. The hunter was so badly frightened that he lost his wits entirely and started to run directly up the mountain.

The great snake came after him, gaining half its length on him every time it took a fresh grip with its fore feet, and would have caught the hunter before he reached the top of the ridge, but that he suddenly remembered the warning and changed his course to run along the side of the mountain. At once the snake began to lose ground, for every time it raised itself up the weight of its body threw it out of a straight line and made it fall a little lower down the side of the ridge. It tried to recover itself, but now the hunter gained and kept on un-



til he turned the end of the ridge and left the snake out of sight. Then he cautiously climbed to the top and looked over and saw the Ustutli still slowly working its way toward the summit.

He went down to the base of the mountain, opened his fire pouch, and set fire to the grass and leaves. Soon the fire ran all around the mountain and began to climb upward.

When the great serpent smelled the smoke and saw the flames coming, it forgot all about the hunter and turned to make all speed for a high cliff near the summit. It reached the rock and got upon it, but the fire followed and caught the dead pines about the base of the cliff until the heat made the Ustutli's scales crack.

Taking a close grip of the rock with its hind feet, it raised its body and put forth all its strength in an effort to spring across the wall of fire that surrounded it, but the smoke choked it and its hold loosened and it fell among the blazing pine trunks and lay there until it was burned to ashes.

## MYTH TWENTY-TWO.

### *The Uwtsunta.*

At Nundayeli, the wildest spot in Nantahala river, (in what is now Macon County, North Carolina), where the overhanging cliff is highest and the river far below, there lived in the old time a great snake called the Uwtsunta (or bouncer), because it moved by jerks like a measuring worm, with only one part of its body on the ground at a time. It stayed generally on the east side, where

the sun came first in the morning, and used to cross by reaching over from the highest point of the cliff until it could get a grip on the other side, when it would pull over the rest of its body.

It was so immense that when it was thus stretched across, its shadow darkened the whole valley below.

For a long time the people did not know it was there, but when at last they found out that such a monster inhabited the country, they were afraid to live in the valley, so that it was deserted long before the Indians were removed from the country.

### MYTH TWENTY-THREE.

#### *The Snake Boy.*

There was a boy who used to go bird hunting every day, and all the birds he brought home to give to his grandmother, who was very fond of him. This made the rest of the family jealous, and they treated him in such fashion that at last one day he told his grandmother he would leave them all, but that she must not grieve for him.

Next morning he refused to eat any breakfast, but went off hungry to the woods and was gone all day. In the evening he returned, bringing with him a pair of deer horns, and went directly to the hothouse (Asi), where his grandmother was waiting for him. He told the old woman that he must be alone that night, so she got up and went into the house where the others were.

At early daybreak she came again to the hothouse and

looked in, and there she saw an immense Uktena that filled the Asi, with horns on its head, but still with two human legs instead of a snake's tail.

It was all that was left of her boy. He spoke to her and told her to leave him, and she went away again from the door. When the sun was well up, the Uktena began slowly to crawl out, but it was full noon before it was all out of the Asi. It made a terrible hissing noise as it came out, and all the people ran from it.

It crawled on thru the settlement, leaving a broad trail in the ground behind it, until it came to a deep bend in the river, where it plunged in and went under the water.

The grandmother grieved much for the boy, until the others of the family got angry and told her that she thought so much of him that she ought to go and stay with him. So she left them and went along the trail made by the Uktena to the river and walked directly into the water and disappeared. Once after that a man fishing near the place saw her sitting on a large rock in the river, looking just as she had always looked, but as soon as she caught sight of him she jumped into the water and was gone.

## MYTH TWENTY-FOUR.

### *The Snake Man.*

Two hunters, both for some reason under a tabu against the meat of a squirrel or turkey, had gone into the woods together. When evening came, they found a good camping place and lighted a fire to prepare their

supper. One of them had killed several squirrels during the day, and now got ready to broil them over the fire.

His companion warned him that if he broke the tabu and ate squirrel meat he would become a snake, but the other laughed and said that was only a conjurer's story. He went on with the preparation, and when the squirrels were roasted made his supper of them and then lay down by the fire to sleep.

Late that night his companion was aroused by groaning, and on looking around he found the other lying on the ground rolling and twisting in agony, and with the lower part of his body already changed to the body and tail of a large watersnake. The man was still able to speak and call loudly for help, but his companion could do nothing, but only sit by and try to comfort him while he watched the arms sink into his body and the skin take on a scaly change that mounted gradually toward the neck, until at last even the head was a serpent's head and the great snake crawled away from the fire and down the bank into the river, and was never seen again.

## MYTH TWENTY-FIVE.

### *The Rattlesnake's Revenge.*

One day in the olden times, when we could still talk with other creatures, while some children were playing about the house, their mother inside heard them scream. Running outside she found that a rattlesnake had crawled from the grass, and taking up a stick she killed it. The father was out hunting in the mountains, and that evening when coming home after dark thru the gap, he heard

a strange wailing sound. Looking about he found that he had come into the midst of a whole company of rattlesnakes, all of which had their mouths open and seemed to be crying. He asked them the reason of their trouble, and they told him that his own wife had that day killed their chief, the Yellow Rattlesnake, and they were just now about to send the Black Rattlesnake to take revenge.

The hunter said he was very sorry, but they told him that if he spoke the truth that he must be ready to make satisfaction and give his wife as a sacrifice for the life of their chief. Not knowing what might happen otherwise, he consented. They then told him that the Black Rattlesnake would go home with him and coil up just outside the door in the dark. He must go inside, where he would find his wife awaiting him, and ask her to get him a fresh drink of water from the spring. That was all. He went home and knew that the Black Rattlesnake was following. It was night when he arrived and very dark, but he found his wife waiting with his supper ready. He sat down and asked for a drink of water. She handed him a gourd full from the jar, but he said he wanted it fresh from the spring, so she took a bowl and went out of the door. The next moment he heard a cry, and going out he found that the Black Rattlesnake had bitten her and that she was already dying.

He stayed with her until she was dead, when the Black Rattlesnake came out from the grass again and said his tribe was now satisfied.

He then taught the hunter a prayer song, and said, "When you meet any of us hereafter sing this song and we will not hurt you; but if by accident one of us should bite one of your tribe, then sing this song over him and he will recover." And the Cherokee have kept this song and sing it until this day.

## MYTH TWENTY-SIX.

*The Nest of the Tlanuwas*

On the north bank of Little Tennessee river, in a bend below the mouth of Citico creek, in Blount County, Tennessee, is a high cliff hanging over the water, and about half way up the face of the rock is a cave with two openings. The rock projects outward above the cave, so that the mouth cannot be seen from above, and it seems impossible to reach the cave either from above or below.

There are white streaks in the rock from the cave down to the water. The Cherokee call it Tlanuwai (the place of the Great Mythic Hawk).

In the old time, away back soon after the creation, a pair of Tlanuwas had their nest in this cave. They were immense birds, larger than any that live now, and very strong and savage.

They were forever flying up and down the river, and used to come into the settlements and carry off dogs and even young children playing near the houses. No one could reach the nest to kill them, and when the people tried to shoot them the arrows only glanced off and were seized and carried away in the talons of the Tlanuwas.

At last the people went to a great medicine man, who promised to help them. Some were afraid that if he failed to kill the Tlanuwas they would take revenge on the people, but the medicine man said he could fix that. He made a long rope of linn bark, just as the Cherokee still do, with loops in it for his feet, and had the people let him down from the top of the cliff at a time when he knew that the old birds were away.

When he came opposite the mouth of the cave he still could not reach it, because the rocks above hung over,



A Cherokee Indian Ball Team.  
At Cherokee, N. C.



The Pools, Chimney Rock.  
"Still the stream flows fresh forever,  
Never resting, night or day."

so he swung himself backward and forward several times until the rope swung near enough for him to pull himself into the cave with a hooked stick that he carried, which he managed to fasten in some bushes growing at the entrance.

In the nest he found four young ones, and on the floor of the cave were the bones of all sorts of animals and children that had been carried there by the hawks. He pulled the young ones out of the nest and threw them over the cliff into the deep water below, where a great Uktena serpent that lived there finished them.

Just then he saw the two old ones coming, and had hardly time to climb up again to the top of the rock before they reached the nest.

When they found the nest empty they were furious, and circled round and round in the air until they saw the snake put its head from the water. Then they darted straight downward, and while one seized the snake in his talons and flew far up in the sky with it, his mate struck at it and bit off piece after piece until nothing was left. They were so high up that when the pieces fell they made holes in the rocks, which are still to be seen there, at the place which we call, "Where the Tlanuwa cut it up," opposite the mouth of Citico. Then the two hawks circled up and up until they went out of sight, and they have never been seen any more.



## MYTH TWENTY-SEVEN.

*The Hunter and the Tlanuwa.*

A hunter out in the woods one day saw a Tlanuwa overhead and tried to hide from it, but the great bird had already seen him, and, sweeping down, struck its claws into his hunting pack, and carried him far up into the air. As it flew, the Tlanuwa, which was a mother-bird, spoke and told the hunter that he need not be afraid, as she would not hurt him, but only wanted him to stay awhile with her young ones to guard them until they were old enough to leave the nest.

At last they alighted at the mouth of a cave in the face of a steep cliff. Inside, the water was dripping from the roof, and at the farther end was a nest of sticks in which were two young birds.

The old Tlanuwa set the hunter down and then flew away, returning soon with a fresh-killed deer, which it tore to pieces, giving the first piece to the hunter and then feeding the two young hawks.

The hunter stayed in the cave for many days until the young birds were nearly grown, and every day the old mother bird would fly away from the nest and return in the evening with a deer or a bear, of which she always gave the first piece to the hunter. He grew very anxious to see his home again, but the Tlanuwa kept telling him not to be uneasy, but to wait a little while longer. At last he made up his mind to escape from the cave and finally studied out the plan.

The next morning, after the great hawk had gone, he dragged one of the young birds to the mouth of the cave and tied himself to one of its legs with a strap from his hunting pack. Then with the flat side of the

tomahawk he struck it several times on the head until it was dazed and helpless, then pushed the bird and himself together off the shelf of rock into the air. They fell far, far down toward the earth, but the air from below held up the bird's wings, so that it was almost as if they were flying. As the Tlanuwa revived it tried to fly upward toward the nest, but the hunter struck it again with his hatchet until it was dazed and dropped again.

At last they came down in the top of a poplar tree, when the hunter cut the strap from the leg of the bird and let it fly away, first pulling out a feather from its wing. He climbed down from the tree and went home to the settlement, but when he looked in his pack for the feather, he found that he only had a stone, for the Great Mythic Hawk had power to turn many objects into whatever it pleased.

## MYTH TWENTY-EIGHT.

### *Utlunta, the Spear Finger.*

Long, long ago, there lived in the mountains a terrible ogress, a woman monster, whose food was human livers. She could take on any shape that she pleased, or that suited her purpose, but in her right form she looked very much like an old woman, excepting that her whole body was covered with a skin as hard as a rock, that no weapon could wound or penetrate, and that on her right hand she had a long, stony finger of bone, like an awl or spear-head, with which she stabbed everyone to whom she could get near enough. On account of this fact she

was called Utlunta, "Spear Finger," and on account of her stony skin she was sometimes called Nunyunuwi, "Stone-dress."

There was another stone-clothed monster that killed people, but that is a different story.

Spear-finger had such power over stone that she could easily lift and carry immense rocks, and could cement them together by merely striking one against another. To get over the rough country more easily she undertook to build a great bridge through the air from Nunyutlugunyi, the "Tree Rock," on Hiwassee, over to Sanigilagi (Whiteside Mountain, in Jackson County, North Carolina,) on the Blue Ridge, and had it well started from the top of "Tree rock" when the lightning struck it and scattered the fragments along the whole ridge, where the pieces can still be seen by those who go there.

She used to range all over the mountains about the heads of the streams and in the dark passes of Nantahala, always hungry and looking for victims. Her favorite haunt on the Tennessee side of the Great Smoky Mountains was about the gap on the trail where Chilhowee Mountains come down to the river.

Sometimes the old woman would approach along the trail where the children were picking strawberries or playing near the village, and would say to them coaxingly, "Come, my grand children, come to your granny and let granny dress your hair." When some little girl ran up and laid her head in the old woman's lap to be petted and combed, the old witch would gently run her fingers thru the child's hair until it went to sleep, when she would stab the little one thru the heart or back of the neck with the long awl finger, which she had kept hidden under her robe. Then she would take out the

liver and eat it. She would enter the house by taking the appearance of one of the family who happened to have gone out for a short time, and would watch her chance to stab some one with her long finger and take out his liver. She could stab him without being noticed, and often the victim did not even know it himself at the time—for it left no wound and caused no pain—but went on about his own affairs, until all at once he felt weak and began to pine away, and was always sure to die, because Spear-finger had taken his liver.

When the Cherokee went out in the fall, according to their custom, to burn leaves off from the mountains in order to get the chestnuts on the ground, they were never safe, for the old witch was always on the lookout, and as soon as she saw the smoke rise she knew there were Indians there and she would sneak up and try to surprise one alone. So as well as they could they would try to keep together, and were very cautious of allowing any stranger to approach the camp. But if one went to the spring for a drink, they never knew but it might be the liver-eater that came back and sat with them. At last a great council was held to devise some means to get rid of the old witch before she should destroy everybody. The people came from all around to Nikwasi, (mound now near Franklin, N. C.) and after much talking it was decided that the best way to secure her demise would be to trap her in a pitfall where all the warriors could attack her at once. So they dug a deep pitfall across the path and covered it over with earth and grass as if the ground had never been disturbed. Then they kindled a large fire of brush near the trail and hid themselves in the laurels, because they knew that she would come as soon as she saw the smoke.

Sure enough they soon saw an old woman coming along

the trail. She looked very much like an old woman that they knew in the village, and although several of the wiser men wanted to shoot at her, the others interfered, because they did not want to hurt one of their own people. The old woman came slowly along the trail, with one hand under her blanket, until she stepped upon the pitfall and tumbled through the brush top into the deep hole below. Then, at once, she showed her true nature, and instead of the old feeble woman there was the terrible Utlunta with her stony skin, and her sharp awl finger reaching out in every direction for some one to stab.

The hunters rushed out from the thicket and surrounded the pit, but shoot as true and as often as they could, the arrows struck the stony mail of the witch only to be broken and fall useless at her feet, while she taunted them and tried to climb out of the pit to get at them. They kept out of her way, but were only wasting their arrows when a small bird, Utsugi, the titmouse, perched on a tree overhead and began to sing, "un, un, un." They thought it was saying unqhu, heart, meaning that they should aim at the heart of the stone witch. They directed their arrows where the heart should be, but the arrows only glanced off with the flint heads broken.

Then they caught the Utsugi and cut off its tongue, so that ever since its tongue is short and everybody knows that it is a liar.

When the hunters let it go, it flew straight up into the sky until it was out of sight, and it never came back any more, and the titmouse that we know now is only an image of the other.

They kept up the fight without result until another bird, little Tsikilili, the chickadee, flew down from a

tree and alighted upon the witch's right hand. The warriors took this as a sign that they must aim there, and they were right, for her heart was on the inside of her hand, which she kept doubled up into a fist, this same awl-hand with which she had stabbed so many people. Now she was frightened in earnest, and began to rush furiously at them with her long awl finger, and to jump about in the pit to dodge the arrows, until at last an arrow struck her just where the awl finger joined her wrist and she fell down dead. Ever since then the Tsikilili is known as a truth-teller, and when a man is away on a journey, if this bird comes and perches near the house and chirps its song, his friends know that he will soon reach his home in safety, and his friends will greet him upon his arrival.

## MYTH TWENTY-NINE.

### *Nunyunuwi, the Stone Man.*

This is what the old men used to tell us when we were boys. Once when all the people of the settlement were out in the mountains on a great hunt, one man who had gone ahead climbed to the top of a high ridge and found a large river on the other side.

While he was looking across he saw an old man walking about on the opposite ridge, with a cane that seemed to be made of some bright, shining rock. The hunter watched and saw that every little while the old man would point his cane in a certain direction, then draw it

back and smell the end of it. At last he pointed it in the direction of the hunter's camp on the other side of the mountain, and this time when he drew back the staff he sniffed it several times as if it smelled very good, and then started along the ridge straight for the camp. He moved very slowly, with the help of the cane, until he reached the end of the ridge, when he threw the cane out into the air and it became a bridge of shining rock stretching across the river.

After he had crossed over upon the bridge it became a cane again and the old man picked it up and started over the mountain toward the camp. The hunter was frightened, and felt sure that it meant mischief, so he hurried on down the mountain and took the shortest trail back to the camp to get there before the old man. When he got there and told his story the medicine-man said the old man was a wicked cannibal monster called Nunyunuwi, "Dressed in Stone," who lived in the Nantahala mountains, and was always going about thru the forest looking for some hunter that he might kill and eat him.

It was very hard to escape from him, because his cane guided him as a dog, and it was nearly as hard to kill him, for his body was entirely covered with a skin of solid rock. If he came he would kill and eat them all, and there was only one way to save their lives.

He could not bear to look upon a woman, and if they could bring to the path seven married women, that the sight of them would kill him, and they would rid themselves of him. So they ran swiftly and brought quickly as many women as they could find, and placed them

along the trail, and when the old man came, he saw one woman standing near the trail and the very sight of her made him sick and he cried out, "Yu, my grandchild, I hate the sight of woman!" He hurried past her and in a moment he saw the second woman standing as he had seen the other, and he cried out again, "Yu! my child; I hate the tribe of women, and he hurried past her, and he continued along the trail until he came to the seventh, and by this time he had become so much enraged that he fell down almost dead. Then the medicine-man drove seven sourwood switches through his body and pinned him to the ground, and when night came they piled great logs over him and set fire to them, and all the people gathered around to see. Nunyunuwi was a great adawehi and knew many secrets, and now as the fire came close to him he began to talk, and told them the medicine for all kinds of sickness. At midnight he began to sing, and sang the hunting songs for calling up the bear and deer and all the animals of the woods and mountains.

As the blaze grew hotter his voice sank lower and lower, until at last when the daylight came, the logs were a heap of white ashes and the voice was still. Then the medicine-man told them to rake off the ashes, and where the body had lain they found only a large lump of wadi paint and a magic Ulunsuti stone. He kept the stone for himself, and calling the people around him he painted them on the face and breast with the red wadi, and whatever each person prayed for while the painting was being done, whether for hunting success, for working skill, or for long life—that gift was his.



## MYTH THIRTY.

*The Hunter and Dakwa.*

In the old days there was a great fish called the Dakwa, which lived in the Tennessee river where Toco creek comes in at Dakwai, the "Dakwa place," above the mouth of Tellico, and which was so large that it could easily swallow a man. Once a canoe filled with warriors was crossing over from the town on the other side of the river, when the Dakwa suddenly rose up under the boat and threw them all into the air. As they came down it swallowed one with a single snap of its jaws and dived with him to the bottom of the river.

As soon as the hunter came to his senses he found that he had not been hurt, but it was so hot and close inside the Dakwa that he was nearly smothered. As he groped around in the dark his hand struck a lot of mussel shells which the fish had swallowed, and taking one of these for a knife he began to cut his way out, until soon the fish grew uneasy at the scraping inside his stomach and came up to the top of the water for air. He kept on cutting until the fish was in such pain that it swam this way and that across the stream and thrashed the water into foam with its tail. Finally the hole was so large that he could look out, and found that the fish was resting in shallow water near the shore. The Dakwa soon became so sick from the wound that it vomited the hunter out of its mouth, and he with the others made their escape to Tellico, but the juices in the stomach of the fish made the hair fall from the head of the hunter so that he was bald ever after that.

## MYTH THIRTY-ONE.

*Atagahi, The Enchanted Lake.*

(This is the scene of the myth upon which the story of Occoneechee is founded.)

Westward from the headwaters of Oconaluftee river, in the wildest depths of the Great Smoky Mountains, which form the line between North Carolina and Tennessee, is the enchanted lake of Atagahi, "Gall place."

Although all of the Cherokee know that it is there, no one has ever seen it, for the way is so difficult that only the animals know how to reach it. Should a stray hunter come near the place he would know of it by the whirring sound of the wings of thousands of wild ducks and pigeons flying about the lake, but on reaching the spot he would find only a dry flat, without bird or animal or blade of grass, unless he had first sharpened his spiritual vision by prayer and fasting and an all-night vigil.

Because the lake is not seen, some people think that the lake is dried up long ago, but this is not true. To one that had kept watch and fasted all the night it would appear at daybreak as a wide-extending, but shallow sheet of pure water, fed by springs spouting from the high cliffs around. In the water are all kinds of fish and reptiles, and swimming upon the surface or flying overhead are great flocks of ducks and pigeons, while all about the shore are bear tracks crossing in every direction. It is the medicine lake of the birds and animals, and whenever a bear is wounded by the hunter he makes his way thru the woods to this lake and plunges into the

water, and when he comes out upon the other side his wounds are healed, and for this reason the animals keep the lake invisible to the hunter.

### MYTH THIRTY-TWO.

#### *The Bride from the South.*

The North went traveling, and after going far and meeting many different tribes he finally fell in love with the daughter of the South and wanted to marry her. The girl was willing, but her parents objected and said, "Ever since you came the weather has been cold, and if you stay here we will all freeze to death." The North pleaded hard, and said if they would let him have their daughter, he would take her back to his own country, so at last they consented.

They were married and he took his bride back to his own country, and when they arrived there she found the people all living in ice houses. The next day, when the sun rose, the houses began to leak, and as it climbed higher the houses began to melt, and it grew warmer and warmer, until finally the people came to the young husband and told him he must send his wife home again, or the weather would get so warm that the whole settlement would be melted. He loved his wife and so held out as long as he could, but as the sun grew hotter the people were more urgent, and at last he had to send her home to her parents, but they agreed that she might return once a year for a short season, but that she should

never come to live in the North again, for as she was reared in the South, that her whole nature was warm and that she was unfit to dwell in the North.

### MYTH THIRTY-THREE.

#### *The Ice Man.*

Once when the people were burning the woods in the fall, and the blaze set fire to a poplar tree, which continued to burn until the fire went down into the roots and burned a great hole in the ground. It burned, and burned, and the hole grew constantly larger, until the people became frightened and were afraid that it would burn the whole world. They tried to put out the fire, but it had gone too deep, and they did not know what to do. At last some one said there was a man living in a house of ice far in the north who could put out the fire, so messengers were sent, and after traveling a long distance they came to the ice house and found the Ice Man at home. He was a little fellow with long hair hanging down to the ground in two plaits. The messengers told him their errand and he at once said, "O yes, I can help you," and began to unplait his hair.

When it was once all unbraided he took it up in one hand and struck it once across the other hand, and the messengers felt the wind blow against their cheeks. A second time he struck his hair across his hand, and a light rain began to fall. The third time he struck his hair across his open hand there was sleet mixed with

the rain drops, and when he struck the fourth time great hailstones fell upon the ground, as if they had come out from the ends of the hair. "Go back now," said the Ice Man, "and I shall be there tomorrow."

So the messengers returned to their people, whom they found still gathered helplessly about the great burning pit. The next day while they were all gathered about the fire, there came a wind from the north, and they were afraid, for they knew that it came from the Ice Man. But the wind only made the fire blaze higher. The light rain began to fall, but the drops seemed only to make the fire hotter. Then the shower turned to a heavy rain, with sleet and hail that killed the blaze and made clouds of smoke and steam rise from the red coals. The people fled to their homes for shelter, and the storm rose to a whirlwind that drove the rain into every burning crevice and piled great hailstones over the embers, until the fire was dead and even the smoke ceased. When at last it was all over, and the people returned, they found a lake where the burning pit had been, and from below the water came a sound as of embers still crackling.

## MYTH THIRTY-FOUR.

### *The Hunter and Selu.*

A hunter had been tramping over the mountains all day long without finding any game, and when the sun went down, he built a fire in a hollow stump, swallowed a few mouthfuls of corn gruel and lay down to sleep, tired out and completely discouraged.



French Broad River.  
Tahkeyostee, in the Mellow Indian Tongue.



Broad River.  
"Sparkling, gleaming in the sunlight,  
Bursts the water, pure and free."

About the middle of the night he dreamed and seemed to hear the sound of beautiful singing, which continued until near daybreak, and then appeared to die away in the upper air.

All the next day he hunted, with the same poor success, and at night made his lonely camp in the woods. He slept, and the same strange dream came again, but so vividly that it seemed to him like an actual happening. Rousing himself before daylight, he still heard the same song, and feeling sure now that it was real, he went in the direction of the sound and found that it came from a single green stalk of corn (*selu*).

The plant spoke to him, and told him to cut off some of its roots and take them to his home in the settlement, and the next morning to chew them and "go to water" before anyone else was awake, and then to go out again into the woods, and he would kill many deer, and from that time on would always be successful in the hunt.

The corn plant continued to talk, teaching him hunting secrets and telling him to be always generous with the game he took, until it was noon and the sun was high, when it suddenly took the form of a woman and rose gracefully into the air and was gone from sight, leaving the hunter alone in the woods. He returned home and told his story, and all the people knew that he had seen *Selu*, the wife of *Kanati*. He did as the spirit had directed, and from that time was noted as the most successful of all the hunters in the settlement.

## MYTH THIRTY-FIVE.

*The Nunnehi and Other Spirit Folks.*

The Nunnehi or Immortals, the "People who live everywhere," were a race of spirit people who lived in the highlands of the old Cherokee country and had a great many town-houses, and especially on the tops of the bald mountains, the high peaks where no timber grows.

They had large town-houses on Pilot Knob, and in Nik-Wasi mound, in what is now Macon County, North Carolina, and another in Blood Mountain, and at the head of Nottely river in Georgia. They were invisible excepting when they wanted to be seen, and they looked and spoke just like other Indians. They were very fond of music and dancing, and hunters in the mountains would often hear the dance songs and the drum-beating in some invisible town-house, but when they went toward the sound it would shift about and they would hear it behind them or away in some other direction, so that they could never find the place where the dance was.

They were a friendly people, too, and often brought lost wanderers to their town-houses under the mountains, and cared for them there until they were rested, and guided them back to their homes. There was a man who lived in Nottely town who had been with the Nunnehi, when he was a boy about twelve years old, and this is the story he tells.

One day, when he was playing near the river, shooting at a mark with his bow and arrows, until he became tired, and started to build a fish-trap in the water. While he was piling up the rocks in two long walls, a man came and stood on the bank and asked him what he was doing. The man said, "Well, that is pretty hard



work, and you ought to come and rest awhile; come and take a walk up the river."

The boy said, "No"; that he was going home to dinner soon. "Come right up to my house," said the stranger, "and I'll give you a good dinner there, and will bring you home again in the morning."

So the boy went with him up the river until they came to a house, when they went in, and the man's wife and the other people there were very glad to see him, and gave him a fine dinner, and were very kind to him.

While they were eating, another boy that the boy knew very well came in and spoke to him, so that he felt very much at home.

After dinner he played with the other children, and slept there that night, and in the morning, after breakfast, the man got ready to take him home. They went down a path that had a cornfield on one side and a peach orchard on the other, until they came to another trail, and the man said, "Go along this trail across that ridge and you will come to the river road that will bring you straight to your home, and now I'll go back to the house."

So the man went back to the house, and the boy went on along the trail, but when he had gone a little distance he looked back, and there was no cornfield or orchard or fence or house; nothing but trees on the mountainside. He thought it rather queer, but somehow he was not frightened, and went on until he came to the river trail in sight of his house. There were a great many people standing about talking, and when they saw him they ran toward him shouting, "Here he is! He is not drowned or killed in the mountains!" They told him that they had been hunting him ever since yesterday noon, and asked him where he had been. He told them the story of what had happened, and they said there is

no house there, and it was the Nunnehi that had you with them.

Once four Nunnehi women came to dance at Nottely town, and danced half of the night with the young men there, and nobody knew that they were Nunnehi, but thought them visitors from another settlement. About midnight they left to go home, and some men who had come out from the town-house to cool off watched to see which way they went. They saw the women go down the trail to the river ford, but just as they came to the water they disappeared, although it was a plain trail, with no place where they could hide. Then the watchers knew that they were Nunnehi. At another time a man was crossing over from Nottely to Hemptown, in Georgia, and heard a drum and the songs of dancers in the hills on one side of the trail. He rode to see who could be dancing in such a place, but when he reached the spot the drum and the songs were behind him, and he was so frightened that he hurried back to the trail and rode all the way to Hemptown as hard as he could to tell the story. He was a truthful man and they believed him.

A long time ago a man got lost in the mountains near the head of Oconaluftee river, and it was very cold and his friends thought that he must be frozen to death, but he was taken to a cave by the Nunnehi and given something to eat, and when the weather was more pleasant they conducted him to the main trail and sent him on home to the neighbors in the valley below.

## MYTH THIRTY-FIVE.

*The Removed Town-house.*

Long ago, before the Cherokee were driven from their homes in 1838, the people on Valley river and Hiwassee heard voices of invisible spirits calling them from the skies, and warning them of wars and misfortunes which the future held in store, and inviting them to come and live with the Nunnehi, the Immortals, in their homes under the mountains and under the waters. For days the voice hung in the air, and the people listened until they heard the voice say, "If you would live with us, gather every one in your town-house and fast there seven days, and no one must raise a shout or a warwhoop in all that time. Do this and we will come and you shall see us and we shall take you to live with us."

The people were afraid of the evils that were to come, and they knew that the Immortals of the mountains and of the waters were happy forever, so they counceled in their town-house and decided to go with them. Those of Anisgayayitown came all together into their town-house and prayed and fasted for six days. On the seventh day there was a sound from the distant mountains, and it came nearer and grew louder until a roar of thunder was all about the town-house and they felt the ground shake all around them. Now they were frightened, and despite the warning some of them screamed out.

The Nunnehi, who had already lifted up the town-house with its mound to carry it away, were startled by the sound and let a part of it fall to the ground, where we now see the mound Setsi.

They steadied themselves again and bore the rest of the town-house, with all the people in it, to the top of

Tsudayelunyi, near the head of Cheowa, where we can still see it, changed long ago to solid rock, but the people are invisible and immortal.

### MYTH THIRTY-SIX.

#### *The Spirit Defenders of Nikwasi.*

Long ago a powerful unknown tribe invaded the country from the southeast, killing people and destroying settlements wherever they went. No leader could stand against them, and in a little while they had wasted all the lower settlements and advanced into the mountains. The warriors of the old town of Nikwasi, on the head of Little Tennessee, gathered their wives and their children into the town-house and kept scouts constantly on the lookout for the presence of danger.

One morning, just before the break of day, the spies saw the enemy approaching and at once gave the alarm. The Nikwasi men seized their arms and rushed out to meet the attack, but after a long, hard fight they found themselves overpowered and began to retreat, when suddenly a stranger stood among them and shouted to the chief to call off his men and he himself would drive the enemy back. From the dress and the language of the stranger the Nikwasi people thought him a chief who had come with reinforcements from Overhill settlements in Tennessee. They fell back along the trail, and as they came near the town-house they saw a great company of warriors coming out from the side of the mound as from an open doorway.



**From the Toxaway.**

"Lies the famous vale of flowers,  
 Splendid valley of pink beds."



**Chimney Top Gap.**

Then they knew that their friends were the Nunnehi, the Immortals, although no one had ever heard that they lived under Nikwasi mound. The Nunnehi poured out by hundreds, armed and painted for the fight, and the most curious part of it all was that they became invisible as soon as they were fairly outside of the settlement, so that although the enemy saw the glancing arrow or the rushing tomahawk, and felt the stroke, he could not see who sent it.

Before such an invisible foe the invaders had to retreat, going first south along the ridge to where joins the main ridge, which separates Tah-kee-os-tee (French Broad) from the Tuckaseigee, and then turning with it to the northeast. As they retreated they tried to shield themselves behind rocks and trees, but the Nunnehi arrows went around them and killed them from the other side, and they could find no hiding place.

All along the ridge they fell, until when they reached the head of Tuckaseigee not more than half a dozen were left alive, and in their despair they sat down and cried out for mercy. The Nunnehi chief told them that they deserved their punishment for attacking a peaceful tribe, and he spared their lives and told them to go home and tell their people. It was the custom of the Indians to spare some to carry the news of battle and defeat. Then the Nunnehi went back to the mound, and have been there ever since.

They are there now, for when a strong army of Federal troops came to surprise a handful of Confederates in the last war, they saw so many soldiers guarding the town that they were afraid and went away without making an attack.

## MYTH THIRTY-SEVEN.

*Kanasta, the Lost Settlement.*

Long ago, while the people still lived in the old town of Kanasta, on Toh-kee-os-tee, (French Broad) two strangers, who looked in no way different from the other Cherokee, came into the settlement one day and made their way into the chief's house.

After the first greetings were over, the chief asked them from what town they came, thinking they were from one of the western settlements, but they said, "We are of your people and our town is close at hand, but you have never seen it. Here you have wars and sickness, with enemies on every side, and after awhile a stronger enemy will come and take your country from you. We are always happy, and we have come to invite you to live with us in our town over there," and they pointed toward Tsuwatelda (Pilot Knob). We do not live forever, and do not always find game when we go for it, for game belongs to Tsulkalu, who lives in Tsunegunyi, but we have peace always and do not think of danger. We go now, but if your people will live with us, let them fast seven days and we will come then and take them."

Then they went away toward the west. The chief called the people together into the town-house, and they held a council over the matter and decided at last to go with the strangers. They got all of their property ready for moving, and then went again into the town-house and began their fast. They fasted six days and on the morning of the seventh, before yet the sun was high, they saw a great company coming along the trail from the west, led by the two men who had stopped

with the chief. They seemed just like Cherokee from another settlement, and after a friendly meeting they took up a part of the goods to be carried, and the two parties started back together for Tsuwatelda.

There was one man visiting at Kanasta, and he went along with them. When they came to the mountain the two guides led the way into a cave, which opened out like a great door in the side of the rock. Inside they found an open country and a town, with houses ranged in two long rows from east to west. The mountain people lived in the houses on the south side, and they had made ready the other houses for the newcomers. but even after the people of Kanasta, with their children and their belongings, had moved in, there were still a large number of houses waiting ready for the next who might come. The mountain people told them that there was another town of a different people, above them in another mountain, and still farther above, at the very top, lived the Ani-Hyuntikwalaski (the Thunders).

Now all the people of Kanasta were settled in their new homes, but the man who had only been visiting with them wanted to go back to his own friends. Some of the mountain people wanted to prevent this, but the chief said, "No, let him go if he will, and when he tells his friends they may want to come, too. There is plenty of room for all." Then he said to the man, "Go back and tell your friends that if they want to come and live with us and always be happy, there is a place here ready and waiting for them. Others of us live in Datsunalasgunyi and in the high mountains all around, and if they would rather go to any of them, it will be all the same. We see you wherever you go, and are with you in all of your dances, but you cannot see us unless you fast. If you want to see us, fast four days, and we will come



and talk with you; and then if you want to live with us, fast again seven days, and we will come and take you." Then the chief led the man through the cave to the outside of the mountain and left him there, but when the man looked back he saw no cave, but only the solid rock. The people of the Lost Settlement were never seen again and they are still living in Tauwatelda. Strange things happen there, so that the Cherokee know that the mountain is haunted and do not like to go near it. Only a few years ago a party of hunters camped there, and as they sat around their fire at supper time they talked of the story and made rough jokes of the people of old Kanasta. That night they were aroused from sleep by a noise as of stones thrown at them from among the trees, but when they searched they could find nobody, and were so frightened that they gathered up their guns and pouches and left the place.

### MYTH THIRTY-EIGHT.

#### *Hemp-Carrier.*

On the southern slope of the ridge, along the trail from Robbinsville to Valley river, in Cherokee County, North Carolina, are the remains of a number of stone cairns. The piles are level now, but fifty years ago the stones were still heaped up in pyramids, to which every Cherokee who passed added a stone. According to the tradition these piles marked the graves of a number of women and children of the tribe who were surprised and killed on the spot by a raiding party of Iroquois shortly before

the final peace between the two nations. As soon as the news was brought to the settlement on Hiwassee and Cheowa, a party was made under Taletanigiski, "Hemp-Carrier," to follow and take vengeance on the enemy.

Among others of the party was the father of the noted chief, Tsunulahunski, or Junaluska, who (Junaluska) died in about the year 1855, who was also the chief and hero of the battle of Horseshoe Bend. For days they followed the trail of the Iroquois across the Great Smoky Mountains, thru forests and over rivers, until finally they tracked them to their very town in the far Seneca country.

On the way they met another war party headed for the south, and the Cherokee killed them all and took their scalps.

When they came near the Seneca town it was almost night, and they heard shouts in the town-house, where the women were dancing over the fresh scalps of the Cherokee. The avengers hid themselves near the spring, and as the dancers came down to drink, the Cherokee silently killed one and another until they had counted as many scalps as had been taken on Cheowa, and still the dancers in the town-house never thought that enemies were near. Then said the Cherokee leader, "We have covered the scalps of our women and children. Shall we go home now like cowards, or shall we raise the war-whoop and let the Seneca know that we are men?" "Let them come if they will," said the men, and they raised the scalp yell of the Cherokees.

At once there was an answering shout from the town-house, and the dance came to a sudden close. The Seneca swarmed out with ready gun and hatchet, but the nimble Cherokee were off and away. There was a hot pursuit in the darkness, but the Cherokee knew the trails

and were light and active runners, and managed to get away with the loss of only one man. The rest got home safely, and the people were so well pleased with Hemp-Carrier's bravery and success that they gave him seven wives.



**Chimney Rock.**

"Like a monolith it rises  
To a grand majestic height."

PART IV

GLOSSARY OF CHEROKEE  
WORDS

## GLOSSARY OF CHEROKEE WORDS.

The Cherokee language has the continental vowel sounds a, e, i, and u, but lacks o, which is replaced by a deep a. The obscure or short u is frequently nasalized, but the nasal sound is seldom heard at the end of a word. The only labial is m, which occurs in probably not more than half a dozen words in the Upper and Middle dialects, and is entirely absent from the Lower dialect, in which w takes its place. The characteristic l of the Upper and Middle dialects becomes r in the Lower, but no dialect has both sounds of these letters, but g and d are medials, approximating the sounds of k and t respectively. A frequent double consonant is ts, commonly rendered ch by the old traders.

a as in far.

ă as in what, or obscure as in showman.

à as in law, all.

d medial (semisonant), approximating t.

e as in they.

ě as in net.

g medial (semisonant), approximating k.

h as in hat.

i as in pique.

ĩ as in pick.

k as in kick.

l as in lull.

‘l surd l (sometimes written hl), nearly the Welsh ll.

m as in man.

n as in not.

r takes place of l in Lower dialect.

s as in sin.

- t as in top.  
 u as in rule.  
 u as in cut.  
 ûñ û nasalized.  
 w as in wit.  
 y as in you.  
 ' a slight aspirate, sometimes indicating the omission of a vowel.

A number of English words, with cross references, have been introduced into the glossary.

ada'lanun'sti—a staff or cane.

adan'ta—soul.

ada'wehi—a magician or supernatural being.

ada'wehi'yu—a very great magician; intensive form of ada'wehi.

a'gana—groundhog.

A'gansta'ta—"groundhog-sausage," from a'gana, groundhog, and tsista'u, "I am pounding it," understood to refer to pounding meat, etc., in a mortar, after having first crisped it before the fire. A war chief, noted in the Cherokee war of 1760, and prominent until about the close of the Revolution, known to the whites as Oconostota. Also the Cherokee name for Colonel Gideon Morgan of the war of 1812, for Washington Morgan, his son, of the Civil war, and now for a full-blood upon the reservation, known to the whites as Morgan Calhoun.

A'gan-uni'tsi—"Ground-hog's mother," from a'gana and uni'tsi, their mother, plural of utsi', his mother (etsi', agitsi', my mother). The Cherokee name of the Shawano captive, who, according to tradition, killed the great Uktena serpent and procured the Ulunsu'ti.

Agawe'la—"Old Woman," a formulistic name for corn or the spirit corn.

agayun'li—for agayunlige, old, ancient.

agida'ta—see eda'ta.

agidutu—see edu'tu.

Agi'li—"He is rising," possibly a contraction of an old personal name. Agin'-agi'li, "Rising-fawn." Major George Lawrey, cousin of Sequoya, and assistant chief of the Cherokee Nation about 1840. Stanley incorrectly makes it "Keeth-la, or Dog" for gi'li'.

agin'si—see eni'si.

agi'si—female, applied usually to quadrupeds.

Agis'-e'gwa—"Great Female," possibly "Great Doe." A being, probably an animal god invoked in the sacred formulas.

agitsi'—see etsi'.

Agitsta'ti'yi—"where they stayed up all night," from tsigitsun'tihu, "I stay up all night." A place in the Great Smoky range about the head of Noland creek, in Swain County, N. C.

Aguaquiri—see Guaquili.

Ahalu'na—"Ambush," Ahalunun'yi, "Ambush place," or Uni'halu'na, "where they ambushed," from akalu'ga, "I am watching." Soco gap, at the head of Soco creek, on the line between Swain and Haywood counties, N. C. The name is also applied to the lookout station for deer hunters.

ahanu'lahi—"he is bearded," from ahanu'lahu, a beard.

Ahu'lude'gi—"He throws away the drum" (habitual), from ahu'li, drum, and akwade'gu, "I am throwing it away" (round object). The Cherokee name of John Jolly, a noted chief and adopted father of Samuel Houston, about 1800.



ahyeli'ski—a mocker or mimic.

akta'—eye; plural, dikta'.

akta'ti—a telescope or field glass. The name denotes something with which to examine or look into closely, from akta', eye.

akwandu'li—a song form for akwidu'li (-hu,) "I want it."

Akwan'ki—see Anakwan'ki.

Akwe'ti'yi—a location on Tuckasegee river, in Jackson county, North Carolina; the meaning of the name is lost.

Alarka—see Yalagi.

aliga'—the red-horse fish (*Moxostoma*).

Alkini'—the last woman known to be of Natchez decent and peculiarity among the East Cherokee; died about 1890. The name has no apparent meaning.

ama'—water; in the Lower dialect, awa'; cf. a'ma salt.

amaye'hi—"dwelling in the water," from ama' (ama'yi, "in the water") and ehu', "I dwell," "I live."

Amaye'l-e'gwa—"Great island," from amaye'li, island (from ama', water, and aye'li, "in the middle") and e'gwa, great. A former Cherokee settlement on Little Tennessee river, at Big island, a short distance below the mouth of Tellico, in Monroe county, Tenn. Timberlake writes it Mialaquo, while Bartram spells it Nilaque. Not to be confounded with Long-Island town below Chattanooga.

Amaye'li-gunahi'ta—"Long-island," from amaye'li, island, and gunahi'ta, long. A former Cherokee settlement, known to the whites as Long-Island town, at the Long-island in Tennessee river, on the Tennessee-Georgia line. It was one of the Chickamauga towns (see Tsikama'gi).

ama'yine'hi—"dwellers in the water," plural of amaye'hi.  
Anada'duntaski—"roasters," i. e., cannibals; from  
gun'tasku', "I am putting it (round) into the fire  
to roast." The regular word for cannibals is  
Yun'wini'giski, q. v.

anagahun'unsku'—the green-corn dance; literally, "they  
are having a green-corn dance"; the popular name  
is not a translation of the Cherokee word, which  
has no reference either to corn or dancing.

Anakwan'ki—the Delaware Indians; singular Akwan'ki,  
a Cherokee attempt at Wapanaqki, "Easterners,"  
the Algonquian name by which, in various cor-  
rupted forms, the Delawares are commonly known  
to the western tribes.

Anantoeah—see Ani'Nun'dawe'gi.

a'ne'tsa, or a'net'sa'gi—the ball-play.

a'net'sa'unski—a ball-player; literally, "a lover of the  
ball-play."

ani'—a tribal and animate prefix.

ani'da'wehi—plural of ada'wehi.

a'niganti'ski—see dagan'tu.

Ani'Gatage'wi—one of the seven Cherokee clans. The  
name has now no meaning, but has been absurdly  
rendered "Blind savana," from an incorrect idea  
that it is derived from Iga'ti, a swamp or savanna,  
and dige'wi, blind.

Ani-Gila'hi—"Long-haired people," one of the seven  
Cherokee clans; singular, Agila'hi. The word  
comes from agila'hi (perhaps connected with  
afi'lge-ni, "the back of (his) neck"), an archaic  
term denoting wearing the hair long or flowing  
loosely, and usually recognized as applying more  
particularly to a woman.

Ani'-Gili'—a problematic tribe, possibly the Congaree.

The name is not connected with gi'li', dog.

Ani'-Gusa—see Ani'Ku'sa.

a'nigwa—soon after; dine'tlana a'nigwa, "soon after the creation."

Ani'-Hyun'tikwala'ski—"The Thunders," i. e., thunder, which in Cherokee belief, is controlled and caused by a family of supernaturals. The word has reference to making a rolling sound; cf. tikwale'lu, a wheel, hence a wagon; ama'-tikwalelunyi, "rolling water place," applied to a cascade where the water falls along the surface of the rock; ahyun'tikwala'-stihu', "it is thundering," applied to the roar of a railroad train or waterfall.

Ani'-Kawi'—"Deer people," one of the seven Cherokee clans; the regular form for deer is a'wi'.

Ani'-Kawi'ta—the Lower Creeks, from Kawi'ta or Coweta, their former principal town on Chattahoochee river near the present Columbus, Ga.; the Upper Creeks on the head streams of Alabama river were distinguished as Ani'-Ku'sa (q. v.) A small creek of Little Tennessee river above Franklin, in Macon county, N. C., is now known as Coweeta creek.

Ani'-Kitu'hwagi—"Kitu'hwa people," from Kitu'hwa (q. v.), an ancient Cherokee settlement.

Ani'-Ku'sa or Ani'-Gu'sa—the Creek Indians, particularly the Upper Creeks on the waters of Alabama river; singular A'Ku'sa or Coosa (Spanish, Coca, Cossa) their principal ancient town.

Ani'-Kuta'ni (also Ani'-Kwata'ni, or incorrectly, Nico-tani)—traditional Cherokee priestly society or clan exterminated in a popular uprising.

anina'hilidahi—"creatures that fly about," from tsina'i'li,  
 "I am flying," tsina'ilida'hu, "I am flying about."

The generic term for birds and flying insects.

Ani'-Na'tsi—abbreviated Anintsi, singular A-Na'tsi.  
 The Natchez Indians. From coincidence with  
 na'tsi, pine, the name has been incorrectly ren-  
 dered "Pine Indians," whereas it is really a Che-  
 rokee plural name of the Natchez.

Anin'tsi—see Ani'Na'tsi.

Ani'Nundawe'gi—singular, Nun'dawe'gi; the Iroquois,  
 more particularly the Seneca, from Nundawao,  
 the name by which the Seneca call themselves.  
 Adair spells it Anantooeah. The tribe was also  
 known as Ani'-Se'nika.

Ani'-Saha'ni—one of the seven Cherokee clans; possibly  
 an archaic form for "Blue people," from sa'ka'ni,  
 sa'ka'nige'i, blue.

Ani'-Sa'ni, Ani'-Sawaha'ni—see Ani'-Sawanu'gi.

Ani'-Sawanu'gi (singular Sawanu'gi)—the Shawano In-  
 dians. Ani'-sa'ni and Ani'-Sawaha'ni may be the  
 same.

Ani'-Se'nika—see Ani'Nundawe'gi.

Anisga'ya Tsunsi' (ga)—"The Little Men"; the Thun-  
 der Boys in Cherokee mythology.

Ani'-sgayaiyi—"Men town" (?), a traditional Cherokee  
 settlement on Valley river, in Cherokee county,  
 North Carolina.

Ani'sgi'na—plural of asgi'na, q. v.

Ani'-Skala'li—the Tuscarora Indian; singular, Skala'li  
 or A-Skala'li.

Ani'skwa'ni—Spaniards; singular, Askwa'ni.

Ani'-Suwa'li—or Ani'-Swqa'la—the Suala, Sara or  
 Cheraw Indians, formerly about the headwaters

of Broad river, North Carolina, the Xuala province of the De Soto chronicle, and Joara or Juada of the later Pardo narrative.

Ani'ta'gwa—the Catawba Indians; singular, Ata'gwa or Tagwa.

Ani'-Tsa'guhi—the Cherokee clan, transformed to bears according to tradition. Swimmer's daughter bears the name Tsaguhi, which is not recognized as distinctively belonging to either sex.

Ani'-Tsa'lagi—the Cherokee.

Ani'-Tsa'ta—the Choctaw Indians; singular, Tsa'ta.

Ani'-Tsi'ksu—the Chickasaw Indians; singular, Tsi'ksu.

Ani'-Tsi'skwa—"Bird people"; one of the seven Cherokee clans.

Ani'-Tsu'tsa—"The Boys," from atsu'tsa, boy; the Pleiades.

Ani'-Wa'di—"Paint people"; one of the seven Cherokee clans.

Ani'-Wa'dihi—"Place of the Paint people or clan"; Paint town, a Cherokee settlement on lower Soco creek, within the reservation in Jackson and Swain counties, North Carolina. It takes its name from the Ani'-Wa'di or Paint clan.

ani'wani'ski—the bugle weed, *Lycopus virginicus*; literally, "the talk" or "talkers," from tsiwa'nihu, "I am talking," awaniski, "he talks habitually."

Ani'-Wasa'si—the Osage Indians; singular, Wasa'si.

Ani'-Wa'ya—"Wolf people"; the most important of the seven clans of the Cherokee.

Ani'-Yun'wiya—Indians, particularly Cherokee Indians; literally "principal or real people," from yunwi, person, ya, a suffix implying principal or real, and ani', the tribal prefix.

Ani'-Yu'tsi—the Yuchi or Uchee Indians; singular, Yu'tsi.

Annie Ax—see Sadayi'.

Aquone—a post-office on Nantahala river, in Mason county, North Carolina, site of the former Fort Scott. Probably a corruption of egwani, river.

Arch, John—see Atsi.

Asa'gwalihu'—a pack or burden; asa'gwal lu', or asa'gwi li', "there is a pack on him."

asehi'—surely.

Ase'nika—singular of Ani'-Se'nika.

asga'ya—man.

asga'ya Gi'gagei—the "Red Man"; the Lightning spirit.

asgi'na—a ghost, either human or animal; from the fact that ghosts are commonly supposed to be malevolent, the name is frequently rendered "devil."

Asheville—see Kasdu'yi and Unta'kiyasti'yi.

asi—the sweat lodge and occasional winter sleeping apartment of the Cherokee and other southern tribes. It was a low built structure of logs covered with earth and from its closeness and the fire usually kept smoldering within was known to the old traders as the "hot house."

asiyu' (abbreviated siyu')—good; the common Cherokee salute; ga'siyu', "I am good"; hasiyu', "thou art good"; a'siyu, "he (it) is good"; astu, "very good."

Askwa'ni—a Spaniard. See Ani'skwa'ni.

astu'—very good; astu tsiki', very good, best of all.

Astu'gata'ga—A Cherokee lieutenant in the Confederate service killed in 1862. The name may be rendered, "Standing in the doorway," but implies that the man himself is the door or shutter; it has no first person; gata'ga, "he is standing"; stuti, a door or shutter; stuhu, a closed door or passage; stugi'sti, a key, i. e., something with which to open the door.

asun'tli, asuntlun'yu—a footlog or bridge; literally, “log lying across,” from asi'ta, log.

ata'—wood; ata'ya, “principal wood,” i. e., oak; cf. Muscogee iti, wood.

Ata'-gul kalu'—a noted Cherokee chief, recognized by the British government as the head chief or “emperor” of the Nation, about 1760 and later, and commonly known to the whites as the Little Carpenter (Little Cornplanter, by mistake, in Haywood). The name is frequently spelled Attakulla-kulla, Ata-kullakulla or Ata-culculla. It may be rendered “Leaning wood,” from ata', “Wood” and gul kalu, a verb implying that something long is leaning, without sufficient support, against some other object; it has no first person form. Bart-ram describes him as “A man of remarkably small stature, slender and of a delicate frame, the only instance I saw in the Nation; but he is a man of superior abilities.”

Ata'gwa—a Catawba Indian.

Atahi'ta—abbreviated from Atahitun'yi, “Place where they shouted,” from gata'hiu', “I shout,” and yi, locative. Waya gap, on the ridge west of Franklin, Macon county, North Carolina. The map name is probably from the Cherokee wa ya, wolf.

Ata-Kullakulla—see Ata'-gul kalu'.

a'tali—mountain; in the Lower dialect a'tari, whence the “Ottare” or Upper Cherokee of Adair. The form a'tali is used only in composition; and mountain in situ is atalunyi or gatu'si.

a'tali-guli'—“it climbs the mountain,” i. e., “mountain-climber”; the ginseng plant, *Ginseng quinquefolium*; from a'tali, mountain, and guli', “it climbs” (habitually); tsilahi' or tsili', “I am

climbing." Also called in the sacred formulas, Yun'wi Usdi', "Little man."

Atala'nuwa—"Tla'nuwa hole"; the Cherokee name of Chattanooga, Tennessee (see tsatanu'gi); originally applied to a bluff on the south side of the Tennessee river, at the foot of the present Market street.

a'talulu—unfinished, premature, unsuccessful; whence utalu'li, "it is not yet time."

Ata'lunti'ski—a chief of the Arkansas Cherokee about 1818, who had originally emigrated from Tennessee. The name, commonly spelled Tollunteskee, Taluntiski, Tallotiskee, Tallotuskee, etc., denotes one who throws some living object from a place, as an enemy from a precipice.

A'tari—see a'tali.

atasi' (or atasa', in a dialectic form)—a war-club.

atatsun'ski—stinging; literally, "he stings" (habitually).

A'tsi—the Cherokee name of John Arch, one of the earliest native writers in the Sequoya characters. The word is simply an attempt at the English name Arch.

atsi'la—fire; in the Lower dialect, atsi'ra.

Atsi'la-wa'i—"Fire—"; a mountain sometimes known as Rattlesnake knob, about two miles northeast of Cherokee, Swain county, N. C.

Atsil'-dihye'gi—"Fire-Carrier"; apparently the Cherokee name for the will-of-the-wisp. As is usually the case in the Cherokee compounds, the verbal form is plural ("it carries fire"); the singular form is ahye'gi.

Atsil'-sunti (abbreviated tsil'-sunti)—fleabane (*Erigeron canadense*); the name signifies "material with which to make fire," from atsi'la, fire, and gasunti,



gatsunti or gatlunti), material with which to make something, from fasun'sku (or gatlung'sku), "I make it." The plant is also called ihya'ga.

atsil'-tluntu'tsi—"fire-panther." A meteor or comet.

A'tsina'—cedar.

A'tsina'-k ta'um—"Hanging cedar place"; from a'tsina', cedar, and k ta'un, "where it (long) hangs down"; a Cherokee name for the old Taskigi town on the Little Tennessee river in Monroe county, Tenn.

Atsi'ra—see atsi'la.

Atsun'sta ti'yi (abbreviated Atsun'sta ti)—"Fire-light place," referring to the "fire-hunting" method of killing deer in the river at night. The proper form for Chestatee river, near Dahlonega, in Lumpkin county, Ga.

Attakullakulla—see Ata-gul kalu'.

awa'—see ama'.

awa'hili—eagle; particularly *Aquila Chrysaetus*, distinguished as the "pretty-feathered eagle."

awi'—deer; also sometimes written and pronounced ahawi'; the name is sometimes applied to the large horned beetle, the flying stag of early writers.

awi'-ahanu'lahi—goat; literally "bearded deer."

awi'-ahyeli'ski—"deer mocker"; the deer bleat, a sort of whistle used by hunters to call the doe by imitating the cry of the fawn.

awi'-akta'—"deer eye"; the *Rudbeckia* or black-eyed Susan.

awi'-e'gwa (abbreviated aw-e'gwa)—the elk, literally "great deer."

awi'-unade'na—sheep; literally "woolly deer."

Awi'Usdi—"Little Deer," the mythic chief of the Deer tribe.

Ax, Annie—see Sadayi'.

Ax, John—see Itagu'nahi.

awe li—half, middle, in the middle.

Ayphwa'si—the proper form of the name commonly written Hiwassee. It signifies a savanna or meadow and was applied to two (or more) former Cherokee settlements. The more important, commonly distinguished as Ayuhwa'si Egwa'hi or Great Hiwassee, was on the north bank of Hiwassee river at the present Savannah ford above Columbus, in Polk county, Tenn. The other was farther up the same river, at the junction of Peach-tree creek, above Murphy, in Cherokee county, N. C. Lanman writes it Owassa.

Ayrate—see e'ladi'.

Ays'ta—"The Spoiler," from tsiya'stihu, "I spoil it"; cf. uya'i, bad. A prominent woman and informant on the East Cherokee reservation.

Ayun'ini—"Swimmer"; literally, "he is swimming," from gayunini', "I am swimming." A principal priest and informant of the East Cherokee, died in 1899.

Ayulsu'—see Dayulsun'yi.

Beaverdam—see Uy'gila'gi.

Big-Cove—see Ka'lanun'yi.

Big-Island—see Amaye'l-e'gwa.

Big-Witch—see Tskil-e'gwa.

Bird-Town—see Tsiskwa'hi.

Bloody-Fellow—see Iskagua.

Blythe—see Diskwani.

Black-fox—see Ina'li.

Boudinot, Elias—see Galagi'na.

Bowl, The; Bowles, Colonel—see Diwali.

Brass—see Untsaiyi'.

Brasstown—see Itse'yi.

Breadth, The—see Unli'ta.

Briertown—see Kanu'gula'yi.

Buffalo (creek)—see Yunsa'i.

Bull-Head—see Sukwale'na.

Butler, John—see Tsan'uga'sita.

Cade's Cove—see Tsiya'hi.

Canacaught—"Canacaught, the great Conjuror," mentioned as a Lower Cherokee chief in 1684; possibly kanegwa'ti, the water-moccasin snake.

Canaly—see hi'gina'lii.

Canasagua—see Gansa'gi.

Cannastion, Cannostee—see Kana'sta.

Canuga—see Kanu'ga.

Cartoogaja—see Gatu'gitse'yi.

Cataluchee—see Gadalu'tsi.

Cauchi—a place, apparently in the Cherokee county, visited by Pardo in 1567.

Caunasaita—given as the name of a Lower Chief in 1684; possibly for Kanunsi'ta, "dogwood."

Chalague—see Tsa'lagi.

Chattanooga—see Tsatanu'gi.

Chattooga, Chatuga—see Tsatu'gi.

Cheeowhee—see Tsiya'hi.

Cheerake—see Tsa'lagi.

Cheraw—see Ani'-Suwa'li.

Cheowa—see Tsiya'hi.

Cheowa Maximum—see Schwate'yi.

Cheraqui—see Tsa'lagi.

Cherokee—see Tsa'lagi.

Chestatee—see Atsun'sta ti'yi.

Chestua—see Tsistu'yi.

Cheucunsene—see Tsi'kama'gi.

Chilhowee—see Tsu lun'we.

- Chimney Tops—see Duni'skwa lgun'i.
- Chisca—mentioned in the De Soto narratives as a mining region in the Cherokee country. The name may have a connection with Tsi'skwa, "bird," possibly Tsiskwa'hi, "Bird place."
- Choastea—see Tsistu'yi.
- Chopped Oak—see Digalu'yatun'yi.
- Choquata—see Itsa'ti.
- Citico—see Si'tiku'.
- Clear-sky—see Iskagua.
- Clennuse—see Tlanusi'yi.
- Cleveland—see Tsistetsi'yi.
- Coca—see Ani'-Ku'sa.
- Coco—see Kuku'.
- Cohutta—see Gahu'ti.
- Colanneh, Colona—see Ka'lanu.
- Conasauga—see Gansa'gi.
- Conneross—see Kawan'-ura'sunyi.
- Coosawatee—see Ku'saweti'yi.
- Cooweescoowee—see Gu'wisguwi'.
- Coosa—see Ani'-Ku'sa, Kusa.
- Corani—see Ka'lanu.
- Cowee'—see Kawi'yi.
- Coweeta, Coweta—see Ani'-Kawi'ta.
- Coyatee (variously spelled Cawatie, Coiatee, Coytee, Coytoy, Kai-a-tee)—a former Cherokee settlement on Little Tennessee river, some ten miles below the junction of Tellico, about the present Coytee post-office in Loudon county, Tennessee.
- Creek-path—see Ku'sa-nunna'hi.
- Crow-town—see Kagun'yi.
- Cuhtahlatah—a Cherokee woman noted in the Wahnauhi manuscript as having distinguished herself by bravery in battle. The proper form may

have some connection with gatul'lati, "wild hemp."

Cullasagee—see Kulse'tsi'yi.

Culowhee, Currahee—see Gulahi'yi.

Cuttawa—see Kitu'hwa.

Dagan tu—"he makes it rain"; from aga'ska, "it is raining," aga'na, "it has begun to rain"; a small variety of lizard whose cry is said to presage rain. It is also called a'niganti'ski, "they make it rain" (plural form), or rain-maker.

dagul ku—the American white-fronted goose. The name may be an onomatope.

dagu'na—the fresh-water mussel; also a variety of face pimples.

Dagun'hi—"Mussel place," from dagu'na, mussel, and hi, locative. The Mussel shoals on Tennessee river, in northwestern Alabama. It was sometimes called also simply Tsu stanalun'yi, "Shoal's place."

Dagu'nawa'lahi—"Mussel-liver place," from dagu'na, mussel, uwe'la, liver, and hi, locative; the Cherokee name for the site of Nashville, Tenn. No reason can now be given for the name.

Dahlonga—A town in Lumpkin county, Ga., near which the first gold was mined. A mint was established there in 1838. The name is from the Cherokee dala'nige'i, yellow, whence ate'la-dala'-nige'i, "yellow money," i. e., gold.

daksawa'ihu—"he is shedding tears."

dakwa'—a mythic great fish; also the whale.

Dakwa'i—"dakwa place," from a tradition of a dakwa' in the river at that point. A former Cherokee settlement, known to the traders as Toqua or Toco, on Little Tennessee river, about the mouth

of Toco creek in Monroe county, Tenn. A similar name and tradition attaches to a spot on the French Broad river, about six miles above the Warm springs, in Buncombe county, N. C.

dakwa'nitlastesti—"I shall have them on my legs for garters"; from anitla'sti (plural dinitla'sti), garter; d-, initial plural; akwa, first person particle; and esti, future suffix.

da'liksta—"vomiter," from dagik'stihu', "I am vomiting," daliksta', "he vomits" (habitually); the form is plural. The spreading adder (*Heterodon*), also sometimes called kwandaya'hu, a word of uncertain etymology.

Da nagasta—for Da' nawa-gasta'ya, "Sharp-war," i. e., "Eager-warrior; a Cherokee woman's name.

Da' nawa-(a)sa tsun'yi, "War-ford," from da' nawa, war, and asa tsun'yi, "a crossing-place or ford. A ford on Cheowa river about three miles below Robbinsville, in Graham county, N. C.

Danda'ganu—"Two looking at each other," from detsi'ganu', "I am looking at him." A former Cherokee settlement, commonly known as Lookout Mountain town, on Lookout Mountain creek, near the present Trenton, Dade county, Ga. One of the Chickamauga towns (see Tsi'kama'gi), so-called on account of the appearance of the mountains facing each other across the Tennessee river at Chattanooga.

Da'si giya'gi—an old masculine personal name, of doubtful etymology, but commonly rendered by the traders "Shoe-boots," possibly referring to some peculiar style of moccasin or leggin. A chief known to the whites as Shoe-boots is mentioned in the Revolutionary records. Chief Lloyd Welch,

of the eastern band, was known in the tribe as Da'si giya'gi, and the same name is now used by the East Cherokee as the equivalent of the name Lloyd.

Da'skwitun'yi—"Rafter's Place," from daskwitun'i, rafters, and yi, locative. A former settlement on Tusquittee creek, near Hayesville, in Clay county, North Carolina.

dasun'tali—ant; dasun'tali, "stinging ant," the large red cowant (*Myrmica?*), also called sometimes, on account of its hard body-case, nun'yunu'wi, "stone-clad," after the fabulous monster.

Datle'yasta'i—"where they fell down," a point on Tuckasegee river, a short distance above Webster, in Jackson county, North Carolina.

datsi—a traditional water-monster.

Datsi'yi—"Datsi place"; a place on Little Tennessee river, near junction of Eagle creek, in Swain county, North Carolina.

Datsu'nalagun'yi—"where there are tracks or footprints," from uta'sinun'yi or ulasgun'yi, footprint. Track Rock gap, near Blairsville, Georgia. Also sometimes called De'gayelun'ha, "place of branded marks."

da'yi—beaver.

Dayulsun'yi—"place where they cried," a spot on the ridge at the head of Tuckasegee river, in Jackson county, North Carolina; so-called from an old tradition.

da'yuni'si—"beaver's grandchild," from dayi, beaver, and uni'si, son's child of either sex. The water beetle or mellow bug.

Degal gun'yi—a cairn, literally "where they are piled up"; a series of cairns on the south side of Cheowa river, in Graham county, N. C.

De'gata'ga—The Cherokee name of General Stamd Watie and of a prominent early western chief known to the whites as Takatoka. The word is derived from tsita'ga, "I am standing," da nita'ga "they are standing together," and conveys the subtle meaning of two persons standing together and so closely united in sympathy as to form but one human body.

De'gayelun'ha—see Datsu'nalagun'yi.

detsanun'li—an enclosure or piece of level ground cleared for ceremonial purposes; applied more particularly to the green-corn dance ground. The word has a plural form, but cannot be certainly analyzed.

De'tsata—a Cherokee sprite.

detsinu'lahungu—"I tried, but failed."

Didalaski'yi—"Showering place." In the story (number 17) the name is understood to mean "the place where it rains fire." It signifies literally, however, the place where it showers, or comes down, and lodges upon something animate and has no definite reference to fire (atsi'la) or rain (afaska, "it is raining"); degalasku', "they are showering down and lodging upon him."

Dida'skasti'yi—"where they were afraid of each other," a spot on Little Tennessee river, near the mouth of Alarka creek, in Swain county, N. C.

diga'gwani—the mud-hen or didapper. The name is plural form and implies "lame," or "crippled in the legs" (cf. detsi'nigwa'na, "I am kneeling"). probably from the bouncing motion of the bird when in the water. It is also the name of a dance.

Diga'kati'yi—see Gakati'yi.

di'galungun'yi—"where it rises, or comes up"; the east. The sacred term is Nunda'yi, q. v.



digalun'latiyun—a height, one of a series, from galun'lati, "above."

Digalu'yatun'yi—"where it is gashed (with hatchets)"; from tsilu'yu, "I am cutting (with a chopping stroke)," di, plural prefix, and yi, locative. The Chopped Oak, formerly east of Clarkesville, Ga.

Digane'ski—"he picks them up" (habitually), from tsine'u, "I am picking it up." A Cherokee Union soldier in the Civil War.

digi'gage'i—the plural of gi'gage'i, red.

digu'lanahi'ta—for digu'li-anahi'ta, "having long ears," "long-eared"; from gule, "ear" and gunahi'ta, "long."

Dihyun'dula—"sheaths," or "scabbards"; singular ahyun'dula, "a gun-sheath," or other scabbard. The probable correct form of a name which appears in Revolutionary documents as "Untoola, or Gum Rod."

Dikta'—plural of Akta', eye.

dila'—skunk.

dilsta'yati—"scissors"; the water-spider (*Dolomedes*).

dinda'skwate'ski—the violet; the name signifies, "they pull each others' heads off."

dine'tlana—the creation.

di nuski—"the breeder"; a variety of smilax brier.

Disga'gisti'yi—"where they gnaw"; a place on Cheowa river, in Graham county, N. C.

diskwa ni—"chestnut bread," i. e., a variety of bread having chestnuts mixed with it. The Cherokee name of James Blythe, interpreter and agency clerk.

Distai'yi—"they are strong," plural of astai'yi, "strong or tough." The Tephrosia or devil's shoestring.

dista'sti—a mill (generic).

dita'stayerki—"a barber," literally "one who cuts things (as with scissors), from tsista'yu, "I cut." The cricket (tala'tu) is sometimes so-called.

Diwa'li—"Bowl," a prominent chief of the western Cherokee, known to the whites as The Bowl, or Colonel Bowles, killed by the Texans in 1839. The chief mentioned may have been another of the same name.

diya'hali (or duya'hali)—the alligator lizard (*Sceloporus undulatus*).

Diya'hali'yi—"Lizard's place," from diya'hali, lizard, and yi, locative. Joanna Bald, a mountain at the head of Valley river on the line between Cherokee and Graham counties, North Carolina.

Double-Head—see Tal-tsu'ska'.

Dragging-Canoe—see Tsi'yu-gunsi'ni.

Dudun'leksun'yi—"where its legs were broken off"; a place on Tuckasegee river, a few miles above Webster, in Jackson county, N. C.

Dugilu'yi (abbreviated Dugilu', and commonly written Tugaloo, or sometimes Toogelah or Toogoola)—a name occurring in several places in the old Cherokee country, the best known being Tugaloo river, so-called from a former Cherokee settlement of that name situated at the junction of Toccoa creek with the main stream, in Habersham county, Ga. The word is of uncertain etymology; but seems to refer to a place at the forks of a stream.

Dukas'i, Dukwas'i—The correct form of the name commonly written Toxaway, applied to a former Cherokee settlement in S. C., and the creek upon which it stood, and extreme headstream of Keowee river having its source in Jackson county, N. C. The meaning of the name is lost, although it has

been wrongly interpreted to mean "place of shedding tears."

Dulastun'yi—"Potsherd place." A former Cherokee settlement on Nottely river in Cherokee county, North Carolina.

dule'tsi—"kernels," a goitrous swelling upon the throat.  
dulu'si—a variety of frog found upon the headwaters of Savannah river.

Duniya ta lun'yi—"where there are shelves, or flat places," from aya te'ni, flat, whence da'ya tana lun'i, a shelf, and yi, locative. A gap on the Great Smoky range, near Clingman's dome, Swain county, N. C.

Dunidu'lalun'yi—"where they made arrows"; a place on Straight creek, a headstream of Oconaluftee river, in Swain county, N. C.

Duni'skwa lgun'i—the double peak known as the Chimney Tops, in Great Smoky Mountains about the head of Deep creek, in Swain county, N. C. On the north side is the pass known as Indian gap. The name signifies a "forked antler," from uskwa lgu, antler, but indicates that the antler is attached in place, as though the deer itself were concealed below.

Du'stayalun'yi—"where it made a noise as of thunder or shooting," apparently referring to a lightning stroke (detsistaya'hihu), "I make a shooting or thundering noise," might be a first person form used by the personified Thundergod); a spot on Hiwassee river, about the junction of Shooting creek, near Hayesville, in Clay county, N. C. A former settlement along the creek bore the same name.

du'stu'—a species of frog, appearing very early in spring; the name is intended for an onomatopoe. It is the correct form of the name of the chief noted by McKenney and Hall as "Tooantuh or Spring Frog."

Dutch—see Tatsi'.

duwe ga—a spring lizard.

Eagle Dance—see Tsugidu'li ulsgi'sti.

Eastinaulee—see U'stana'li.

Echota, New—see Gansa'gi.

edata—my father (Upper dialect); the Middle and Lower dialect form is agida'ta.

Edi'hi—"He goes about" (habitually); a masculine name.

edutu—my maternal grandfather (Upper dialect); the Middle and Lower dialect form is agidu tu; cf. enisi.

egwa—great; cf. utanu.

egwani—river.

Egwanulti—"By the river," from egwa ni, river, and nulati or nulti, near, beside. The proper form of Oconaluftee, the name of the river flowing thru the East Cherokee reservation in Swain and Jackson Counties, N. C. The town, Oconaluftee, mentioned by Bartram as existing about 1775, was probably on the lower course of the river at the present Birdtown, on the reservation, where was formerly a considerable mound.

ela—earth, ground.

eladi—low, below; in the Lower dialect eradi, whence the Ayrata or Lower Cherokee of Adair, as distinguished from the Ottara (atari, atali) or Upper Cherokee.

elanti—a song form for eladi, q. v.

Elatse'yi, (abbreviated Elatse)—"Green (verdant) earth," from *ela*, earth, and *itse yi*, green, from fresh-springing vegetation. The name of several former Cherokee settlements, commonly known to the whites as Ellijay, Elejoy or Allagae. One of these was upon the headwaters of Keowee river in S. C.; another was on Ellijay creek of Little Tennessee river, near the present Franklin, in Macon Co., N. C.; another was about the present Ellijay in Gilmer Co., Ga.; and still another was on Ellijay creek of Little river, near the present Maryville, in Blount Co., Tenn.

Elawa diyi (abbreviated Elawa di)—"Red-earth place," from *ela*, earth, *wadi*, brown-red or red paint, and *yi*, the locative. 1. The Cherokee name of Yellow-hill settlement, now officially known as Cherokee, the post office and agency headquarters for the East Cherokee, on Oconaluftee river, in Swain Co., N. C. 2. A former council ground known in history as Red Clay; at the site of the present village of that name in Whitfield Co., Ga., adjoining the Tennessee line.

Ellijay—see Elatse'yi.

eni si—my paternal grandfather (Upper dialect); the Middle and Lower dialect form is *agani si*, cf. *edutu*.

Eskagua—see Iskagua.

Estanaula, Estinaula—see U'stana'li.

Etawa ha tsistatla'ski—"Deadwood-lighter," a traditional Cherokee conjurer.

eti—old, long ago.

Etowah—see I'tawa'.

Etsaiyi—see Untsaiyi.

etsi—my mother (Upper dialect); the Middle and Lower dialect form is *agitsi*.

Euharlee—see Yuha'li.

Feather dance—see Tsugidu'li ulsgi'sti.

Fightingtown—see Walas'-unulsti yi.

Flax-toter—see Tale'danigi'ski.

Flying-squirrel—see Ka'lahu'.

Frogtown—see Walasi'yi.

Gadalu'la—the proper name of the mountain known to the whites as Yonah (from *yanu*, bear); or upper Chattahoochee river, in White Co., Ga. The name has no connection with Tallulah (see *Talulu*) and cannot be translated.

Gadalu'tsi—in the corrupted form of *Cataluchee* this appears on the map as the name of a peak, or rather a ridge, on the line between Swain and Haywood counties, N. C., and of a creek running down on the Haywood side into Big Pigeon river. It is properly the name of the ridge only, and seems to refer to a "fringe standing erect," apparently from the appearance of the timber growing in streaks along the side of the mountain; from *wadalu'yata*, fringe, *gadu'ta*, "standing up in a row or series."

*gahawi'siti*—parched corn.

*Gahuti* (*Gahu'ta* and *Gwahu'ti* in dialect forms)—*Co-hutta* mountains in Murray Co., Ga. The name comes from *gahuta'yi*, "ashed roof supported on poles, and refers to a fancied resemblance in the summit.

*Gakati'yi*—"place of setting fire"; something spoken in the plural form, *Diga'kati'yi*, "place of the setting free." A point on Tuckasegee river, about three miles above Bryson City, in Swain Co., N. C.

gaktun'ta—an injunction, command or rule, more particularly a prohibition or ceremonial tabu. Tsiga'te'gu. "I am observing an injunction or tabu"; adakte'gi, "he is under tabu regulations."

Galagi'na—a male deer (buck) or turkey (gobbler); in the first sense the name is sometimes used also for the large horned beetle (*Dynastes tityus*). The Indian name of Elias Boudinot, first Cherokee editor.

gali'sgisida'hu—"I am dancing about"; from gali'sgia, "I am dancing," and edahu, "I am going about."

galunkw'ti'yo—honored; sacred; used in the bible to mean holy, hallowed.

galun'lati—above, on high.

gane'ga—skin.

ganidawa'ski—"the champion catchfly" or "rattlesnake's master" (*Silene stellata*); the name signifies "it disjoins itself," from ganidawsku', "it is unjointing itself," on account of the peculiar manner in which the dried stalk breaks off at the joints.

Gansagi (or Gansagiya)—the name of several former settlements in the old Cherokee country; it cannot be analyzed. One of this name was upon Tuckasegee river, a short distance above the present Webster, in Jackson Co., N. C.; another was on the lower part of Canasauga creek, in McMinn Co., Tenn.; a third was at the junction of Conasauga and Coosawatee rivers, where afterwards was located the Cherokee capital, New Echota, in Gordon Co., Ga.; a fourth, mentioned in the De Soto narratives as Canasoga or Canasagua, was located in 1540 on the upper Chattahoochee river, possibly in the neighborhood of Kennesaw mountain, Ga.

Gansa'ti'yi—"robbing place," from tsina'sahunsku, "I am robbing him." Vengeance creek of Valley river in Cherokee Co., N. C. The name vengeance was originally a white man's nickname for an old Cherokee woman, of forbidding aspect, who lived there before the Removal.

Ganse'ti—a rattle; as the Cherokee dance rattle is made from the gourd, the masculine name, Ganse'ti, is usually rendered by the whites, "rattling-gourd."

gatausti—the wheel and stick of the Southern tribes, incorrectly called nettecwaw by Timberlake.

Gategwa'—for Gategwa'hi, possibly a contraction of Igat(I)-egwa'hi, "Great-swamp, "thicket place." A high peak southeast from Franklin, Macon Co., N. C., and perhaps identical with Fodderstack mountain.

ga'tsu—see hatlu'.

Gatu'gitse'yi (abbreviated Gatu'gitse')—"New-settlement place," from gatu'gi or agatu'gi, town, settlement, itsehi, new, especially applied to new vegetation, and yi, the locative. A former settlement on Cartoogaja creek near the present Franklin, in Macon Co., N. C.

Gatugi'yi—"Town building place," or "Settlement place," from gatu'gi, a settlement, and yi, locative. A place on Santeetla creek, near Robbinsville, in Graham Co., N. C.

Gatun'iti'yi—"Hemp place," from Gatun'lati, "wild hemp" (*Apocynum cannabinum*), and yi, locative. A former Cherokee settlement, commonly known as Hemptown, on the creek of the same name, near Morgantown, in Fannin Co., Ga.

Gatun'wa'li—a noted western Cherokee, about 1842, known to the whites as Hardmush or Big-Mush.



Gatun'wa'li, from ga'tu', "bread," and unwa'li, "made into balls or lumps," is a sort of mush or parched corn meal, made very thick, so that it can be dipped out in lumps almost of the consistency of bread.

ge'i—down stream, down the road, with the current; tsa'gi, up stream.

gese'i—was; a separate word which, when used after the verb in the present tense, makes it past tense without change of form; in the form hi'gese'i it usually accompanies an emphatic repetition.

Ge'yagu'ga (for Age'hya'-guga?)—a formulistic name for the moon (nun'da'); it cannot be analyzed, but seems to contain the word age'hya, "woman." See also nun'da'.

gi'ga—blood; cf. gi'gage'i, red.

gi'ga-danegi'ski—"blood taker," from gi'ga, blood, and ada'negi'ski, "one who takes liquids," from tsi'-negia' (liquid). Another name for the tsane'ni or scorpion lizard.

gi'gage'i—red, bright red, scarlet; the brown-red of certain animals and clays is distinguished as wa'dige'i.

gi'ga-tsuha'li—"bloody-mouth," literally "having blood on the corners of his mouth"; from gi'ga, blood, and tsuhanunsi'yi, the corners of the mouth (aha'li, his mouth). A large lizard, probably the pleistodon.

gili—dog; the Lower dialect, gi'ri.

Gili-dinehun'yi—"where the dogs live," from gili, dog, dinehu', "they dwell" (ehu, "I dwell"), and yi, locative. A place on Oconaluftee river, a short distance above the present Cherokee in Swain Co., N. C.

Gi'li'-utsun'stanun'yi—"where the dog ran," from gili', dog, and Utsun'stanun'yi, "footprints made by an animal running"; the Milky way.

ginunti—a song form for gunu'tii', "to lay him (animate object) upon the ground."

giri—see gi'li'.

Gisehun'yi—"where the female lives," from agi'si, female, and yi, locative. A place on Tuckasegee river a short distance above Bryson City, in Swain Co., N. C.

git'lu—hair. (Upper dialect); in Lower and Middle dialects gitsu.

Glass, The—see Ta'gwadihi'.

Gohoma—A Lower Cherokee chief in 1684; the form cannot be identified.

Going-snake—see I'naduna'i.

Gorhaleka—a Lower Cherokee chief in 1684; the form cannot be identified.

Great Island—see Amayel-e'gwa.

Gregory Bald—see Tsistu'yi.

Guachoula—see Guaxule.

Guaquila (Waki la)—a town in the Cherokee country, visited by De Soto in 1540, and again in 1567 by Pardo, who calls it Aguaquiri, and the name may have a connection with waguli, "Whippoorwill," or with u'wa'gi'li, "foam."

Guasula—see Guaxule.

Gusila—see Guaxule.

Guaxule—a town in Cherokee county, visited in 1540 by De Soto. It was probably about at Nacoochee mound in White Co., Ga.

gu'day'wu—"I have sewed myself together"; "I am sewing," tsiye'wia'; "I am sewing myself together."

gugwe'—the quail or partridge.

gugwe'ulasu'la—"partridge moccasin," from guewe, partridge, and ulasula, moccasin or shoe; the lady slipper.

Gulahi'yi (abbreviated Gulahi', or Gurahi', in the Lower dialect)—"Gula'hi place," so-called from the unidentified spring plant eaten as a salad by the Cherokee. The name of two or more places in the old Cherokee country; one about Currahee mountain, in Habersham Co., Ga., the other on Cullowhee river, an upper branch of Tuckasegee, in Jackson Co., N. C. Currahee Dick was a noted chief about the year 1820.

Gu'lani'yi—a Cherokee and Natchez settlement, formerly about the junction of Brasstown creek with Hiwassee river, a short distance above Murphy, in Cherokee Co., N. C. The etymology of the word is doubtful.

gule'—acorn.

gule'diska'nihi—the turtle-dove; literally "it cries, or mourns, for acorns," from gule, acorn, and diska'nihi', "it cries for them," (di- plural prefix, hi, habitual suffix). The turtle-dove feeds upon acorns and its cry somewhat resembles the name, gule.

gule'gi—"climber," from tsilahi, "I climb" (second person, hi'lahi; third person, gulahi); the blacksnake.

Gul'kala'ski—an earlier name for Tsunu'lahun'ski, q. v.

gul'kwa'gi—seven; also the mole-cricket.

gul'kwa'gine(-i)—seventh; from gul'kwagi, seven.

Gulsadihi (or Gultsadihi'?) a masculine name of uncertain etymology.

gunahi'ti—long.

Gu'nahitun'yi—Long place (i. e., Long valley), from gunahi'ti, long, and yi, locative. A former settlement known to the whites as Valleytown, where now is the town of the same name on Valley river in Cherokee Co., N. C. The various settlements on Valley river and the adjacent part of Hiwassee were known collectively as "Valley towns."

Gun'di'gaduhun'yi (abbreviated Gun'digadu'hun)—"Turkey settlement" (gu'na, turkey), so-called from the chief, Turkey or Little Turkey. A former settlement, known to the whites as Turkeytown, upon the west bank of Coosa river, opposite the present Center, in Cherokee, Co., Ala.

gu'ni—arrow. Cf. Senica, ga'na.

gun'nage'i (or gun'nage) black.

Gunne'hi—see Nunne'hi.

Gunskali'ski—a masculine personal name of uncertain etymology.

Gunters Landing, Guntersville—see Ku'sa-Nunna'hi.

Gun-tuskwa'li—"short arrows," from guni, arrow, and tsuskwa'li, plural of uska'li, short; a traditional western tribe.

Gunun'da'le'gi—see Nunna-hi'dihi.

Gusti—a traditional Cherokee settlement on Tennessee river, near Kingston, Roane Co., Tenn. The name cannot be analyzed.

Gu'wisguwi—The Cherokee name of the chief John Ross, and for the district named in his honor, commonly spelled Cooweescoowee. Properly an onomatopoe for a large bird said to have been seen formerly at infrequent intervals in the old Cherokee country, accompanying the migratory wild geese, and described as resembling a large snipe, with yellow legs and unwebbed feet. In boyhood John Ross was known as Tsan'usdi, "Little John."

Gwal'ga'hi—"Frog-place," from gwal'gu, a variety of frog, and hi, locative. A place on Hiwassee river, just above the junction of Peachtree creek, near Murphy, in Cherokee Co., N. C.; about 1755 the site of a village of refugee Natchez, and later of a Baptist mission.

gwehe'—a cricket's cry.

Ha!—an introductory exclamation intended to attract attention or add emphasis; about equivalent to Here! Now!

Ha'-ma'ma'—a song term compounded of ha! an introductory exclamation, and mama', a word which has no analysis, but is used in speaking to young children to mean "let me carry you on my back."

Hanging-maw—see Uskwa'li-gu'ta.

ha'nia-lil'-lil'—an unmeaning dance refrain.

Hard-mush—see Gatun'wali.

ha'tlu—dialectic form, ga'tsu, "where?" (interrogative).

ha'wiye'ehi', ha'wiye'hyuwe'—unmeaning dance refrains.

hayu'—an emphatic affirmative, about equivalent to "Yes, sir."

hayuya'haniwa'—an unmeaning refrain in one of the bear songs.

he-e!—an unmeaning song introduction.

Hemp-carrier—see Tale'danigi'ski.

Hemptown—see Gatunlti'yi.

hi!—unmeaning dance exclamation.

Hickory-log—see Wane'-asun'tlunyi.

hi'gina'lii—" (you are) my friend"; afina'lii, " (he is) my friend." In white man's jargon, canaly.

Hightower—see I'tawa'.

hila'gu?—how many? how much? (Upper dialect); the Middle dialect form is hungu'.

hilahi'yu—long ago; the final *yu* makes it more emphatic.  
 hi'lunnu—" (thou) go to sleep"; from tsi'lihu', "I am asleep."

hi'ski—five; cf. Mohawk *wisk*. The Cherokee numerals including 10 are as follows: sa'gwu, ta'li, tsa'i, nun'gi, hi'ski, su'tali, gul kwa'gi, tsune'la, aska'hi.

Hiwassee—Ayuhwa'si.

hi'yagu'we—an unmeaning dance refrain.

Houston, Samuel—see Ka'lanu.

huhu—the yellow-breasted chat, or yellow mocking bird (*Icteria virens*); the name is an onomatope.

hunياهو'ska—"he will die."

hwi'lahi—"thou (must) go."

Iau'nigu—an important Cherokee settlement, commonly known to the whites as Seneca, formerly on Keowee river, about the mouth of Conneross creek, in Oconee county, S. C. Hopewell, the country seat of General Pickens, where the famous treaty was made, was near it on the east side of the river. The word cannot be translated, but has no connection with the tribal name, Seneca.

igagu'ti—daylight. The name is sometimes applied to the ulunsu'ti (q. v.) and also to the clematis vine.

i'hya—the cane reed (*Arundinaria*) of the Gulf states, used by the Indians for blow-guns, fishing rods and basketry.

ihya'ga—see atsil'sunti.

inadu'—snake.

I'nadu-na'i—"Going snake," a Cherokee chief prominent about eighty years ago. The name properly signifies that the person is "going along in company with a snake," the verbal part being from the irregular verb asta'i, "I am going along with him."

The name has been given to a district of the present Cherokee Nation.

i'nage'hi—dwelling in the wilderness, an inhabitant of the wilderness; from i'nage'i "wilderness," and ehi, habitual present form of ehu, "he is dwelling"; ge'u, "I am dwelling."

I'nage-utasun'hi—"he who grew up in the wilderness," i. e., "He who grew up wild"; from i'nage'i, "wilderness, unoccupied timber land," and utasun'hi, the third person perfect of the irregular verb ga'tunsku', "I am growing up."

Ina'li—Black-fox; the common red fox in tsu'la (in Muscogee, chula). Black-fox was principal chief of the Cherokee Nation in 1810.

Iskagua—Name for "Clear Sky," formerly "Nenetooyah or the Bloody Fellow." The name appears thus in a document of 1791 as that of a Cherokee chief frequently mentioned about that period under the name of "Bloody Fellow." In one treaty it is given as "Eskaqua or Bloody Fellow." Both forms and etymologies are doubtful, neither form seeming to have any reference either to "sky" (galun'lahi) or "blood" (gi'ga). The first may be intended for Ik-e'gwa, "Great day."

Istanare—see Ustana'li.

Itaba—see I'tawa'.

Itagu'nahi—the Cherokee name of John Ax.

I'tawa'—The name of one or more Cherokee settlements. One, which existed until the Removal in 1838, was upon Etowah river, about the present Hightower, in Forsyth county, Ga. Another may have been on Hightower creek of Hiwassee river in Towns county, Ga. The name, commonly written Etowah and corrupted to Hightower, cannot

be translated and seems not to be of Cherokee origin. A town, called Itaba, Ytaun or Ytava in the De Soto chronicles, existed in 1540 among the Creeks, apparently on Alabama river.

Itsa'ti—commonly spelled Echota, Chota, Chote, Choquata (misprint), etc.; a name occurring in several places in the old Cherokee country; the meaning is lost. The most important settlement of this name, frequently distinguished as Great Echota, was on the south side of Little Tennessee. It was the ancient capital and sacred "Peace town" of the Nation. Little Echota was on Sautee (i. e., Its'ti) creek, a head stream of the Chattahoochee, west of Clarksville, Ga. New Echota, the capital of the Nation for some years before the Removal, was established at a spot originally known as Gansa'gi (q. v.) at the junction of the Oostanaula and Canasauga rivers, in Gordon county, Ga. It was sometimes called Newton. The old Macedonia mission on Soco creek, of the N. C. reservation, is also known as Itas'ti to the Cherokee, as was also the great Nacoochee mound. See Nagutsi'.

Itse'yi—"New green place" or "Place of fresh green," from itse'hi, "green or unripe vegetation," and yi, the locative; applied more particularly to a tract of ground made green by fresh springing vegetation, after having been cleared of timber or burned over. A name occurring in several places in the Old Cherokee country, variously written Echia, Echoee, Etchowee, and sometimes also falsely rendered "Brasstown," from a confusion of Itse'yi with untsaiyi', "brass." One settlement of this name was upon Brasstown creek of Tugaloo river, in Oconee county, S. C.; another was



on Little Tennessee river near the present Franklin, Macon county, N. C., and probably about the junction of Cartoogaja (Gatug-itse'yi) creek; a third, known to the whites as Brasstown, was on upper Brasstown creek of Hiwassee river, in Towns county, Ga. In Cherokee, as in most other Indian languages, no clear distinction is made between green and blue.

i'ya—pumpkin.

i'ya'-iuy'sti—"like a pumpkin," from iya and iyu'sti, like.

iya'-tawi'skage—"of pumpkin smoothness," from i'ya, pumpkin, and tawi'skage, smooth.

Jackson—see Tsek'sini'.

Jessan—see Tsesa'ni.

Jesse Reid—see Tse'si-Ska'tsi.

Joanna Bald—see Diya'hali'yi.

Joara, Juada—see Ani'-Sawa'li.

John—see Tsa'ni.

John Ax—see Itagu'nahi.

Jolly, John—see Anu'lude'gi.

Junaluska—see Tsunu'lahun'ski.

Jutaculla—see Tsulkalu'.

ka'gu'—crow; the name is an onomatope.

Kagun'yi—"Crow place," from ka'gu', and yi, locative.

ka'i—grease, oil.

Kala'asun'yi—"where he fell off," from tsila'asku', "I am falling off," and yi, locative. A cliff near Cold Spring knob, in Swain county, North Carolina.

Ka'lahu—"All-bones," from ka'lu, bone. A former chief of the East Cherokee, also known in the tribe as Sawanu'gi.

Ka'lanu—"The Raven"; the name was used as a war title in the tribe and appears in the old documents as Corani (Lower dialect, Ka'ranu) Colonneh, Colona, etc. It is the Cherokee name for General Samuel Houston or for any person named Houston.

Ka'lanu Ahyeli'ski—the Raven Mocker.

Ka'lanun'yi—"Raven place," from ka'lanu, raven, and yi, the locative. The proper name of Big-cove settlement upon the East Cherokee reservation, Swain county, N. C., sometimes also called Raventown.

kalas'-gunahi'ta—"long hams" (gunahi'ta, "long"); a variety of bear.

Kal-detsi'yunyi—"where the bones are," from ka'lu, bone, and detsi'yunyi, "where (yi) they (de-plural prefix) are lying." A spot near the junction of East Buffalo Creek with Cheowa river, in Graham county, N. C.

kama'ma—butterfly.

kama'ma u'tanu—elephant; literally "great butterfly," from the resemblance of the trunk and ears to the butterfly's proboscis and wings.

kanaha'na—a sour corn gruel, much in use among the Cherokee and other Southern tribes; the tamfuli or "Tom Fuller" of the Creeks.

kanane'ski—spider; also, from a fancied resemblance in appearance to a watch or clock.

kanane'ski amaye'hi—the water spider.

Kana'sta, Kanastun'yi—a traditional Cherokee settlement, formerly on the head-waters of the French Broad river, near the present Brevard, in Transylvania county, North Carolina. The meaning of the first name is lost. A settlement called Cannostee

or Cannastion is mentioned as existing on Hiwassee river in 1776.

kana'talu'hi—hominy cooked with walnut kernels.

Kana'ti—"Lucky Hunter"; a masculine name, sometimes abbreviated Kanat'. The word cannot be analyzed, but is used as a third person habitual verbal form to mean "he is lucky, or successful, in hunting"; the opposite is ukwa'legu, "unlucky, or unsuccessful, in hunting."

kanegwa'ti—the water-moccasin snake.

Kanuga—also written Canuga; a Lower Cherokee settlement, apparently on the waters of Keowee river, in S. C., destroyed in 1751; also a traditional settlement on Pigeon river, probably near the present Waynesville, in Haywood county, N. C. The name signifies "a scratcher," a sort of bone-toothed comb with which ball-players are scratched upon their naked skin preliminary to applying the conjured medicine; de'tsinuga'sku, "I am scratching it."

kanugu' la (abbreviated nungu' la)—"scratcher," a generic term for blackberry, raspberry, and other brier bushes.

Kanu'gulayi, or Kanu'gulun'yi—"Brier place," from kanugu'la, brier (cf. Kanu'ga); a Cherokee settlement formerly on Nantahala river, about the mouth of Briertown creek, in Macon county, N. C.

Kanun'nawu'—pipe.

Kasdu'yi—"Ashes place," from kasdu, ashes, and yi, the locative. A modern Cherokee name for the town of Asheville, Buncombe county, N. C. The ancient name for the same site is Unta'kiyasti'yi, q. v.



Oconestee Falls,  
In Transylvania Co., N. C.

"O'er the precipice it plunges  
Bounds and surges down the  
steep."



Linville Falls, N. C.



"Then it rushes fast and furious  
Into mist and fog and spray."

Katal'sta—an East Cherokee woman potter, the daughter of the chief Yanagun'ski. The name conveys the idea of lending, from tsiyatal'sta, "I lend it"; agatal'sta, "it is lent to him."

Kawan'ura'sunyi—(abbreviated Kawan'ura'sun in the Lower dialect)—"where the duck fell," from kawa'na, duck; ura'sa (ula'sa), "it fell," and yi, locative. A point on Conneross creek (from Kawan'ura'sun), near Seneca, in Oconee county, S. C.

Kawi'yi (abbreviated Kawi')—a former important Cherokee settlement commonly known as Cowee, about the mouth of Cowee creek of Little Tennessee river, some 10 miles below Franklin, in Macon county, N. C. The name may possibly be a contraction of Ani'-Kawi'yi, "Place of the Deer clan."

Keowhee—see Keowee.

Kenesaw—see Gansa'gi.

Keowee—the name of two or more former Cherokee settlements. One sometimes distinguished as "Old Keowee," the principal of the Lower Cherokee towns, was on the river of the same name, near the present Fort George, in Oconee county, of S. C. Another, distinguished as New Keowee, was on the head-waters of Twelve-mile creek, in Pickens county, S. C. According to Wafford the correct form is Kuwahi'yi, abbreviated Kuwahi', Mulberry-grove place." Says Wafford, "the whites murdered the name as they always do." Cf. Kuwa'hi.

Ke'si-ka'gamu—a woman's name, a Cherokee corruption of Cassie Cockran; ka'gamu is also the Cherokee corruption for "cucumber."

Ketoowah—see Kilu'hwa.

Kittuwa—see Kitu'hwa.

Kitu'hwa—an important ancient Cherokee settlement formerly upon Tuckasegee river, and extending from above the junction of Oconaluftee down nearly to the present Bryson City, in Swain county, N. C. The name, which appears also as Kettooah, Kittoa, Kittowa, etc., has lost its meaning. The people of this and the subordinate settlements on the waters of the Tuckasegee were known as Ani'-Kitu'hwagi, and the name was frequently extended to include the whole tribe. For this reason it was adopted in later times as the name of the Cherokee secret organization, commonly known to the whites as the Ketoowah society, pledged to the defense of Cherokee autonomy.

kiyu ga—ground-squirrel; te'wa, flying squirrel; sala'li, gray squirrel.

Klausuna—see Tlanusi'yi.

Knoxville—see Kuwanda'ta lun'yi.

ku!—an introductory explanation, to fix attention, about equivalent to "Now!"

kuku'—"cymbling"; also the "jigger weed," or "pleurisy root" (*Asclepias tuberosa*). Coco creek of Hiwassee river, and Coker post-office, in Monroe county, Tennessee, derive their name from this word.

Kulsetsi'yi (abbreviated Kulse'tsi)—"Honey-locust place," from kulse'tsi, honey-locust (*Gleditschia*) and yi, locative; as the same word, kulse' tsi, is also used for "sugar," the local name has commonly been rendered Sugartown by the traders. The name of several former settlement places in

the old Cherokee country. One was upon Keowee river, near the present Fall creek, in Oconee county, S. C.; another was on Sugartown or Culasagee (Kulse'tsi) creek, near the present Franklin, in Macon county, N. C.; a third was on Sugartown creek, near the present Morgantown, in Fannin county, Ga.

Kunnesee—see Tsi'yu-gunsi'ni.

Kunstutsi'yi—"Sassafras place," from kunstu'tsi, sassafras, and yi, locative. A gap in the Great Smoky range, about the head of Noland creek, on the line between North Carolina and Sevier county, Tenn.

kunu'nu (abbreviated kunun')—the bullfrog; the name is probably an onomatope; the common green frog is wala'si and there are also names for several other varieties of frogs and toads.

Kusa'—Cōosa creek, an upper tributary of Nottely river, near Blairsville, Union county, Georgia. The change of accent from Ku'sa (Creek, see Ani'-Ku'sa) makes it locative.

Ku'sa-nunna'hi—"Creek trail," from Ku'sa, Creek Indian, and Nunna'hi, path, trail; cf. Suwa'li-nunna'hi. A former important Cherokee settlement, including also a number of Creeks and Shawano, where the trail from the Ohio region to the creek country crossed Tennessee river, at the present Guntersville, in Marshall county, Ala. It was known to the traders as Creek-path, and later as Gunter's landing, from a Cherokee mixed-blood named Gunter.

Ku'swati'yi (abbreviated Ku'saweti')—"Old Creek place," from Ku'sa, a Creek Indian (plural Ani'-ku'sa), uwe'ti, old, and yi, locative. Coosawatee,

an important Cherokee settlement formerly on the lower part of Coosawatee river, in Gordon county, Ga. In one document the name appears, by error, Tensawattee.

Kuwa'hi—"Mulberry place," from ku'wa, mulberry tree, and hi, locative. Clingman's dome, about the head of Deep creek, on the Great Smoky range, between Swain county, N. C., and Sevier county, Tenn. See also Keowee.

Kuwanda'ta lun'yi (abbreviated Kuwanda'ta lun)—"Mulberry grove," from ku'wa, mulberry; the Cherokee name for the present site of Knoxville, in Knox county, Tenn.

Kwa'li, Kwalun'yi—Qualla or Quallatown, the former agency for the East Cherokee and now a post-office station, just outside the reservation, on a branch of Soco creek, in Jackson county, North Carolina. It is the Cherokee form for "Polly," and the station was so-called from an old woman of that name who formerly lived near by; Kwa'li, "Polly" Kwalun'yi, "Polly's place." The reservation is locally known as the Qualla boundary.

kwandaya'hu—see da'liksta'.

la'lu—the jar-fly (*Cicada auletes*).

Little Carpenter, Little Cornplanter—see Ata'-gul kalu'.

Long-hair—a Cherokee chief living with his band in Ohio in 1795. The literal Cherokee translation of "Long-hair" is Gitlu'gunahi'ta, but it is not certain that the English name is a correct rendering of the Indian form. Cf. Ani'-Gila'hi.

Long Island—see Amaye li-gunahi'ta.

Lookout Mountain Town—see Danda'ganu'.

Lowrey, Major George—see Agili.



Mayes, J. B.—see Tsa'wa Gak'ski.

Memphis—see Tsuda'talesun'yi.

Mialaquo—see Amaye l-e'gwa.

Moses—see Wa'si.

Moytoy—a Cherokee chief recognized by the English as “emperor” in 1730. Both the correct form and the meaning of the name are uncertain; the name occurs again as Moyatoy in a document of 1793; a boy upon the East Cherokee reservation a few years ago bore the name of Ma'tayi', for which no meaning can be found or given.

Mussel Shoals—see Dagunahi.

Nacoochee—Na'gu tsi.

Na'duli—known to the whites as Nottely. A former Cherokee settlement on Nottely river, close to the Georgia line, in Cherokee county, N. C. The name cannot be translated and has not any connection with na tu li, “spicewood.”

Na'gu tsi—a former important settlement about the junction of Soquee and Santee rivers, in Nacoochee valley, at the head of Chattahoochee river, in Habersham county, Ga. The meaning of the word is lost and it is doubtful if it be of Cherokee origin. It may have some connection with the name of the Uchee Indians. The great mound farther up Sautee river, in White county, was known to the Cherokee as Itsa'ti.

nakwisi' (abbreviated nakusi)—star; also the meadow lark.

nakwisi' usdi—"little star"; the puffball fungus (*Lycoperdon?*).

Na'na-tlu gun'yi (abbreviated Na'na-tlu gun', or Na'na-tsu gun')—"Spruce-tree place," from na'na,

spruce, *tlu gun'i*, or *tsu gun'i*, a tree (standing) and *yi*, locative. 1. A traditional ancient Cherokee settlement on the site of Jonesboro, Washington county, Tenn. The name of Nolichucky river is probably a corruption of the same word. 2. Nan-tsu gun, a place on Nottely river, close to its junction with Hiwassee, in Cherokee county, N. C.

Nanehi—see Nunne'hi.

Nantahala—see Nundaye' li.

Nashville—see Dagu'nawe'lahi.

Natchez—see Ani'-Na'tsi.

Nats-asun'tlunyi (abbreviated Na ts-asun'tlun)—“Pine-footing place,” from na'tsi, pine, asun'tli or asun'tlun'i, footlog, bridge, and *yi*, locative. A former Cherokee settlement, commonly known as Pinelog, on the creek of the same name, in Bartow county, Georgia.

na'tsi—pine.

na'tsiku—“I eat it” (*tsi'kiu'*, “I am eating”).

na tu li—spicewood (*Lindera benzoin*).

Naye'hi—see Nunne'hi.

Nayunuwi—see Nunyunu'wi.

nehanduyanu'—a song form for nehadu'yanu', an irregular verbal form denoting “conceived in the womb.”

Nellawgitehi—given as the name of a Lower Cherokee chief in 1684. The correct form and meaning are both uncertain, but the final part seems to be the common suffix *didi'*, “killer.” Cf. Ta'gwadiahi'

Nenetooyah—see Iskagua.

Nequassee—see Ki'kwasi'.

Nettecawaw—see Gatayu'sti.

Nettle-carrier—see Tale'danigi'ski.

New Echota, Newtown—see Itsa'ti.

Nickajack—see Nikutse'gi.

Nicotani—see Ani'-Kuta'ni.

Nikwasi' (or Nikwsi')—an important ancient settlement on Little Tennessee river, where now is the town of Franklin, in Macon county, N. C. A large mound marks the site of the town-house. The name appears in old documents as Nequassee, Nucassee, etc. Its meaning is lost.

Nikutse'gi (also Nukatse'gi, Nikwatse'gi, or abbreviated Nikutseg')—Nickajack, an important Cherokee settlement, about 1790, on the south bank of Tennessee river, at the entrance of Nickajack creek, in Marion county, Tenn. One of the Five Chickamauga towns (see Tsikama'gi). The meaning of the word is lost and it is probably not of Cherokee origin, although it occurs also in the tribe as a man's name. In the corrupted form of "Nigger Jack," it occurs also as the name of a creek of Cullasaja river above Franklin, in Macon county, N. C.

Nilaque—see Amaye l-e'gwa.

Nolichucky—see Na'na-tlugun'yi.

Notchy—a creek entering Tellico river, in Monroe county, Tenn. The name evidently refers to Natchez Indian refugees, who formerly lived in the vicinity (see Ani'-Na'tsi).

Nottely—see Na'duli'.

nu—used as a suffix to denote "and," or "also"; u'le-nu, "and also" na'ski-nu', "and that," "that also."

Nucassee—see Nikwasi'.

nu'dunnelu'—he did so and so: an irregular form apparently connected with the archaic forms adunni'ga," it has just become so," and udunnu, "it is matured, or finished."

Nugatsa'ni—a ridge sloping down to Oconaluftee river,

below Cherokee, in Swain county, N. C. An archaic form denoting a high ridge with a long gradual slope.

nu'na—potato; the name was originally applied to the wild "pig potato" (*Phaseolus*), now distinguished as mu'na igatehi, "swamp-dwelling potato."

nun'da—the sun or moon, distinguished as unu'da' ige'hi, nun'da' "dwelling in the day," and nun'da' sunna'yehi, nun'da' "dwelling in the night." In the sacred formulas the moon is sometimes called Ge yagu'ga, or Su'talidihi, "Six-keller," names apparently founded upon myths now lost.

nun'da'-dikani—a rare bird formerly seen occasionally in the old Cherokee country, possibly the little blue heron (*Floridus cerulea*). The name seems to mean "it looks at the sun," i. e., "sun-gazer," from nun'da', sun, and da'ka na' or detsi'ka na, "I am looking at it."

Nundawe'gi—see Ani'-Nundawe'gi.

Nun'daye li—"Middle (i. e., Noonday) sun," from nunda', sen and aye li, middle; a former Cherokee settlement on Nantahala river, near the present Jarrett station, in Macon county, N. C., so-called from the high cliffs which shut out the view of the sun until nearly noon. The name appears also as Nantahala, Nantiyallee, Nuntialla, etc. It appears to have been applied properly only to the point on the river where the cliffs are most perpendicular, while the settlement itself was known as Kanu'gu la'yi, "Briertown," q. v.

Nun'dagun'yi, Nunda'yi—the Sun land, or east; from nun'da', sun, and yi, locative. Used in the sacred formulas instead of di'galungun'yi, "where it rises," the common word.

nun'gi—four. See hi'ski.

nungu la—see kanugu' la.

nunna'hi (abbreviated nunna)—a path, trail or road.

Nunna'hi-dihi' (abbreviated Nun'na-dihi')—"Path-killer," literally, "he kills (habitually) in the path," from nun'nahi, path, and ahihi', "he kills" (habitually); "I am killing," tsi'ihu'. A principal chief, about the year 1813. Major John Ridge was originally known by the same name, but afterward took the name, Gunun'da le'gi, "One who follows the ridge," which the whites made simply ridge.

Nunna'hi-tsune'ga (abbreviated) Nunna-tsune'ga—white-path," from nunna'hi, path, and tsune'ga, plural of une'ga, white; the form is the plural, as is common in Indian names, and has probably a symbolic reference to the "white" or peaceful paths spoken of in the opening invocation at the green corn dance. A noted chief who led the conservative party about 1828.

Nunne'hi (also Gunne'hi; singular Naye'hi)—a race of invisible spirit people. The name is derived from the verb e'hu', "I dwell, I live," e'hi', "I dwell habitually," and may be rendered "dwellers anywhere," or "those who live anywhere," but implies having always been there, i. e., "Immortals." It has been spelled Nanehi and Nuhnayie by different writers. The singular form Naye'hi occurs also as a personal name, about equivalent to Eda'hi, "One who goes about." .....

Nuniyu'sti—"potato-like, from nu'na, potato, and iyu'sti, like. A flowering vine with tuberous root somewhat resembling the potato.

Nunyu'—rock, stone.

Nunyu'-gunwam'ski—"Rock that talks," from nunyu', rock, and tsiwa'nihu, "I am talking." A rock from which Talking-rock creek of Coosawatee river, in Georgia, derives its name.

Nun'yunu'wi—contracted from Nunyu-unu'wi. "Stone-clad," from nunyu, rock, and agwaun'wu, "I am clothed or covered." A mythic monster, invulnerable by reason of his stony skin. The name is also applied sometimes to the stinging ant, dasuntali atatsunski, q. v. It has also been spelled Nayunuwi.

Nunyu'-tlu guni (or Nunyu-tsu gun'i).—"Tree-rock," a notable rock on Hiwassee river, just within the N. C. line.

Nunyu'-twi'ska—"Slick rock," from nunyu', rock, and twiska, smooth, slick; the form remains unchanged for the locative. 1. Slick-rock creek, entering Little Tennessee river just within the west line of Graham county, N. C. 2. A place at the extreme head of Brasstown creek of Hiwassee river, in Towns county, Ga.

Ocoee—see Uwaga'hi.

Oconaluftee—see Egwanul ti.

Ocone—see Ukwu'nu.

Oconostota—see Agansta'ta.

Old Tassel—see Utsi'dsata'.

Ooltewah—see Ultiwa'i.

Oostinaleh—see U'stana'li.

Oothealoga—see Uy'gila'gi.

Otacite, Otassite—see Outacity.

Otari, Otariyatiqui—mentioned as a place, apparently on the Cherokee frontier, visited by Pardo in

1567. Otari seems to be the Cherokee atari or atali, mountain, but the rest of the word is doubtful.

Ottare—see a'tali.

Owasta—given as the name of a Cherokee chief in 1684; the form cannot be identified.

Ougillogy—see Uy'gila'gi.

Outacity—given in documents as the name or title of a prominent Cherokee chief about 1720. It appears also as Otacite, Ottassite, Outassatah, Wootassite and Wrosetasatow (!), but the form cannot be identified, although it seems to contain the personal name suffix diha', "killer." Timberlake says: "There are some other honorary titles among them, conferred in reward of great actions; the first of which is Outacity or "Man-killer," and the second Colona or "The Raven."

Outassatah—see Outacity.

Owassa—see Ayuhwa'si.

Paint-town—see Ani'-Wa'dihi'.

Path-killer—see Nuna'hi-dihi'.

Phoenix, Cherokee—see Tsule'hisannun'hi.

Pigeon River—see Wayi.

Pine Indians—see Ani'-Na'tsi.

Pinelog—see Na ts-asun'tlunyi.

Qualatchee—a former Cherokee settlement on the headwaters of the Chattahoochee river in Georgia; another of the same name was upon the waters of Keowee river in S. C. The correct form is unknown.

Qualla—see Kwali.

Quaxule—see Guaxule.

Quinahaqui—a place, possibly in the Cherokee country, visited by Pardo in 1567. The form cannot be identified.

Quoneashee—see Tlanusi'yi.

Rattlesnake Springs—see Utsanatiyi.

Rattling-Gourd—see Ganseti.

Raventown—see Kalanun'yi.

Red Clay—see Elawa'diyi.

Reid, Jesse—see Tse'si-Ska'tsi.

Ridge, Major John—see Nunna'hi-dihi'.

Ross, John—see Gu'wisguwi'.

Ross' Landing—see Tsatanu'gi.

Sadayi'—a feminine name, the proper name of the woman known to the whites as Annie Ax; it cannot be translated.

Sagwa'hi, or Sagwun'yi—"One place," from sa'gwu, one, and hi or yi, locative. Soco creek of Oconaluftee river, on the East Cherokee reservation, in Jackson county, N. C. No satisfactory reason is given for the name, which has its parallel in Tsaska'hi, "Thirty place," a local name in Cherokee county, N. C.

sa'gwalt'—horse; from asagwalihu, a pack or burden, asagwal lu'; "there is a pack on him."

sa'gwali digu'lanahi'ta—mule; literally "long-eared horse," from sa'gwali, horse, and digu'lanahi'ta, q. v.

saikwa'yi—bear-grass (*Erynigium*) also the greensnake, on account of a fancied resemblance; the name of a former Cherokee settlement on Sallacoa creek of Coosawatee river, in Gordon county, Ga.



Sakwi'yi (or Suki'yi; abbreviated Sakwi' or Suki')—a former settlement on Soquee river, a head stream of Chattahoochee, near Clarksville, Habersham county, Ga. Also written Saukee and Sookee. The name has lost its meaning.

sala'li—squirrel; the common gray squirrel; other varieties are kiyu ga, the ground squirrel, and tewa, the flying squirrel; Sala'li was also the name of an East Cherokee inventor who died a few years ago; Sala'lani'ta' "Young-squirrels," is a masculine personal name on the reservation.

saligu'gi—turtle, the common water turtle; soft-shell turtle, u'lanaw; land tortoise or terrapin, tuksi'.

Sa'nigila'gi (abbreviated San gila'gi)—Whiteside mountain, a prominent peak of the Blue Ridge, southeast from Franklin, Macon county, N. C. It is connected with the tradition of Utlun'ta.

Santeetla—the present map name of a creek joining Cheiwa river in Graham county, N. C., and of a smaller tributary (Little Santeetla). The name is not recognized or understood by the Cherokee, who insist that it was given by the whites. Little Santeetla is known to the Cherokee as Tsundanilti'yi, q. v.; the modern Santeetla creek is commonly known as Nayu'higeyun'i, "Sand-place stream," from "Nuyu'hi, "Sand place" (nayu, sand), a former settlement just above the junction of the two creeks.

Sara—see Ani'-Suwa'li.

Sa'sa'—goose; an onomatope.

Sautee—see Itsa'ti.

Savannah—the popular name of this river is derived from that of the Shawano Indians, formerly living upon its middle course, and known to the Cherokee as

Ani'Swanu'gi, q. v., to the Creeks as Savanuka, and to some of the coast tribes of Carolina as Savanna. In old documents the river is also called Isundiga, from Isu'nigu or Seneca, q. v., an important former Cherokee settlement upon its upper waters.

Sawanu'gi—"Shawano" (Indian); a masculine personal name upon the East Cherokee reservation and prominent in the history of the band. See Ani'Sawanu'gi and Ka'lahu'.

Sawnook—see Ka'lahu'.

Schwate'yi—"Hornet place," from se'hwatu, hornet, and yi, locative. Cheowa Maximum and Swim Bald, adjoining bald peaks at the head of Cheowa river, Graham county, N. C.

selu—corn; sometimes called in the sacred formulas Agawe'la, "The Old Woman."

sel-utsi' (for selu-utsi')—"corn's mother," from selu, corn, and utsi', his mother (etsi' or agitsi', my mother); the bead-corn or Job's-tears (*Coix lacryma*.)

Seneca—see Ani'-Nun'dawe'gi .(Seneca tribe), and Isu'nigu. (Seneca town.)

Sequatchee—see Si'gwetsi'.

Sequoya—see Sikwayi.

Setsi—a mound and traditional Cherokee settlement on the south side of the Valley river, about three miles below Valletown, in Cherokee county, N. C.; the name has lost its meaning. A settlement called Taseti (Tassetchie in some old documents) existed on the extreme head of Hiwassee river, in Towns county, Ga.

Sevier—see Tsan'-usdi'.

Shoe-boots—see Da'si giya'gi.

Shooting creek—see Du'staya<sup>lun</sup>'yi.

Si'gwetsi'—a traditional Cherokee settlement on the south bank of French Broad river, not far from Knoxville, Knox county, Tenn. Near by was the quarry from which it is said the stone for the white peace pipes was obtained. Swquatchee, the name of the river below Chattanooga, in Tenn., is probably a corruption of the same word.

si'dwa—hog; originally the name of the opossum, now distinguished as si'kwa utset'sti, q. v.

si'kwa utset'sti—opossum; literally "grinning hog," from si'kwa, hog, and utset'sti, "he grins" (habitually).

Sikwa'yi—a masculine name, commonly written Sequoya, made famous as that of the inventor of the Cherokee alphabet. The name, which cannot be translated, is still in use upon the East Cherokee reservation.

Sikwi'a—a masculine name, the Cherokee corruption for Sevier. See also Tsan-usdi'.

sinnawah—see tla'nuwa.

Si'tiku' (or su'tagu', in dialectic form)—a former Cherokee settlement on Little Tennessee river, at the entrance of Citico creek, in Monroe county, Tenn. The name, which cannot be translated, is commonly spelled Citico, but appears also as Sattiquo, Settico, Settacoo, Sette, Sittiquo, etc.

siyu'—see a'siyu'.

skinta'—for skin'tagu', understood to mean "put a new tooth into my jaw." The word cannot be analyzed, but is derived from gantka' (ganta ga in a dialectic form) a tooth in place; a tooth detached is kayu ga.

Skwan'-digu gun'yi (for Askwan'-digu gun'yi—"where the Spaniard is in the water" (or other liquid). A place on Upper Soco creek, on the reservation in Jackson county, N. C.

Slick Rock—see Nunyu'tawi'ska.

Smith, N. J.—see Tsaladihi'.

Snowbird—see Tuti'yi.

Soco creek—see Sagwa'hi.

Soco Gap—see Ahalu'na.

Soquee—see Sakwi'yi.

Spray, H. W.—see Wilsini'.

spring-frog—see Du'stu'.

Standing Indian—see Yunwi-tsulenun'yi.

Stand Watie—see De'gataga.

Stekoa—see Stika'yi.

ste'tsi—"your daughter"; literally, "your offspring";  
agwe'tsi, "my offspring"; uwe'tsi, "his offspring";  
to distinguish sex it is necessary to add asga'ya,  
"man" or age'hya, "woman."

Stika'yi (variously spelled Stecoe, Stecoy, Stekoah, Stickoey, etc.)—the name of several former Cherokee settlements: 1. Sticoa creek, near Clayton, Babun county, Ga.; 2. on Tuckasegee river at the old Thomas homestead just above the present Whittier, in Swain county, N. C.; 3. on Stekoa creek of Little Tennessee river, a few miles below the junction of Nantahala, in Graham county, N. C.

Stringfield—see Tlage'si.

stugi'sti, stui'ski—a key.

Suck, The—see Un'tiguhi'.

Sugartown—see Kulse'tsi'yi.

su'nawa'—see tla'nuwa.

sunestla'ta—"split noses"; see tsunu liyu' sunestla'ta.

sungi—mink; also onion; the name seems to refer to a  
smell; the various minks are called generically,  
gaw sun'gi.

Suki'yi—another form of Sakwi'yi, q. v.

su'li'—buzzard; the Creek name is the same.

Sun Land—see Nunda'yi.

su'sa'-sai'—an unmeaning song refrain.

su'talidihi'—see nun'da'.

Suwa'li-nunna'hi (abbreviated Suwa'li-nunna'hi)—  
"Suwali train," the proper name for the gap at the  
head of Swannanoa (from Suwa'li-Nun'na') river  
east of Asheville, in Buncombe county, N. C.

Suwa'ni—a former Cherokee settlement on Chattahoo-  
chee river, about the present Suwanee, in Gwin-  
nett county, Ga. The name has no meaning in  
the Cherokee language and is said to be of Creek  
origin.

Suye'ta—"the Chosen One," from asuye'ta, "he is  
chosen," gasu'yeu, "I am choosing"; the same  
form, suye'ta, could also mean mixed, from  
gasu'yahu, "I am mixing it." A masculine name  
at present borne by a prominent ex-chief and in-  
formant upon the East Cherokee reservation.

Swannanoa—see Wuwa'li-nunna'hi.

Swim Bald—see Sehwater'yi.

Swimmer—see Ayun'ini.

tadeya'sதாகুჲ—"we shall see each other."

Tae-keo-ge—see Ta ski'gi.

ta'gu—the June-bug (*Allorhina nitida*), also called tuya-  
diskalaw tsiski, "one who keeps fire under the  
beans."

Ta'gwa—see Ani'ta'gwa.

Ta'gwadihi' (abbreviated Ta'gwadi')—"Catawba-killer,"  
from Ata'gwa or Ta'gwa, Cattawba Indian, and  
dihihí, "he kills them" (habitually), from tsi'ihu',  
"I kill." An old masculine name, still in use upon  
the East Cherokee reservation. It was the proper  
name of the chief known to the whites about 1790

as "The Glass," from a confusion of this name with adake'ti, glass, or mirror.

Tagwa'hi—"Catawba place," from Ata'gwa or Ta'gwa, Catawba Indian, and hi, locative. A name occurring in several places in the old Cherokee country. A settlement of this name, known to the whites as Toccoa, was upon Toccoa creek, east of Clarks-ville, in Habersham county, Ga.; another was upon Toccoa or Ocoee river, about the present Toccoa, in Fannin county, Ga.; a third may have been on Persimmon creek, which is known to the Cherokee as Tagwa'hi, and enters Hiwassee river some distance below Murphy, in Cherokee county, N. C.

Tahkeyostee—see Unta'kiyasti'yi.

Tahlequah—see Talikwa'.

Tahchee—see Talikwa'.

Takatoka—see De'gata'ga.

ta'ladu' (abbreviated taldu')—twelve, from ta'li, two.  
Cf. tala'tu, cricket.

Ta'lasí—*a former Cherokee settlement on Little Tennessee river about Talassee ford, in Blount county, Tenn. The name has lost its meaning.*

Talassee—see Ta'lasí'.

tala'tu—cricket; sometimes also called dita'staye'ski (q. v.), "the barber." Cf. ta'ladu', twelve.

Tale'danigi'ski (Utale'danigi'si in a dialectic form)—variously rendered by the whites "Hemp-carrier," "Nettle-carrier" or "flax-toter," from tale'ta or utale'ta, flax (*Linum*) or richweed (*Pilea pumila*), and danigi'ski, "he carries them" (habitually). A former prominent chief on Valley river, in Cherokee county, North Carolina.

Talihina—given as the name of the Cherokee wife of Samuel Houston; the form cannot be identified.

Talikwa' (commonly written Tellico, Teliquo or, in the Indian Territory, Tahlequah)—the name of several Cherokee settlements at different periods, viz.: 1. Great Tellico, at Tellico Plains, on Tellico river, in Monroe county, Tenn.; 2. Little Tellico, on Tellico creek of Little Tennessee river, about ten miles below Franklin, Macon county, N. C. 3. a town on Valley river, about five miles above Murphy, in Cherokee county, N. C.; 4. Tahlequah, established as the capital of the Cherokee Nation, Ind. Ter., in 1839. The meaning of the name is lost.

Tali'wa—the site of a traditional battle between the Cherokee and Creeks about 1755, on Mountain (?) creek of Etowah river in upper Georgia. Probably not a Cherokee but a Creek name from the Creek ta'lua or ita'lua, town.

Talking-rock—see Nunyu-gunwani'ski.

Tallulah—see Talulu'.

Tal-tsu'ska'—"Two-heads," from ta'li, two, and tsu'ska', plural of uska', (his) head. A Cherokee chief about the year 1800, known to the whites as Doublehead.

taluli—pregnant; whence aluli', (she is) "a mother," said of a woman.

Talulu' (commonly Tallulah, and appearing in old documents, from the Lower dialect, as Taruraw, Toruro, Turoree, etc.)—a name occurring in two or more places in the old Cherokee country, viz.: 1. An ancient settlement on the upper part of Tallulah river, in Rabun county, Georgia; 2. a town on Tallulah creek of Cheowa river, in Graham county, N. C. The word is of uncertain etymology. The dulu'si frog is said to cry talulu'. The noted

falls upon Tallulah river are known to the Cherokee as Ugun'yi, q. v.

Taluntiski—see Ata'lunti'ski.

Tama'li—a name, commonly written Tomotley or Tomatola, occurring in at least two places in the old Cherokee country, viz.: 1. On Valley river, a few miles above Murphy, about the present Tomatola, in Cherokee county, N. C. 2. on Little Tennessee river, about Tomotley ford, a few miles above Tellico river, in Monroe county, Tenn. The name cannot be translated, and may be of Creek origin, as that tribe had a town of the same name upon the lower Chattahoochee river.

Tanasi'—a name which cannot be analyzed, commonly spelled Tennessee, occurring in several places in the old Cherokee country, viz.: 1. On Little Tennessee river about half-way between Citico and Toco creeks, in Monroe county, Tenn. 2. "Old Tennessee town," on Hiwassee river, a short distance above the junction of Ocoee, in Polk county, Tenn. 3. On Tennessee creek, a head-stream of Tuckasegee river, in Jackson county, N. C. Tanasqui, visited by Pardo in 1567, may have been another place of the same name.

Tanasqui—see Tanasi'.

Ta'ski'gi (abbreviated from Ta'skigi'yi or Da'skigi'yi, the locative yi being commonly omitted)—a name variously written Tae-keo-ge (misprint), Tasquiqui, Teeskege, Tuscagee, Tuskegee, etc., derived from that of a foreign tribe incorporated with the Cherokee, and occurring as a local name both in the Cherokee and in the Creek country. 1. The principal settlement of this name was on Little Tennessee river, just above the junction of



Tellico, in Monroe county, Tenn.; 2. another was on the north bank of Tennessee river, just below Chattanooga, Tennessee; 3. another may have been on Tuskegee creek of Little Tennessee river, near Robbinsville, Graham county, N. C.

Tasquiqui—see Ta'ski'gi.

Tassel, Old—see Utsi'dsata'.

Tatsi—"Dutch," also written Tahchee, a western Cherokee chief about 1830.

Tatsu'hwa—the redbird.

tawa'li—punk.

Tawa'li-ukwanun'ti—"Punk-plugged-in," from tawa'li, punk; the Cherokee name of a traditional Shawano chief.

tawi'ska, tawi'skage—smooth, slick.

Tawi'skala—"Flint"; a Cherokee supernatural, the personification of the rock flint; tawi'skalun'ti, tawi'skala, flint, from tawi'ska, smooth, slick; cf. Iroquois Tawiskaron.

Tayunksi—a traditional western tribe; the name cannot be analyzed.

Tellico—see Talikwa'.

telun'lati—the summer grape (*Vitis aestivalis*).

Tenaswattee—see Ku'saweti'yi.

Terrapin—see Tuksi'.

tewa—a flying squirrel; sala'li, gray squirrel; kiyu ga, ground squirrel.

Thomas, W. H.—see Wil-usdi'.

Tikwali'tsi—a name occurring in several places in the old Cherokee country, viz.: 1. Tuckalegee creek, a tributary of War-Woman creek, east of Clayton, in Rabun county, Ga.; 2. the Tikiwali'tsi of the story, an important town on Tuckasegee river at the present Bryson city, in Swain county, N. C.

3. Tuckalechee cove, on Little river, in Blount county, Tenn., which probably preserves the aboriginal local name. The name appears in old documents as Tuckarechee (Lower dialect) and Tuckalegee, and must not be confounded with Tsiksi'tsi or Tuckasegee. It cannot be translated.

Timossy—see Tomassee.

Tlage'si—"Field"; the Cherokee name for Lieutenant-Colonel W. W. Stringfield of Waynesville, N. C., one of the officers of the Cherokee contingent in the Thomas Legion. It is an abbreviated rendering of his proper name.

tlage'situn—a song form for tlage'sia-stun'i, "on the edge of the field," from a stream.

tla'meha—bat (dialectic forms, tsa'meha, tsa'weha).

tlanu'si—leech (dialectic form, tsanu'si').

Tlanusi'yi (abbreviated Tlanusi')—"Leech place," former important settlement at the junction of Hiwassee and Valley river, the present site of Murphy, in Cherokee county, N. C.; also a point on Nottely river, a few miles distant, in the same county. The name appears also as Clennuse, Klausuna, Quoneashee, etc.

tla'nuwa (dialectic forms, tsa'nuwa', su'nawa', "sinnawah"—a mythic great hawk.

tla'nuwa'usdi—"little tla'nuwa"; probably the goshawk (*Astur atricapillus*).

Tla'nuwa'atsi Yelun'isun'yi—"where the Tla'nuwa cut it up," from tla'nuwa', q. v., and tsiyelun'isku', an archaic form for tsigunilun'isku', "I am cutting it up." A place on Little Tennessee river, nearly opposite the entrance of Citico creek, in Blount county, Tenn.

Tla'nuwa'i—"Tla'nuwa place," a cave on the north side of Tennessee river, a short distance below the entrance of Citico creek, in Blount county, Tenn.

tlayku'—jay (dialectic form, tsayku').

tlunti'sti—the pheasant (*Bonasa umbella*), called locally grouse or partridge.

tluntu'tsi—panther (dialectic form, tsuntu'ski).

tlutlu'—the martin bird (dialectic form, tsutsu').

Tocax—a place, apparently in the Cherokee country, visited by Pardo in 1567. It may possibly have a connection with Toxaway (see Duksa'i) or Toccoa (see Tagwa'hi).

Toccoa—see Tagwa'hi.

Toco—see Dakwa'i.

Tollunteeskee—see Ata'lunti'ski.

Tomassee (also written Timossy and Tymahse)—the name of two or more former Cherokee settlements, viz.: 1. On Tomassee creek of Keowee river, in Oconee county, S. C.; 2. On Little Tennessee river, near the entrance of Burningtown creek, in Macon county, N. C. The correct form and interpretation are unknown.

Tomatola, Tomotley—see Tama'li.

Tooantuh—see Du'stu'.

Toogelah—see Dugilu'yi.

Toqua—see Dakwa'i.

Toxaway—see Dukas'i.

Track Rock gap—see Datsu'nalasgun'yi.

Tsaga'si—a Cherokee sprite.

tsa'gi—upstream, up the road; the converse of ge'i.

Tsaiyi'—see Untsaiyi'.

Tsa'ladihi'—Chief N. J. Smith of the East Cherokee. The name might be rendered "Charley-killer," from Tsali, "Charley," and dihi', "killer" (in com-

position), but is really a Cherokee equivalent for Jarrett (Tsaladi'), his middle name, by which he was frequently addressed. Cf. Tagwadihi.

tsal-agayun'li—"old tobacco," from tsalu, tobacco, and agayun'li or agayun'lige, old, ancient; the *Nicotiana rustica* or wild tobacco.

Tsa'lagi' (Tsa'ragi' in Lower dialect)—the correct form of Cherokee.

Tsa'li—Charley; a Cherokee shot for resisting the troops at the time of Removal.

tsaliyu'sti—"tobacco-like," from tsalu, tobacco, and iyu'sti, like; a generic name for the cardinal-flower, mullein and related species.

tsalu or tsalun (in the Lower dialect, tsaru)—tobacco; by comparison with kindred forms the other Iroquoian dialects the meaning "fire to hold in the mouth" seems to be indicated. Lanman spells it tso-lungh.

tsameha—see tla'meha.

tsa'nadiska'—for tsandiskai', "they say."

tsana'seha'i'—"so they say," "they say about him."

tsane'ni—the scorpion lizard; also called gi'ga-danegi'ski, q. v.

Tsani—John.

Tsantawu'—a masculine name which cannot be analyzed.

Tsan-uga'sita—"Sour John"; the Cherokee name for General John Sevier, and also the boy name of the Chief John Ross, afterward known as Gu'wis-guwi', q. v. Sikwi'a, a Cherokee attempt at "Sevier," is a masculine name upon the East Cherokee reservation.

tsanu'si'—see tlanu'si'.

tsa'nuwa'—see tla'nuwa'.

Tsa'ragi'—Cherokee.

tsaru—see tsalu.

Tsasta'wi—a noted hunter formerly living upon Nanatahala river, in Macon county, North Carolina; the meaning of the name is doubtful.

Tsatanu'gi (commonly spelled Chattanooga)—the Cherokee name for some point upon the creek entering Tennessee river at the city of Chattanooga, in Hamilton county, Tennessee. It has no meaning in the Cherokee language and appears to be of foreign origin. The ancient name for the site of the present city is Atla'nuwa, q. v. Before the establishment of the town the place was known to the whites as Ross' landing, from a store kept there by Lewis Ross, brother of the chief, John Ross.

Tsatu'gi (commonly written Chattooga or Chatuga)—a name occurring in two or three places in the old Cherokee country, but apparently of foreign origin. Possible Cherokee derivations are from words signifying respectively "he drank by sips," from gatu'gia', "I sip," or "he has crossed the stream and come out upon the other side," from gatu'gi, "I have crossed," etc. An ancient settlement of this name was on Chattooga river, a head-stream of Savannah river, on the boundary between South Carolina and Georgia; another appears to have been on upper Tellico river, in Monroe county, Tennessee; another may have been on Chattooga river, a tributary of the Coosa, in northwestern Georgia.

Tsa'wa Gakski—Joe Smoker, from Tsawa, "Joe," and gakski, "smoker," from ga'gisku, "I am smoking." The Cherokee name for Chief Joel B. Mayes, of the Cherokee Nation west.

Tsawa'si—a Cherokee sprite.

tša'weha—see tla'meha.

tsay ku'—see tlay ku'.

Tsek'sini—a Cherokee form for the name of General Andrew Jackson.

Tsesa'ni—Jessa, probably a derivative from Jesse; a masculine name upon the East Cherokee reservation.

Tse'si-Ska'tsi—"Scotch Jesse"; Jesse Reid, present chief of the East Cherokee, so-called because of mixed Scotch ancestry.

tsetsani'li—"thy two elder brothers" (male speaking); "my elder brother" (male speaking), ungini'li.

Tsgagun'yi—"Insect place," from tsgaya, insect, and yi, locative. A cave in the ridge eastward from Franklin, in Macon county, N. C.

tsgaya—insect, worm, etc.

Tsikama'gi—a name, commonly spelled Chickamauga, occurring in at least two places in the old Cherokee country, which has lost any meaning in Cherokee and appears to be of foreign origin. It is applied to a small creek at the head of Chatahoochee river, in White county, Ga., and also to the district about the southern (not the northern) Chickamauga creek, coming into Tennessee river, a few miles above Chattanooga, in Hamilton county, Tenn. In 1777, the more hostile portion of the Cherokee withdrew from the rest of the tribe, and established here a large settlement, from which they removed about five years later to settle lower down the Tennessee, in what were known as the Chickamauga towns or Five Lower towns.

tsiki'—a word which renders emphatic that which it follows: as a'stu, "very good," astu' tsiki, "best of all."

tsikiki'—the katydid; the name is an onomatope.

tsi'kilili'—the Carolina chickadee (*Parus carolinensis*); the name is an onomatope.

Tsiksi'tsi (Tuksi'tsi is dialectic form; commonly written Tuckasegee)—1. a former Cherokee settlement about the junction of the two forks of Tuckasegee, above Webster, in Jackson county, N. C. (not to be confounded with Tikwali'tsi, q. v.).  
2. A former settlement on a branch of Brasstown creek of Hiwassee river, in Towns county, Ga. The word has lost its meaning.

Tsi'nawi—a Cherokee wheelwright, perhaps the first in the Nation to make a spinning-wheel and loom. The name cannot be analyzed.

tsine'u—"I am picking it (something long) up"; in the Lower and Middle dialects, tsinigi'u.

tsinigi'u—see tsine'u.

tsiska'gili—the large red crawfish; the ordinary crawfish is called tsistu'na.

tsi'skwa—bird.

tsiskwa'gwa—robin, from tsi'skwa, bird.

Tsiskwa'hi—"Bird place," from tsi'skwa, bird, and hi, locative. Birdtown settlement on the East Cherokee reservation, in Swain county, N. C.

tsiskwa'ya—sparrow, literally "principal bird" (i. e., most widely distributed), from tsi'skwa, bird, and ya, a suffix denoting principal or real.

Tsiskwunsdi'adsisti'yi—"where they killed Little-bird," from Tsiskwunsdi, "little birds" (plural form.) A place near the head of West Buffalo creek, southeast of Robbinsville, in Graham county, N. C.

Tsilalu'hi—"Sweet-gum place," from tsila'lu', sweet gum (*Liquidambar*) and hi, locative. A former settlement on a small branch of Brasstown creek of Hiwassee river, just within the line of Towns county, Ga. The name is incorrectly rendered Gum-log (creek).

Tsistetsi'yi—"Mouse place," from tsistetsi, mouse, and yi, locative. A former settlement on South Mouse creek, of Hiwassee river, in Bradley county, Tenn. The present town of Cleveland, upon the same creek, is known to the Cherokee under the same name.

tsist-imo 'gosto—"rabbit foods" (plural), from tsi'stu, rabbit, and uni'gisti, plural of agi'sti, food, from tsiyi'giu "I am eating" (soft food). The wild rose.

tsistu—rabbit.

tsistu'na—crawfish; the large-horned beetle is also so called. The large red crawfish is called tsiska'gili.

Tsistu'yi—"Rabbit place," from tsistu, rabbit, and yi, locative. 1. Gregory bald, high peak of the Great Smoky range, eastward from Little Tennessee river, on the boundary between Swain county, N. C., and Blount county, Tenn. 2. A former settlement on the north bank of Hiwassee river at the entrance of Chestua creek, in Polk county, Tenn. The name of Choastea creek of Tugaloo river, in Oconee county, S. C., is probably also a corruption from the same word.

Tsiya'hi—"Otter place," from tsiyu, otter, and yi, locative; variously spelled Cheowa, Cheeowhee, Chewohe, Chewe, etc. 1. A former settlement on a branch of Keowee river, near the present Cheohee, Oconee county, S. C. 2. A former and



still existing Cherokee settlement on Cheowa river, about Robbinsville, in Graham county, N. C. 3. A former settlement in Cades Cove, on Cove creek, in Blount county, Tenn.

Tsi'yi-gunsi'ni—"He is dragging a canoe," from tsi'yu, canoe (cf. tsi'yu) otter, and gunsi'ni, "he is dragging it." "Dragging Canoe," a prominent leader of the hostile Cherokee in the Revolution. The name appears in documents as Cheucunsene and Kunnesee.

Tskil-e'gwa—"Big-witch," from atsikili', or tskilu', witch, owl, and e'gwa, big; an old man of the East Cherokee, who died in 1896. Although translated Big-witch by the whites, the name is understood by the Indians to mean Big-owl, having been originally applied to a white man living on the same clearing, and noted for his large staring eyes.

tskili' (contracted from atskili')—1. witch; 2. the dusky-horned owl (*Bubo virginianus saturatus*).

tskwa'yi—the great white heron or American egret. (*Herodias egretta*).

Tsolungh—see tsalu.

Tsuda'ye lun'yi—"Isolated place"; an isolated peak near the head of Cheowa river, northeast of Robbinsville, in Graham county, N. C. The root of the word signifies detached, or isolated, whence Uda'ye lun'yi, the Cherokee outlet, in Ind. Ter.

Tsunda'talesun'yi—"where pieces fall off," i. e., where the banks are caving in; from adatale'i, "it is falling off," ts, distance prefix, "there," and yi, locative. The Cherokee name for the present site of Memphis, Tenn., overlooking the Mississippi and formerly known as the Chickasaw bluff.

Tsu'dinunti'yi—"Throwing-down place"; a former settlement on lower Nantahala river, in Macon county, N. C.

Tsugidu'li ulsgi'sti (from tsugidu'li, plural of ugiduli, one of the long wing or tail feathers of a bird, and ulsgi'sti or ulsgi'ta, a dance)—the feather or eagle dance.

Tsukilunnun'yi—"Where he alighted"; two bald spots on a mountain at the head of a Little Snowbird creek, near Robbinsville, Graham county, N. C.

tsungili'si—plural of ungili'si, q. v.

tsungini'si—plural of ungini'si, q. v.

tsunkina'tli—"my younger brothers" (male speaking).

tsunkita—"my younger brothers" (female speaking).

tsula—fox; cf. tsulu, kingfisher and tlutlu' or tsulsu', martin. The black fox is ina'li. The Creek word for fox is chula.

tsula'ski—alligator; the name is of uncertain etymology.

Tsula'sinun'yi—"Footprint place." A place on Tuckasee river, about a mile above Deep creek, in Swain county, N. C.

Tsula'wi—see Tsulunwe'i.

Tsule'hisnun'hi—"Resurrected One," from di'gwale'hisnun'hi, "I was resurrected." literally, "I was down and have risen." Tsa'lagi', Tsule'hisnunhi, the Cherokee title of the newspaper known to the whites as the Cherokee Phoenix. The Cherokee title was devised by Worcester and Boudinot as suggesting the idea of the phoenix of classic fable. The Indian name of the recent "Cherokee Advocate" is Tsa'lagi Asdeli'ski.

Tsul kalu—"Slanting-eyes," literally "he has them slanting" (or leaning up against something); the prefix ts makes it a plural form, and the name is un-

derstood to refer to the eyes, although the word eye (akta', plural dikta') is not a part of it. Cf. Ata'-gulkalu'. A mythic giant and ruler of the game. The name has been corrupted to Jutaculla and Tuli-cula. Jutaculla rock and Jutaculla old fields about the head of Tuckasegee river, in Jackson, North Carolina, take their name from him.

Tsulkalu' tsunegun'yi—see Tsunegun'yi.

tsulie'na—the nuthatch (*Sitta carolinensis*); the word signifies literally "deaf" (a plural form referring to the ear, gule') although no reason is given for such a name.

tsulu—kingfisher. Cf. tsula.

Tsulunwe'—(abbreviated Tsulun'we or Tsula'wi, possibly connected with tsulu, kingfisher)—Chilhowee creek, a north tributary of Little Tennessee river, in Blount county, Tennessee.

Tsundanilti'yi—"where they demanded the debt from him"; a place on Little Santeetal river, west of Robbinsville, in Graham county, North Carolina. The creek also is commonly known by the same name.

Tsundige'wi—"Closed anuses," literally "they have them closed," understood to refer to the anus; from dige'wi, plural of ge'wi, closed, stopped up, blind; cf. Tsulkalu'; also Gulisge'wi, "Blind, or closed. ears," an old personal name.

Tsun'digwun'tski (contracted from tsun'digwuntsugi, "they have them forked," referring to the peculiar forked tail; cf. Tsulkalu')—a migratory bird which once appeared for a short time upon the East Cherokee reservation, apparently, from the description, the scissortail or swallow-tailed fly-catcher (*Milvulus forficatus*).

Tsunegun'yi (sometimes called Tsulkalu' Tsunegun'yi—Tennessee Bald, at the extreme head of Tuckasegee river, on the east line of Jackson county, North Carolina. The name seems to mean "there where it is white," from *ts*, a prefix indicating distance, *une'ga*, white, and *yi*, locative.

Tsunil' kalu—the plural form for *Tsul kalu*, q. v., a traditional giant tribe in the west.

tsunis'tsahi—"those) having topknots or crests," from *ustsahu'*, "having a topknot," *ustsahi'*, "he has a topknot" (habitually).

Tsuniya'tiga—"Naked People"; literally "They are naked there," from *uya'tiga*, naked (singular), with the prefix *ts*, indicating distance. A traditional western tribe.

tsun-ka'wi-ye', tsun-sikwa-ya', tsun-tsu'la-ya', tsun-wa'ya-ya'—"I am (tsun or tsi, verbal prefix) a real (ya, ye, noun suffix) deer" (*kawi'*, archaic for a *wi'*); opossum, *si'kwa*; fox, *tsula*; wolf, *waya*. Archaic song forms.

tsunsdi'—contracted from *tsunsdi'ga*, the plural of *usdi'ga* or *usdi'*, small.

Tsunu'lahun'ski—"He tries, but fails" (habitually), from *detsinu'lahun'ski* (q. v.), "I tried, but failed." A former noted chief among the East Cherokee, commonly known to the whites as Junaluska. In early life he was called Gulkala'ski, a name which denotes something habitually falling from a leaning position (cf. *Ata-gul kalu'* and *Tsul kalu'*).

tsunu' liyu'sunestla'ta—"they have split noses," (from *agwaliyu'*, "I have it," and *unestlau'*, "it is cracked" (as a crack made by the sun's heat in a log or in the earth); the initial *s* makes it refer to the nose, *kayasa'*.

Tsusgina'i—"the Ghost country," from asgi'na, "ghost," i, locative, and ts, a prefix denoting distance. The land of the dead; it is situated in Usunhi'yi, the Twilight land, in the west.

Tsuta'tsinasun'yi—"Eddy place." A place on Cheowa river at the mouth of Cochran creek, in Graham county, N. C.

tsutsu'—see tlutlu'.

tsuntu'tsi—see tluntu'tsi.

tsuwa'—the mud-puppy or water dog (*Menopoma* or *Protonopsis*).

Tsuwa'tel'da—a contraction of tsuwa'teldun'yi; the name has lost its meaning. Pilot Knob, north from Brevard, in Transylvania county, N. C.

Tsuwa'-uniytsun'yi—"where the water-dog laughed." from tsuwa', q. v., "water-dog," uniye'tsu, "they laughed" agiyet'sku, "I am laughing") and yi, locative; Tusquittee Bald, near Hayesville, in Clay county, N. C.

Tsuwe'nahi—A traditional hunter, in communication with the invisible people. The name seems to mean "He has them in abundance," an irregular or archaic form for Uwe'nai, "he has abundance," "he is rich," from agwe'nai', "I am rich." As a masculine name it is used as the equivalent of Richard.

Tuckalechee—see Tikwah'tsi.

Tuckasegee—see Tsiksi'tsi.

Tugaloo—see Dugilu'yi.

tugalu'—the cry of the dagulku, goose.

tugalu'na—a variety of small fish, about four inches long, frequenting the larger streams (from galu'na, a gourd, on account of its long nose).

tuksi'—the terrapin or land tortoise; also the name of a Cherokee chief about the close of the Revolution.

Saligu'gi, common turtle; soft-shell turtle,  
U'lane'wa.

Tuksi'tsi—see Tsiksi'tsi.

Tuli-cula—see Tsui'kalu'.

tulsku'wa—"he snaps with his head," from uska', head;  
the snapping beetle.

Tuna'i—a traditional warrior and medicine man of old  
Itsa'ti; the name cannot be analyzed.

Turkeytown—see Gun-di'gaduhun'yi.

Turniptown—see U'lunyi.

Tuskegee—see Ta'ski'gi.

Tusquittee Bald—see Tsuwa'-uniyetsun'yi.

Tusquittee creek—see Daskwitun'yi.

tu'sti—for tusti'ga, a small bowl; larger jars are called  
diwa'li and unti'ya.

tuti—snowbird.

Tuti'yi—"Snowbird place," from tu'ti, snowbird, and  
yi, locative. Little Snow-bird creek of Cheowa  
river, in Graham county, N. C.

tu'tsahyesi'—"he will marry you."

tu'ya—bean.

tu'ya-diskalaw'sti'ski—see ti'gu.

tu'yahusi'—"she will die."

Tymahse—see Tomassee.

Uchee—see Ani'-Yu'tsi.

uda'hale'yi—"on the sunny side."

uda'i—the baneberry or cohosh vine (*Actaea?*). The  
name signifies that the plant has something long  
hanging from it.

uda'li—"it is married"; the mistletoe, so-called on ac-  
count of its parasitic habit.

U'dawagun'ta—"Bald." A bald mountain of the Great Smoky range, in Yancy county, N. C., not far from Mount Mitchell.

Udsi'skala—a masculine name.

uga'sita—sour.

u'giska—"he is swallowing it"; from tsikiu', "I am eating."

u'guku—the hooting or barred owl.

ugunste'li (ugunste'lu in dialect form)—the horny-head fish.

Ugun'yi—Tallulah falls, on the river of that name, northeast from Clarksville, in Habersham county, Ga. The meaning of the name is lost.

Uilata—see U'tlun'ta.

uk-ku'suntsuteti—"it will twist up one's arm."

Uk-ku'suntsuti—"Bent-bow-shape"; a comic masculine name.

Uk-kunagi'sti—"it will draw down one's eye."

Uk-kwunagi'ta—"eye-drawn-down"; a comic masculine name.

uksu'hi—the mountain blacksnake or black racer (*coluber obsoletus*); the name seems to refer to some peculiarity of the eye, akta', uksuhha', "he has something lodged in his eye."

Ukte'na—"Keen-eyed (?)" from akta', eye, akta'ti, to examine closely. A mythic great-horned serpent, with a talismanic diadem.

Ukte'na-tsuganun'yi—"where the Uktena got fastened." A spot on Tuckasegee river, about two miles above Bryson City, in Swain county, N. C.

Ukwu'nu (or Ukwu'ni)—a former Cherokee settlement, commonly known to the whites as Oconee, on Seneca creek, near the present Walhalla, in Oconee county, S. C.

Ula'gu'—the mythical original of the yellow-jacket tribe.

The word signifies "leader," "boss," or "principal one;" and is applied to the first yellow-jacket (d'ska'i) seen in the spring, to a queen bee and to the leader of a working squad.

u'lane'wa—the soft-shell turtle; see also saligu'gi and tuksi'.

ulasu'la—moccasin, shoe.

ule'—and; ule'-nu, and also.

ulskwulte'gi—a "pound mill," a self-acting water-mill used in the Cherokee mountains. The name signifies that "it butts with its head" (Uska', head), in allusion to the way in which the pestles work in the mortar. The generic word for mill is dist'sti.

ulstitlu'—literally "it is on his head." The diamond crest on the head of the mythic Uktena serpent. When detached it becomes Ulunsu'ti.

Ultiwa'i—a former Cherokee settlement above the present Ooltewah, on the creek of the same name, in James county, Tenn.

ulunni'ta—domesticated, tame; may be used for persons as well as animals, but not for plants; for cultivated or domesticated plants the adjective is gunutlun'i or gunusun'i.

Ulunsu'ti—"Transparent"; the great talismanic crystal of the Cherokee.

ulun'ta—"it has climbed," from tsilahi', "I am climbing"; the poison oak (*Rhus radicans*).

U'lun'yi—"Tuber place," from U'li', a variety of edible tuber, and yi, locative. A former settlement upon Turniptown, (for U'lun'yi) creek, above Ellijay, in Gilmer county, Ga.



Unacala—see Uni'gadihi'.

U'nadanti'yi—"Place where they conjured," the name of a gap about three miles east of Webster, in Jackson county, N. C., and now transferred to the town itself.

unade'na—woolly, downy, (in speaking of animals); uwa'nu, wool, down, fine fur (detached from the animal).

u'nahu'—see unahwi'.

u'nahi'—heart; in Middle and Lower dialects, unahu'.

Unaka—see une'ga and Unicoi.

unatlunwe'hitu—"it has spirals"; a plant (unidentified) used in conjuration.

une'ga—white.

une'guhi—"he is (was) mischievous or bad"; tsune'guhi'yu, "you are very mischievous" (said to a child).

une'gutsatu—" (he is) mischievous"; a'gine'gutsatu, "I am mischievous."

Une'lanun'hi—"The Apportioner"; "I am apportioning," gane'lasku'; "I apportion" (habitually), gane-laski. In the sacred formulas a title of the Sun God; in the Bible the name of God.

une'stalun—ice.

Unicoi—the map name of the Unicoi turnpike, of a gap on the watershed between Chattahoochee and Hiwassee river, in Georgia, and of a county in Tennessee. Probably a corruption of une'ga, white, whence comes also Unaka, the present map name of a part of the Great Smoky range.

uni'gisti—foods; singular, agi'sti.

Uniga'yata'ti'yi—"where they made a fish trap," from uga'yatun'i, fish trap, and yi, locative; a place on

Tuckasegee river, at the mouth of Deep creek, near Bryson City, in Swain county, N. C.

Uni'haluna—see Ahalu'na.

Unika'wa—the “Town-house dance,” so-called because danced inside the town-house.

Une'ga-dihi’—“White-man-killer”; from une'ga, “white,” for yun'wune'ga, “white person,” and dihi', a noun suffix denoting “killer” (he kills them” (habitually). A Cherokee chief, whose name appears on the documents about 1790.

ungida’—“thy two elder brothers” (male speaking).

ungini'li—“my elder brother.”

ungini'si (plural, tsungini'si)—“my daughter's child.”

u'niskwetu'gi—“they wear a hat,” ulskwe'tawa', hat from uska', head. The May apple (*Podophyllum*).

unistilun'isti—“they stick on along their whole length”; the generic name for “stickers” and burrs, including the Spanish needle, cockle burr, jimson weed, etc.

uni'tsi—her mother; agitsi', my mother.

Uniya'hitun'yi—“where they shot it,” from tsiya'ihu'. “I shot,” and yi, locative. A place on Tuckasegee river a short distance above Bryson City, in Swain county, N. C.

Unli'ta—“(He is) long-winded,” an archaic form for the regular word, gunli'ta; an old masculine name. A chief about the year 1790, known to the whites as “The Breath.”

Untoola—see Dihiyun'dula'.

Unta'kiyasti'yi—“Where they race,” from takiya'ta, a race, and yi, locative; locally corrupted to Tah-keyostee. The district on the French Broad river, around Asheville, in Buncombe county, N. C. The town itself is known to the Cherokee as Kasdu'yi,

"Ashes place," (from kasdu, ashes, and yi, locative), which is intended as a translation of its proper name.

Un'tiguhi—"Pot in water," from unti'ya or unti', pot, and guli', "it is in the water" (or other liquid, habitually). The Suck, a dangerous rapid in Tennessee river, at the entrance of Suck creek, about eight miles below Chattanooga, Tenn.

Untlasgasti'yi—"Where they scratched"; a place at the head of Hyatt's creek of Valley river, in Cherokee county, N. C.

Untoola—see Dihyun'dula'.

Untsaili' (also Etsaiyi', or Tsaiyi', the first syllable being almost silent)—"Brass."

unwada'li—store-house, provision house.

Unwada-tsu'gilasun—"Where the storehouse (unwada'li) was taken off." Either Black Rock or Jones' Knob, northeast of Webster, on the east line of Jackson county, N. C.

unun'ti—milk.

usdi'ga (abbreviated usdi')—small; plural tsunsdi'ga, tsundi'.

usga'se'ti'yu—very dangerous, very terrible; intensive of usga'se'ti.

Uskwale'na—"Big-Head," from uska', head; a masculine name, perhaps the original of the "Bull-head," given by Haywood as the name of a former noted Cherokee warrior.

Uskwa'li-gu'ta—"His stomach hangs down," from uskwa'li, his stomach, and gu'ta, "it hangs down." A prominent chief of the Revolutionary period, known to the whites as Hanging-maw.

U'stana'li (from U'stanala'hi or uni'stana'la (a plural form), denoting a natural barrier of rocks

(plural) across a stream)—a name occurring in several places in the old Cherokee country, and variously spelled Eastinaulee, Eastinora, Estanaula, Eustenaree, Istanare, Oostanaula, Oostinawley, Ustenary, etc.

u'stuti—see utsu'gi.

Ustu'tli—a traditional dangerous serpent. The name signifies having something on the calf of the leg or on the heel, from ustutun'i "(his) calf of the leg (attached). It is applied also to the Southern hoop-snake.

Usunhi'yi—the "Darkening land," "where it is always getting dark," as at twilight. The name used for the west in the myths and the sacred formulas; the common word is wude'ligun'yi, "there where it (the sun) goes down."

u'tanu—great, fully developed. Cf. e'gwa.

utawa'hilu—"hand breadth," from uwa'yi, hand. A figurative term used in the myths and sacred formulas.

U'tawagun'ta—"Bald place." A high bald peak in the Great Smoky range on the Tenn.-N. C. line, northeast from Big Pigeon river.

U'tlun'ta—"He (or she) has it sharp," i. e., has some sharp part or organ; it might be used of a tooth, a finger-nail, or some other attached part of the body.

U'tluntun'yi—"U'tlun'ta place"; see U'tlun'ta. A place on Little Tennessee river, nearly off Citico creek, in Blount county, Tenn.

U'tsala—"Lichen"; another form of utsale'ta. A Cherokee chief of Removal period in 1838.

utsale'ta—lichen, literally "pot scrapings," from a fancied resemblance.

utsa'nati'—rattlesnake; the name is of doubtful etymology, but is said to refer to the rattle.

Utsa'nati'yi—"Rattlesnake place." Rattlesnake springs, about two miles south from Charlestown, Bradley county, Tenn.

utset'sti—"he grins" (habitually). See si'kwa utset'sti.

utsi'—her (his) mother; etsi', agitsi', my mother.

Utsi'dsata'—"Corn-tassel," "Thistle-head," etc. It is used as a masculine name, and was probably the Cherokee name of the chief of Revolutionary times, known as "Old Tassel."

utsu'gi—the tufted titmouse (*Parus bicolor*); also called u'stuti', "topnot, or tip," on account of its crest.

u'tsuti'—fish. Also, many.

Uwaga'hi (commonly written Ocoee)—"Apricot place," from uwa'ga, the "apricot vines," or "maypop," (*Passiflora incarnata*), and hi, locative. A former important settlement on Ocowe river, near its junction with Hiwassee, about the present Benton, in Polk county, Tenn.

uwa'yi—hand, paw, generally used with the possessive suffix, as uwaye'ni, "his hand."

uwe'la—liver.

uwe'nahi—rich; used also as a personal name.

Uw'tsun'ta—"Bouncer" (habitual); from k'tsi, "it is bouncing." A traditional serpent described as moving by jerks like a measuring worm, to which also the name is applied.

Uyahye'—a high peak in the Great Smoky range, probably on the line between Swain county, N. C., and Sevier county, Tenn.

Uy'gila'gi—abbreviated from Tsuyu'gila'gi, "where there are dams," i. e., beaver dams; from gu'gilu'unsku', "he is damming it." 1. A former settlement on

Oothcaloga (Ougillogy) creek of Oostanaula river, near the present Calhoun, in Gordon county, Ga.; 2. Beaverdam creek, west of Clarksville, in Habbersham county, Ga.

Valleytown—see Gu'nahitun'yi.

Vengeance creek—see Gansa'ti'yi.

Wachesa—see Watsi'su.

wadan'—thanks!

wa'di—paint, especially red paint.

wa'dige-aska'li—"his head (is) brown," i. e., "brown-head"; from wadige'i, brown, brown-red, and aska'li, head; the copperhead snake.

Wadi'yahi—a feminine name of doubtful etymology. An expert basket-making woman among the East Cherokee, who died in 1895. She was known to the whites as Mrs. Bushyhead.

Wafford—see Tsuskwanun'ta.

Wa'ginsi—the name of an eddy at the junction of Little Tennessee and the main Tennessee rivers at Lenoir, in Loudon county, Tenn. The town is now known to the Cherokee by the same name, of which the meaning is lost.

waguli'—whippoorwill; the name is an onomatopoeia; the Delaware name is wekolis.

Wahnenauhi—see Wani'nahi.

wa'huhu'—the screech-owl.

wa'ka—cow; from the Spanish vaca, as is also the Creek waga and the Arapaho wakuch.

wala'si—the common green frog.

Walasi'yi—"Frog place." 1. A former settlement, known to the whites as Frogtown, upon the creek of the same name, north of Dahlonega, in Lumpkin

county, Ga. 2. Le Conte and Bullhead Mountains in the Great Smoky range on the N. C.-Tenn. line, together with the ridge extending into Sevier county, Tenn., between the Middle and West forks of Little Pigeon river.

walas'-unul'sti—"it fights frogs," from wala'si, frog, and unul'sti, "it fights" (habitually); gu'lihu', "I am fighting." The *Prosartes lanuginosa* plant.

Walas'-unul'stiyi—"Place of the plant," walas'-unul'sti, commonly known to the whites as Fightingtown, from a translation of the latter part of a name; a former settlement on Fighting creek, near Morgantown, in Fannin county, Ga.

Walini'—a feminine name, compounded from Wali, another form of Kwali, "Polly," with a suffix added for euphony.

Wane'-asun'tlunyi—"Hickory footlog place," from wane'i, hickory, asun-tlun'i (q. v.), footlog, bridge, and yi, locative. A former settlement, known to the whites as Hickory-log, on Etowah river, a short distance above Canton, in Cherokee county, Ga.

Wani'nahi'—a feminine name of uncertain etymology; the Wahnenuhi of the Wahnenuhi manuscript.

Washington—see Wa'situ'na.

Wa'si—the Cherokee form for Moses.

Wa'situ'na, Wa'suntu'na (different dialect forms)—a Cherokee known to the whites as Washington, the sole survivor of a Removal tragedy. The name denotes a hollow log (or other cylindrical object) lying on the ground at a distance; the root of the word is asi'ta, log, and the w prefix indicates distance.

Wa'sulu'—a large red-brown moth which flies about blossoming tobacco in the evening.

Wata'gi (commonly written Watauga, also Wataga, Wattoogee, Whatoga, etc.)—a name occurring in two or more towns in the old Cherokee country; one was an important settlement on Watauga creek of Little Tennessee river, a few miles below Franklin, in Macon county, N. C.; another was traditionally located at Watauga Old Fields, about the present Elizabethton on Watauga river, in Carter county, Tenn. The meaning is lost.

Watau'ga—see Wata'gi.

Watsi'sa—a prominent old Cherokee, known to the whites as Wachesa, a name which cannot be translated, who formerly lived on Beaverdam creek of Hiwassee river, below Murphy, in Cherokee county, N. C. From the fact that the Unicoi turnpike passed near his place, it was locally known as Wachesa trail.

wa'ya—wolf; an onomatope, an imitation of the animal's howl; cf. the Creek name, yaha.

Wa'ya'hi—"Wolf place," i. e., place of the Wolf clan; the form Ani'Wa'ya'hi is not used. Wolftown settlement on upper Soco creek, on the East Cherokee reservation, in Jackson county, N. C.

Waya Gap—see A'tahi'ta.

Waych—see Wayi.

Wayi—"Pigeon"; the modern Cherokee name for Big Pigeon river, in western N. C.; probably a translation of the English name. It appears also as Wayeh.

Welch, Lloyd—see Da'si'giya'gi.

wesa—cat.

White-path—see Nunna'hi-tsune'ga.

Willstown—a former important settlement, so-called from the half-breed chief known to the whites as Red-headed Will, on Will's creek below Fort



Payne, in Dekalb county, Ala. The settlement was frequently called from him Wili'yi, "Will's place," but this was not the proper local name.

Wilsini'—The Cherokee name for H. W. Spray, agent and superintendent for the East Cherokee reservation; an adaptation of his middle name, Wilson.

Wil-usdi'—"Little Will," from Wili', Will and usdi'ga or usdi', little. The Cherokee name for Colonel W. H. Thomas, for many years the recognized chief of the eastern band.

Wissactaw—see gahawi'stia.

Wolftown—see Wa'ya'hi.

Wootassite—see Outacity.

Wrosetasatow—see Outacity.

Wude'ligun'yi—the west; literally "there where it (the sun) goes down," (w prefixed implies distance, yi, locative). See also Usunhi'yi and wusuhihun'yi.

Wuliga'natutun—excelling all others, either good or bad; it may be used as equivalent to wastun, "beyond the limit."

wusuhihun'yi—"there where they stay over night," i. e., "the west." An archaic term used by the narrator of the story of Untsaiyi'.

Xuala—see Ani-Suwa'li.

ya—a suffix denoting principal or real, as tsiskwa'ya, "principal bird," the sparrow; Ani'-Yunwiya', "principal or real people," Indians.

Yahula'li—"Yahu'la place," from Yuhu'la, a Cherokee trader said to have been taken by the spirit people; Yahu'la, seems to be from the Creek yoho'lo, a name having reference to the song (yoholo), used in the "black drink" ceremony of the Creeks; thus

a'si-yoho'lo, corrupted into Osceola, signified "the black drink song"; it may, however, be a true Cherokee word, yahu'lu or yahu'li, the name for a variety of hickory, also for the "doodle-bug"; Unyahu'la is a feminine name, but cannot be translated. Yahoola creek, near Dahlonaga, in Lumpkin county, Ga.

Yala'gi—Alarka creek of Little Tennessee river, above the junction of Tuckasegee, in Swain county, N. C.; the meaning of the name is lost.

yandaska'ga—a faultfinder.

Yan-e'gwa—"Big-Bear," from yanu, bear, and egwa, great, large. A prominent chief about the year 1800; the name occurs in treaties as Yonah, Yohanaqua and Yonahequah.

ya'nu—bear.

Ya'nu-dinehun'yi—"where the bears live," from yanu, bear, dinehu, "they dwell" (e'hu, "I dwell, I live") and yi, locative. A place on Oconaluftee river, a short distance above the junction with Tuckasegee, in Swain county, N. C.

Yanugun'ski—"the bear drowns him" (habitually), from yanu, bear, and tsigun'iska, "I am drowning him." A noted East Cherokee chief, known to the whites as Yonaguska or Drowning-bear.

yan'-utse'stu—"The bear lies on it"; the shield fern (*Aspidium*).

Ya'nu-u'natawasti'yi—"where the bears wash," (from yanu, bear, and yi, locative); a former pond in the Great Smoky Mountains, about the head of Raven Fork, in Swain county, N. C.

Yawa'i—"Yawa place"; a place on Yellow creek of Cheowa river, in Graham county, N. C.

Yellow-Hill—see Elawa'diyi.

Yohanaqua—see Yan-e'gwa.

yoho-o!—an unmeaning song refrain.

Yonaguska—see Ya'nugun'ski.

Yonah—1. (mountain) see Gadalu'lu. 2. An abbreviated treaty form for the name of the chief Yan-a'gwa.

Yonahequah—see Yan-e'gwa.

Ytaua, Ytava—see I'tawa'.

Yu!—an unmeaning song refrain and interjection.

Yuha'li—Euharlee creek, of lower Etowah river, in Bartow county, Ga. The name is said by the Cherokee to be a corruption of Yufala (Eufaula), a well known Creek local name.

yunsu'—buffalo; cf. Creek yena'sa, Choctaw yanash, Hichitee ya'nasi.

Yunsa'i—"Buffalo place"; West Buffalo creek of Cheowa river in Graham county, N. C.; the site of a former Cherokee settlement.

yun'wi—person, man.

Yun'wi Ama'yine'hi—"Water-dwelling people," from yun'wi, person, and ama'yine'hi, plural of amaye'hi, q. v.; a race of water fairies.

Yun'wi Gunahi'ta—"Long Man"; a formulistic name for the river, personified as a man with his head resting on the mountain and his feet stretching down to the lowlands, who is constantly speaking to those who can understand the message.

Yun'wini'gisgi—"man-eaters," literally, "They eat people" (habitually), from yun'wi, person, man, and uni, giski, "they eat (habitually), from tsikiu', "I am eating"; the Cherokee name for a distant cannibal tribe, possibly the Atakapa or the Tonkawa.

Yun'wi-tsulenun'yi—"where man stood," originally yun'wi-dikatagun'yi, "where the man stands," from Yun'wi, person, man, tsita'ga, "I am standing," and yi, locative; Standing Indian, a high bald mountain at the head of Nantahala river, in Macon county, N. C.

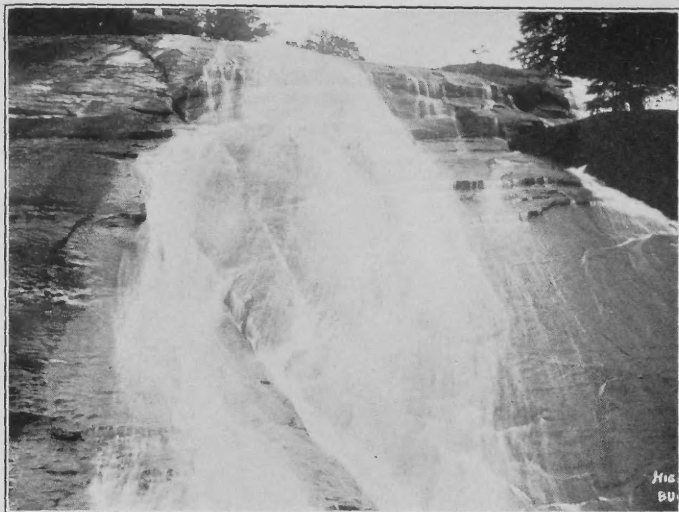
Yun'wi Tsunsdi—"little people," from yun'wi, person, people, and tsunsdi'ga or tsunsdi, plural of usdi'ga or usdi', little; the Cherokee fairies.

Yun'wi Usdi—"little man." A formulistic name for ginseng, a'tali-guli', q. v.

Yun'wi-usga'se'ti—"dangerous man, terrible man"; a traditional leader in the westward migration of Cherokee.

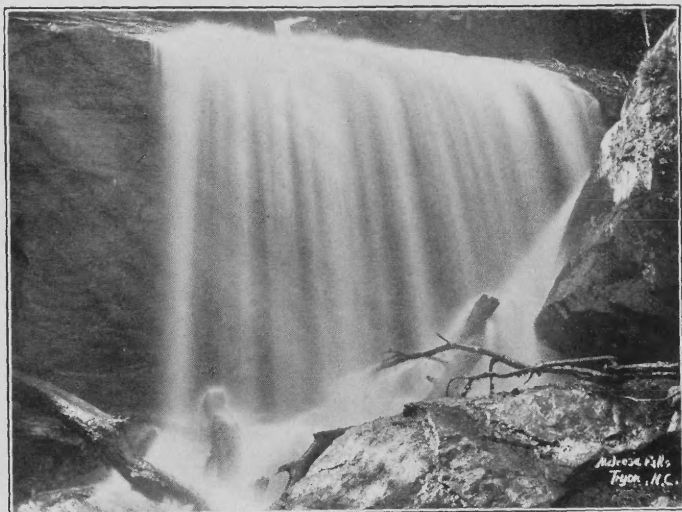
Yun'wiya—"Indian," literally, "principal or real person," from yun'wi, person, and ya, a suffix denoting principal or real.

yu'we-yuwehe—an unmeaning song refrain.



High Falls, Buck Forest, N. C.

"And it bounds full many a fathom  
In its final furious fall."



Melrose Falls, Tryon, N. C.

"Plunges down deep in the gulches  
Where the rocks are worn with age."